CORONET

SEPTEMBER

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Now the HELPLESS *Can Read*

A heart-warming story of new life for bed-ridden veterans

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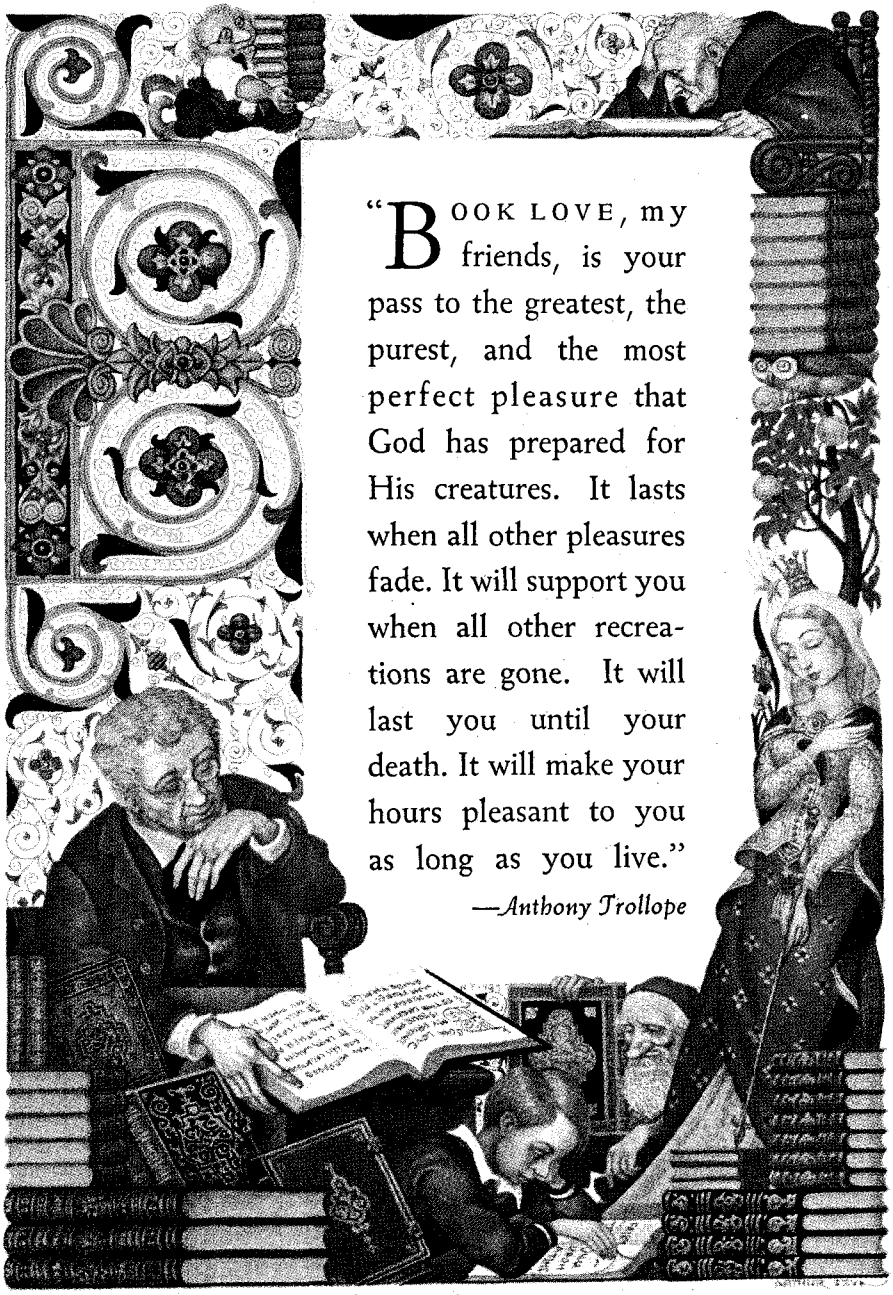
"BOOK LOVE, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live."
—Anthony Trollope

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CORONET

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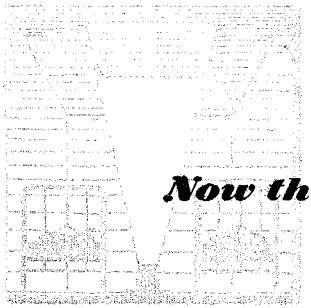

Photographed on microfilm and projected on the ceiling, books bring a new world to our bed-ridden GIs

Now the HELPLESS Can Read

by SIDNEY CARROLL

WHEN YOU SEE it you wonder, "Why hasn't someone thought of this before?" It is a simple machine, a sort of small film projector turned upside down, but when you watch it in action you realize that sometimes we heal the worst wounds with the simplest devices. Let's see how it works.

There's a soldier, a patient in a bed in an Army hospital. Not so many months back he was driving a truck down a German road. It was dark, and the Jerries had been busy that day. Before he could see the break in the road, the GI was driving off a bridge the Germans had blown up. He fell thirty feet, broke four ribs, threw his spine out of commission, and smashed the nerves in his left arm. That was several months ago. Ever since he's been lying on his back in a plaster cast that covers him from head to hips. He cannot sit up. He cannot use a pillow.

He's been in and out of a succession of hospitals—in Germany, in France, and now an American hospital on American soil. It's good to be home, of course, but for months now he's been in that horizontal position. It's beginning to get him. The nurses read to him once in a while, and talk to him, but the nurses are busy, and they're getting busier. The times when they can read or talk to him are fewer now and farther between. He doesn't like to ask them.

The doctors, the nurses, everybody knows that something has to be done about him and others like him. They'll fix his ribs all right, and get his spine back in line, and some day he'll sit up again. But—in the meantime—what's happening to his mind? What are all these long, hot, lonesome months doing to his mind? Monotony is like a disease. Something has to be done.

That's where this machine comes in. They call it Projected Books. It's a good name, but a little misleading. It isn't a book. It's a machine, a simple kind of lantern slide affair.

You place it on the floor next to the GI who drove himself off the German bridge. You say to him, "What'll it be today—comic books, or a magazine, or would you like

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to read a book?" The soldier turns his eyes, only his eyes, and says, "I'm tired of being educated. Make it the comics!"

The nurse inserts a roll of microfilm into the machine. That's the stuff on which they can photograph a whole book on a roll of film the size of a baby's fist. Then the nurse places a small panel under the soldier's good hand. The panel has three buttons.

First, a button to turn the thing on. A square space of light appears on the ceiling directly above his head. Then the soldier presses the next button, a red one, and into the square of light moves the first page of "Superman Comics." And from his bed, flat on his back, moving nothing but the fingers of his good hand, the soldier begins to read. After a while, he wants to go back and re-read a certain page. He pushes the third button on the panel. The film goes backwards, stops where he wants it to stop.

So you look at this and you see that healing doesn't always come from a knife or a bottle. This GI can't hold a book. It's hard to find somebody to read to him. The Projected Book is his salvation. Come to think of it, it's the most natural thing in the world. Shine his reading matter for him up there on the ceiling he has to look at all day and night. "Why didn't somebody think of this a long time ago?"

PROJECTED BOOKS is the idea of a man named Eugene B. Power. Power dreamed up Projected Books partly because he once spent weeks in a hospital bed himself, and partly because his business is microfilms. He began to wonder what could be done for the bedridden casualties, the ones who were totally on their backs. He remembered what a tough job it had been for him to hold a book when he was prone, and how slowly long hours passed when he couldn't read. And he thought of a projector that would throw the reading matter right up there on the ceiling.

Power then consulted Robert D. Howse in his home town of Ann Arbor, Michigan. The latter, a manufacturer of projectors and cameras, made sketches for a model of the idea Power had in mind. Then together they organized a company, a non-profit organization, and called it Projected Books, Inc. An advisory board was set up. Doctors and congressmen and educators pitched in whole-heartedly. The New York Public Library made up a list of some six hundred books that would be suitable for the immobilized wounded. Power went to the publishers of these books and asked permission to put them on microfilm, for the exclusive use of "those suffering from physical or mental handicaps." Permission was readily given. No charge. Then Projected Books went to the publishers of magazines and comic books and got their permission.

The whole thing is just starting, just beginning to move. There are only a handful of the things in use right now, and Power's original model is one of them. But six more are in the works, and there are plans for making 1,500 of them just as fast as production facilities permit. Thus the dream that started with Power's little model will eventually become an amazing reality, because the public is finding out

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about it and the public wants to chip in. The Red Cross, which acts as a liaison between the veterans' hospitals and the public, has given its blessing and now, all over the country, organizations and individuals are helping to buy Projected Books for the returning wounded.

In the Percy Jones General and Convalescent Hospital in Battle Creek (which is close to Ann Arbor and which served as the experimental station) there is a man who was wounded in France. He lies flat on a board, stretched taut by a plaster cast that comes almost to his ears. For ten months he had been unable to look at anything but the ceiling. They didn't tell him anything about Projected Books beforehand; they sprang it on him. They put the machine down on the floor beside his bed.

They asked him, "Would you like to read a book?" He frowned. "Would I like to get out of here?"

They put the small switch panel next to one of his hands. "Press the button," they told him, and they placed one of his fingers on the switch. He pressed. The ceiling lit up, with that first empty square. "Now push this," they told him, and they placed his finger on the next button. He pushed it. The title page of Ernest Haycox's *Action by Night* flashed on the ceiling. The soldier stared. Then he pushed the buttons for himself, to see how it worked, backward and forward. He had to play with it first. When he decided it was the McCoy, that the whole thing wasn't a gag, he turned back to the first page and started to read with tears in his eyes.

There is a nurse in the University Hospital. She lies in an iron lung, a victim of infantile paralysis. She has only slight movement in her hands; the rest of her body has surrendered to polio. When they brought the Projected Book machine in to her and explained it to her, she too began to cry. You see, the thing that delighted her more than anything else was the fact that she could work the machine herself. "In four months," she said, "this is the first thing I've been able to do for myself. They feed me, they move me, they wash me—but this I can do for myself," and she caressed the panel with her fingertips.

Archibald MacLeish, who was one of the original advisory trustees, put it this way: "Projected Books is as vital to the immobilized as Braille is to the blind."

After the war, when the casualties stop coming in, Projected Books makes possible a new life for all shut-ins, whether military or civilian. Of the tens of thousands of paralytics in the United States, there are many who lie permanently on their backs. This thing that lights the ceiling will bring them pictures and news and adventure. The thousands of children who lie in braces and casts in the infantile paralysis clinics will be able to see the children's books, the best of them, in full color.

And they will be able to push the buttons themselves. The buttons require very slight pressure, and they can be adapted to all kinds of cases. A man in Percy Jones had no movement at all in his arms. They rigged up a special panel so that he could work the whole thing with his feet. The top of the forward button has a rough surface, and

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the backward button is smooth, so that he can keep in touch with his toes. For a young man in an iron lung, who cannot move even his toes, who can make only a slight movement with his head, a gadget will be attached to his head. He nods to the left, the film goes forward. He leans his head to the right, the film backs up.

For the records this is how you might sum it up: for the first time in medical history it is possible for a man, flat on his back, almost totally immobilized, to read all by himself. In the records, it may not sound like the most impressive triumph in therapeutic medicine. But to the immobilized, it means a new world.

We talk of the post-war world in terms of cars and planes and kitchen equipment and new ways to get around. But all these are being manufactured for the healthy. We forget that there is also a post-war period for people who will never be able to step out into this brave and boisterous new world. For them, the future is just the same old nightmare, forever in a bed.

It is good to know that some of the post-war planners are thinking of these people. Not in terms of plastics, or helicopters, or streamlining, but in simple terms of the simplest comforts.

You Can Help the Helpless Read

For a real contribution toward the comfort and courage of our war veterans who are lying flat on their backs, we think the Projected Book idea is unmatched. What better way to cheer up these men who fought for us . . . to turn their minds from tortuous months of pain and loneliness . . . to give them *something to do!*

We were so taken by this idea that we decided to give impetus to it. We propose to microfilm the complete issue of Coronet each month and distribute copies of the film, without cost, to all U. S. veterans' hospitals that have projectors.

It occurs to us, too, that many Coronet readers will feel just as strongly about Projected Reading and, therefore, might also like to participate in this project. Since there are far from enough projectors to take care of every incapacitated veteran, we have set up a *Coronet Fund for Projected Reading*. All monies contributed will go towards the purchase of projectors. Coronet alone will stand the cost of the films we produce.

It is our hope that in this way it won't be long before Projected Reading is available to every veteran who needs it . . . and in time can extend to all other bed-ridden cases.

So if you'd like to join us in this project . . . you can make your contribution in any amount to the *Coronet Fund for Projected Reading, c/o Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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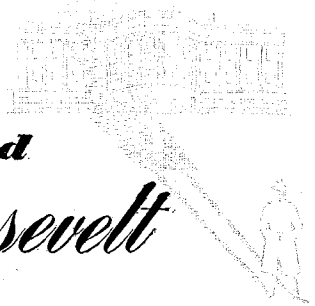
They ride where the President rides, walk where he walks, sit where he sits—America's Secret Service men



How They Guarded Roosevelt

by MICHAEL SAYERS

MOST AMERICANS have forgotten that, a few months after his first election to the Presidency, an attempt was made to assassinate Franklin D. Roosevelt. On the night of February 15, 1933, in Miami, Florida, a great crowd assembled to hear him speak at Bay Front Park, Miami. In the crowd was Joseph Zangara of Hackensack, New Jersey, with a hidden gun and a plan for murder.

As soon as Roosevelt stopped speaking and got into his car, the tumultuous, cheering crowd surged towards him. Anton Cermak, mayor of Chicago, rushed forward to shake Roosevelt's hand. At that moment, Zangara drew his gun.

The bullet intended for Roosevelt killed Mayor Cermak. Before the gun was wrenched from him, the killer shot but missed again, wounding three persons.

A month later, Joseph Zangara was electrocuted. His attempt to kill Roosevelt was a warning. In Europe and Asia, terrorists like Zangara were doing the work of the secret Axis assassination rings. Within two years after the attempt on Roosevelt's life, Nazi-inspired fanatics in Europe assassinated Dollfuss of Austria; Alexander of Yugoslavia; Barthou of France; Pieracki of Poland; Duca of Rumania; Kirov of Soviet Russia, and scores of others.

If Americans in general did not realize the serious warning implicit in Zangara's attempt, the Secret Service of the U. S. Treasury Department did. Intensive reorganization of the Secret Service was immediately initiated. By 1936, under the new, youthful leadership of Chief Frank J. Wilson, a former Treasury intelligence agent, a revised and up-to-date Secret Service training course went into operation.

Most of the men who entered the Secret Service under Chief Wilson's program were picked recruits from other Federal law-enforcement agencies, from local police departments and private detective agencies. They had to be physically fit, intelligent, alert and cultured. At any time, their duties might call on them to put on white tie and tails and mingle as guests at lavish diplomatic functions or to stand at

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some windy street corner as part of the curious crowd at Casablanca, Washington or Quebec. Every recruit had to pass through a rigorous course at a Secret Service training school. They were taught to have a deep sense of the responsibility of their assignment, to be unobtrusive and vigilant at all times. They became crack marksmen with pistols and learned to handle machine-guns.

Although the Secret Service knew about steel vests, bullet-proof glass, disguises, doubles, and the innumerable devices used by the Axis security organizations to protect Hitler, Mussolini and the Mikado, the American group was a model of democratic protection. There was nothing about it remotely suggesting an "élite guard" or Gestapo. It went about its vital job without publicity, fuss or fanfare. It had no special insignia. The nearest thing to a uniform in the Secret Service was the habitual belted raincoat and slouch hat of the White House detail when, hands on guns in pockets and eyes always on the crowd, they clung to the running-board of the President's car or walked beside it when it rolled slowly through crowd-lined thoroughfares.

In 1939, there were tense hours in Washington when President Roosevelt addressed Congress after the Nazi invasion of Poland. Shortly before, the news had reached the White House that Premier Calinescu of Rumania, who had refused to submit to certain Nazi demands, had been assassinated. The FBI had evidence that thousands of Bundists, many of them armed and all sworn by oath of loyalty to Adolf Hitler, were at large. Any one of them or any crackpot under their influence might seek to make trouble.

Twenty-four hours before Roosevelt was scheduled to speak in the House of Representatives, Secret Service men entered the building and went over it from roofs to cellars. Next day, Secret Service men took over the duties of the regular doormen in the House. Admission to the Chamber was by special card, and every person admitted was checked and carefully scrutinized by trained eyes.

The President arrived at the House by car. Every inch of the way from Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol had been previously inspected and traveled over by the Secret Service. The route was guarded by troops, police and special detectives. Secret Service men moved inconspicuously in the crowd. A picked detail rode on the running-boards of the President's car, others were in cars ahead and immediately behind.

The tense day passed without untoward incident.

FROM THE moment of the Axis attack on Pearl Harbor, all Secret Service security measures had to be reinforced. The White House grounds were patroled by special armed guards known as the White House Police, trained and supervised by the Secret Service. In the event of an enemy suicide attack by bombing planes, a fortified underground executive office was constructed beneath the White House grounds, air-raid drills were held, and arrangements made so that the Secret Service could escort

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the President at a moment's notice to the underground shelter. As an additional precaution, powerful anti-aircraft batteries were installed on top of the White House and on the roofs of adjacent buildings.

The White House detail, headed by six-foot Michael Reilly, stayed beside the President at all times. They became his shadows, unseen in the public glare, but always at hand. Secret Service men rode where the President rode, walked where he walked, sat where he sat, and stood outside his bedroom door when he retired for the night.

When the President made a trip, either on official business or for vacation, the Secret Service had to okay the schedule of travel. If for any reason the proposed itinerary seemed dangerous, the Secret Service could revise it or even veto it altogether. Before the President set out, Secret Service men went ahead to inspect the route and to rehearse the trip in full detail. Pilots, railroad men, chauffeurs and even chefs and waiters were trained weeks in advance by the Secret Service, so that the President's schedule would be exactly followed.

The President was not permitted to set foot in any place that had not been thoroughly investigated beforehand. Roosevelt once laughingly complained that he could never catch any big fish on his fishing trips because the Secret Service were always in the waters before him!

Roosevelt's unprecedented wartime journeys to Cairo and Teheran in 1943 faced the Secret Service with a new set of problems. Endless intricate details of security were involved. The President's route of travel was mapped out in Secret Service headquarters in the Treasury Department in Washington with the intimate collaboration of military and naval authorities and Allied Intelligence. Every step of the long route was tested in advance for safety and timing.

The Cairo Conference was held in the Mena House, formerly a luxury hotel near the great Sphinx. The meeting-place was heavily fortified, equipped with steel-and-concrete shelters, and protected by powerful anti-aircraft towers. The grounds were surrounded by a dense thicket of barbed wire guarded by American machine-gunners and Infantrymen.

En route to Mena House, the President had to drive a short way through crowded streets. Since early morning, Secret Service men had been mingling with the Egyptian crowd. They knew to the split second when the President's car would round a particular corner which might be dangerous. At that second, they created a diversion. Two inconspicuous individuals in the crowd shouted excitedly, an argument began, a fist fight broke out. Before the distracted onlookers realized what had happened, the Presidential car sped safely past.

Roosevelt's decision to go to Teheran in November, 1943, involved the most important security assignment in Secret Service history. A month before the Conference, Secret Service men and Allied intelligence officers arrived in Cairo. There was an air of mystery and urgency about their movements. The Secret Service men took over a big hotel in Cairo, and all guests

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were politely requested to move out for a temporary period. Axis agents were allowed to spot other Secret Service men and Allied intelligence officers making detailed inspections of the streets, examining the rooftops of the tall buildings, and taking other advance security measures. The ruse worked. While the Big Three Conference was actually in progress at Teheran, Radio Tokyo "revealed" Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin were about to meet somewhere in Cairo!

In a city like Teheran, as President Roosevelt later told newspapermen, there were literally hundreds of Axis agents around. One especially, a hunted, key Gestapo agent, Franz Mayr was still at large when the first American Secret Service men arrived in Teheran to prepare the security measures for the protection of President Roosevelt. Then, on the eve of the Conference, Mayr was caught. His diary carried a significant entry dated 1942. Learning that Winston Churchill had passed through Iran, the Gestapo agent had noted in his diary: "I lost a great opportunity to serve the German cause."

The night Roosevelt arrived in Teheran, alarming news reached Reilly, who was in charge of the Secret Service detail there. Members of an Axis terrorist ring who had escaped capture knew of Roosevelt's arrival at the American Legation. That same night Marshal Stalin called Roosevelt on the telephone and warned him that Soviet agents had got on the trail of what looked like a dangerous assassination plot.

The American Legation was a mile away from the compound in which the British and Soviet Embassies were housed and where the Conference was to take place. That meant that each day President Roosevelt would have to travel a mile by car through the narrow Teheran streets. The security chiefs felt that this was much too risky in view of the circumstances. They told Roosevelt that he would have to move to a safer spot.

Next morning, guarded by Secret Service and Russian NKVD men, escorted by armored cars and motorcycle troops, the route patrolled all the way by Soviet tommygunners and crack British Sikh troops, Roosevelt moved from the American Legation into the Allied compound along with Churchill and Stalin. He remained within the Soviet Embassy as a guest of Marshal Stalin for the duration of the Conference.

EVEN AFTER his return to the United States, there was reason for vigilant precautions. In Chicago, a Bundist who openly talked of "getting Roosevelt" was apprehended. Also, Secret Service men were keeping under strict watch the pro-Nazi propagandist George Christians of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Christians headed an organization called the Crusader White Shirts. When the President came to Chattanooga, Christians planned to cut off the electric power in the city. "Anything can happen in the dark," he said. He was arrested, tried and imprisoned for sedition.

To the very last, the Axis terrorists dreamed of the elimination of their greatest opponent, Franklin Roosevelt, by assassination. Just

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after Roosevelt's return from Yalta, a sensational off-the-record Secret Service story was disclosed in Washington.

Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, received a code message from an important British agent in Argentina. The agent claimed he had vital information which he could only reveal to President Roosevelt personally. There was to be no publicity on his movements and the meeting was to be cloaked in secrecy. Halifax contacted the President and a Secret Service man was assigned to investigate. He was escorted by destroyer to an "X" spot to meet a British destroyer bearing the agent.

Something besides the sea smelled fishy to them, and they proceeded to put the British agent through a polite but firm third degree. The British agent turned out to be an impostor. He was actually a key Nazi-Falangist agent, leader of an underground ring in Argentina, who had committed himself to kill Roosevelt. In making his confession, this man also spilled Axis plans to blow up the Panama Canal, and revealed the names of his henchmen in South America. Soon after, the entire ring was apprehended.

Protected by the Secret Service through twelve of the most crucial years in history, President Roosevelt lived to lead his country to the verge of final victory and to formulate his country's policy for lasting peace. On April 12, 1945, a few minutes after the tragic news of Roosevelt's death was announced, the Secret Service had already flung a safety cordon around the home of Harry S. Truman on Washington's Connecticut Avenue.

The Secret Service was simply carrying on with its assignment to protect the President of the United States.

Booster Boys

EARLY LAST winter a man from Massachusetts appeared at a hotel in Lakeland, Florida. He handed his grip to the porter with the remark: "I've come to Florida to spend the winter."

"You've come to the wrong place, Boss," returned the porter blandly. "We don't have any winter here." —O. P. MILES

THAT ZANESVILLE, Ohio, is not the largest city in the world is not the fault of the Chamber of Commerce of that thriving community. Witness this effusion issued a few years ago by that up-and-coming body:

Zanesville is an exceptionally rich city; so rich, in fact, that every blade of grass has a green back, every bird has a bill, the chimneys have their drafts and the maids wash our front doors with gold dust. Every horse has a check, and every ditch has two banks; even our streets are flushed, and the lawns get a rake-off. Every cloud has a silver lining, and every flower in the city has a scent. When you put a five dollar bill in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it in creases. Can you afford *not* to live here?" —*Wall Street Journal*

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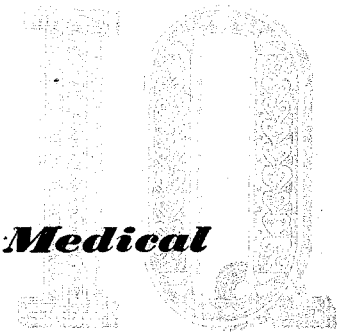
Too often, even the wisest people—like children—swallow medical fairy tales



What Is Your Medical

by C. Ward Crampton, M. D. and Helen Van Pelt Wilson

Despite the fact that medical science has time and again made public nearly all the elemental rules of health, great numbers of people persist in accepting gross superstition and hearsay as the straight truth. For example, many educated mothers believe that merely placing salt on the palms of their babies' hands will stop convulsions.

Such old wives' tales are considered fact by many otherwise intelligent people. These mistaken concepts about health and disease are cloaked in such seemingly logical language and possessed of such apparent "horse sense" that they are widely believed without ever being tested.

Following are twenty statements —some true, some false. If you are medically wise and alert you should be able to answer them all correctly. If not, you had better check your medical opinions with scientific sources before putting them into practice.

1) A clean tooth never decays.

False. It frequently does if the tooth lacks calcium, if general health is poor or if some disease like rickets impairs nutrition.

2) A little alcohol is as bad as a lot and will decidedly shorten one's life span.

False. Men and women who use alcohol moderately live slightly longer than total abstainers and nearly six years longer than heavy drinkers, according to the studies of Dr. Raymond Pearl.

3) Eight hours of sleep each night are essential.

True. Despite much popular comment to the contrary, doctors find few Edisons who can keep fit on less. When they do, it is usually because they supplement a short night's sleep with naps in the daytime.

4) Milk, "the perfect food" is good for everybody.

False. Although it benefits the majority, it causes asthma in some people who are allergic to it.

5) A lean horse for a long race.

True. Sixty per cent of all elderly people are the thin type. Since after forty, every pound over average weight exacts a penalty, these thin ones better endure the in-

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evitable deterioration of heart and arteries. They are, therefore, the ones who live longest.

6) Baldness comes from putting water on the hair in youth or wearing tight hat bands.

False. Common baldness is hereditary and there is nothing a man can do to avoid it. The rarer baldness that can be cured by barbers is something else again. This is usually due to some infection that can be cleared up by disinfectants.

7) Color-blind fathers have color-blind sons.

False. But they may have color-blind nephews and color-blind male grandchildren through the female line. Three to four per cent of men are color-blind, but only one-half of one per cent of women are affected. Furthermore, color blindness seems to be transmitted only through women.

8) Prostate trouble in later life is due to sexual excess in youth.

False. Prostate hyperplasia, the most common type of trouble, is typically due to a disturbed equilibrium between male and female sex hormones in men. Age also effects certain glandular changes, of course.

9) Women can endure more pain than men.

False. This is an individual reaction. Some people through their emotional attitude or their degree of sensitivity can endure more pain than others.

10) Women can endure more cold than men.

True. They have a thicker insulating layer of fat just under the skin which makes them more cold-resistant than men. If they suffer more, it is because they wear less clothing.

11) Women often become drastically deranged mentally during the menopause.

False. This is truly an old wives' tale. Women may become unstable but rarely do they become seriously deranged during this time, and then only if they have previously been mentally or emotionally unstable.

12) The best way for a man or woman to cope with "nervous troubles" is to get married.

False. Sexual experience does not cure instability. On the contrary, the problems and adjustments of marriage are more likely to increase pre-existing conditions of emotional maladjustments than to alleviate them.

13) Nervous breakdowns are caused by overwork.

False. Man seems capable of an unbelievable amount of hard work if he is unworried. Neuroses are largely the result of fears and frustrations, not weariness.

14) Overweight is usually caused by overeating.

True. The cases in which overweight is a glandular problem of pituitary or thyroid unbalance are not two out of one hundred.

15) Childbirth can be painless.

True. Completely normal and apparently painless deliveries sometimes occur even without the use of drugs. New forms of medication have also resulted in painless childbirth for many mothers.

16) Migraine or "one-eyed" headaches particularly affect the driving, sensitive, intellectual individual.

True. The lethargic, comfortable, fair-fat-and-forty type is rarely

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plagued with this particular agony.

17) Appendicitis results from the swallowing of small seeds.

False. The exact cause is unknown. The appendix, however, is a vestigial and useless part of the intestinal tract. It is an easy prey to germs on the principle of "an idle mind is the devil's workshop."

18) The best treatment for constipation is the regular use of a mild cathartic.

False. The constant use of cathartics increases constipation. A bulky diet containing fruits and vegetables with adequate vitamin B1 content is a safer corrective.

19) People over forty should not run for trains.

True. At this age the heart is rarely in good enough condition to meet emergency spurts of speed. Such strains may prove fatal to an impaired heart, which under average conditions functions well.

20) Neurotics only think they suffer pain.

False. They *do* suffer but the cause is not organic; it is in their minds and emotions.

"Hello, Soldier!"

IT CERTAINLY isn't out of order for any civilian to walk up to a returned soldier and thank him personally for having fought for country and for home. Even if you don't know the soldier, even if your memory of him is a little vague, remember that he was a part of your community, that he has been separated from normal living for years, and that a personal "thank you" is small enough reward for the job he has done.

But if you can't find the words or the way to say "thank you," if that kind of a speech is too formal and stiff, you can at least say "hello." Simple as that sounds, thousands of us every day are walking by servicemen whose faces (if not names) we remember and failing to stop even for a greeting, a smile or a handshake. We clumsily ignore a young lad, home for the first time on a furlough, because we are not related to him or think we don't know him well enough.

Look at it from the soldier's point of view. He's the one who feels like a stranger. You know how you feel returning to the office after a two weeks' vacation—strange, a little inferior, impressed by all the changes that have happened in so short a time. This serviceman has been away for years. You knew or could recognize him when he was wearing civilian clothes. Now home for the first time in many months, he feels himself a stranger among strangers.

He doesn't expect you to hire a brass band to greet him nor hope you will pin a medal on him. But he does and will appreciate your personal recognition. Just walk over to him and say "Hello!"

With the first step toward him you will probably remember his first or last name; if not, simply hail him with a casual "Hello, soldier!" or "Hello, sailor!" Spend a couple of minutes passing the time of day; mention a few familiar things about the neighborhood; point out some other people he might happen to remember and mention their names.

It only takes a moment to say "Hello!" Recognition costs nothing but means a lot to the man who has fought and bled and sacrificed years of his life for you. —JAMES T. MANGAN

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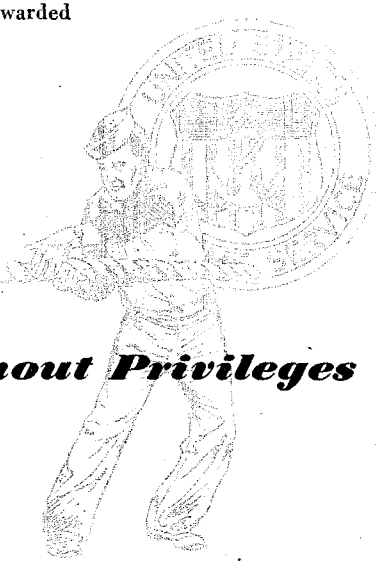
It doesn't seem right that the Merchant Marine should share all the risks and go unrewarded

HEROES
Without Privileges



by DEAN JENNINGS

Without wishing in any way to detract from the richly deserved privileges of our servicemen, Coronet at the same time feels the men of the Merchant Marine have also earned the nation's gratitude. This article is presented as a picture of a situation that is, somehow, incomplete—a situation that should never have arisen and must be changed. —THE EDITORS

HIS NAME IS Joe, or Bill, or Jack. He has been killed in action, he has been tortured by Japs or thrown into their prisons. He has been wounded and permanently crippled and his outfit has the highest proportional dead and missing rate of the war. But he has no honorable discharge button, he is ineligible for the American Legion, and he comes home from the battlefronts without parades or banquets. He cannot be honored with the flag in burial at sea, his name seldom gets on the home town bronze plaques, and for him there is no GI Bill of Rights.

He is the forgotten veteran of the war—the man of the Merchant Marine.

In a nation which worships its heroes and heaps honors on the man in uniform, there has been a shocking indifference to the problems of the 250 thousand men who risked torpedoes, dive bombers, mines and other refinements long before the United States was at war. Indeed, more than one seaman returning home after a bath in a sea of flaming gasoline has heard himself and his buddies branded draft dodgers and "pay check fighters."

Just a few months ago, on the train to Chicago, I encountered three Merchant Marine men. Two

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were deck officers, the third was a young ordinary seaman whose ship had been bombed at Leyte. None was wearing his uniform, and when I mentioned it the youngster said grimly: "We keep our uniforms out of sight because nobody gives a damn about 'em."

These three men, each of whom had fired guns at Japanese pilots, who had seen their ships sink and their buddies die, may have been over-sensitive. Their attitude may have been the exception instead of the rule. But the situation exists and at this writing the authorities are finally going to bat for the men whom Admiral Nimitz once praised as "an integral part of our fighting team."

The Merchant Marine has paid a heavy price for its few favors.

It was not generally known until recently, for example, that this nation lost 1,554 merchant ships between September 1939 and May 1945. Of the men who manned these and other ships, some 5,600 are dead or missing, another 500 are prisoners of war, and an estimated twelve thousand have been injured at sea or wounded by enemy action. But their names have not appeared on any official casualty list, none of them has ever been summoned personally to the White House to receive the nation's highest honor, and there isn't one person in a thousand who can identify a Merchant Marine medal ribbon or combat bar.

Indeed, the seaman's glory road has more than once been described as a "kick in the teeth."

There is no swift V-mail service for the seaman who delivers a cargo of guns at a distant port. There are no lifetime benefits for his widow if he gets a slug from an enemy plane. He has to buy his own uniforms, and when he mails a letter he digs into his pocket for postage. He is not entitled to furlough ticket rates on the railroads and in some places he is barred from service canteens, whether he's been overseas or not. He gets no extra income tax exemption, and if he needs a doctor five years from now for a recurrent war injury, it's too bad. He'll pay the bill himself. Until just a few months ago, in fact, returning merchant seamen were refused the gallon-a-day furlough gasoline ration handed out to soldiers and sailors.

It is not surprising then if the men from the Liberty ships find some irony in General Eisenhower's words: "We count on their efficiency and their utter devotion to duty as we do our own. They have never failed us yet, and in the struggles to come we know they will not be deterred by danger, hardship or privation."

THERE IS neither a logical excuse nor a sound explanation for the crumbs tossed to the Merchant Marine.

There was actually a period between 1941 and 1942 when any man signing on for the North Atlantic run to Murmansk was automatically (a) a hero or (b) a casualty. Convoys starting out from Scotland or Greenland had to creep past Trondheim, where Nazi bombers waited to break them up, and losses sometimes ran as high as eighty per cent. For a time the merchant sailor was a national idol, but he went into virtual oblivion

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after Pearl Harbor, and, on a comparative basis, has remained there ever since.

The men of the Merchant Marine say frankly that they have had inadequate news coverage on their work. This is a fair complaint and has a foundation of truth. Although the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal for extraordinary heroism has been awarded to 114 men, it is a rare citizen who can name one of them.

In most instances action stories in combat zones are under the control of Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard public relations officers. Merchant Marine men have participated in every invasion in the Pacific; they have been on the beachheads by the hundreds, shelled, bombed and machine gunned. They have even been ordered off their ships by General MacArthur and hustled into foxholes because their ships were untenable. But it has been charged that there is a tendency to play down the Merchant seaman's role or to forget it altogether.

SOME months ago a Liberty ship was sunk by a submarine. The U-boat surfaced and sprayed the struggling survivors with machine guns until they were rescued by a Navy vessel. The Maritime Commission was not allowed to release this story, and the entire encounter was subsequently related to the press by the members of the Navy gun crew from the vessel, with small credit for the wounded Merchant seamen.

The claim has been made that this happens frequently. The disparity has even been carried out on a social level, and reports have been verified that in foreign harbors Merchant Marine officers have not been allowed to eat with Army and Navy officers.

The prevailing apathy to the Merchant seaman is traceable to two popular but unjust legends. First, that the Merchant Marine is loaded with draft dodgers; second, that they are paid fabulous wages with little or no risk.

Actually, the bloody record of the war at sea indicates that any man who signed on a Merchant ship for peace and quiet ought to have his head examined—if he still had his head intact. The War Shipping Administration has issued 343,336 war zone bars, and some 83 thousand men have won combat bars for actual contact with the enemy. There are men who have had their ships shot out from under them four times, and about eighty per cent of all the men who went to sea have been torpedoed at least once.

There are other factors overlooked in this picture, too.

Men who sign with the Merchant Marine inexorably go to sea and at best it's a grab bag proposition. Many a man has discovered with a pardonable shock that his ship is flying the familiar red flag denoting a cargo of ammunition. He may be gone for six weeks—or eight months. He may be put on a shuttle run, as from Sydney to Leyte, and not get home for a year or more.

He goes to sea with a 2-B classification and must report to his draft board the day he returns.

Regulations allow him one day ashore for every week spent at sea, up to a maximum of thirty days,

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and if he does not ship out again within the prescribed time limit someone is apt to tap him on the shoulder and make up his mind. Indeed, there was never a man yet who went to sea during this war without facing the risk of enemy attack. In the early days the odds against these men were almost suicidal. Their "protection" usually consisted of two ancient popguns, laughingly called "anti-aircraft," and the skipper's pistol. There were no hospital facilities aboard, and in most cases the second mate was the ship's "doctor."

WHAT HAPPENS when these men come home?

They have to scramble for railroad tickets like any civilian. They pay the full admission price at theatres, ball games and other amusement places where other men in uniform go in at reduced rates, and they have to give a strict accounting of their ration points. They are called slackers in the face of the fact that they are all volunteers, and they are subjected daily to many other indignities. Merchant Marine officers have been refused admittance to officers' clubs, and the much-publicized Hollywood Canteen only recently agreed to admit men wearing the Maritime Service uniform.

The second fiction which has had an insidious effect on public understanding of seamen's problems is based on their reported high wages, bonuses, allowances.

It must be admitted at first glance that Merchant seaman earnings look like the golden pot to the GI Joe who sweats it out at fifty dollars a month and up. But when all the figures are put through the wringer the gilt comes off, and in the long run the Army and Navy men have the best deal. The Merchant seaman, for instance, is not allowed the extra 1,500 dollars income tax exemption granted to the others, nor does he receive any mustering-out pay.

He is not paid for the time he spends ashore between trips and thus he draws income only for about ten months a year. He has to take furloughs on his own time, and he has to pay for his own uniforms, whereas the Navy man draws a substantial clothing allowance. Army and Navy pay increases with the time spent in service, regardless of increase in rank, but Merchant Marine pay is static and those seemingly stratospheric bonuses apply only in a war zone. There are countless other cash benefits for the Army and Navy man which are denied to his fellows on the merchant ship—free postage, reduced travel rates, lower amusement prices, subsistence and rental allowances, lower insurance premiums.

The seaman has no dependency allowances, and his insurance applies only while he is aboard ship. If he breaks a leg while off articles, he has to pay for his own treatment, but the Navy and Army man's policy is good anywhere and any time. The most obvious injustices, however, involve medical attention. Wives of Navy men below the rank of petty officer, third class, for instance, pay nothing for their confinement, but the seaman shells out the full price to private doctors for the delivery of his baby.

Injured members of the Mer-

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chant Marine are cared for adequately by the U. S. Public Health Service but on a somewhat limited basis. If a man is once discharged from one of these hospitals as cured, he must come back within two months if further treatments are needed, or pay for it himself. But Army and Navy men are guaranteed perpetual medical care without a cent of cost. Dependents of Merchant seamen killed receive a flat sum of five thousand dollars—no more. But the widow of a Navy man killed receives a lifetime pension if she remains unmarried, a sum that averages from three to six times more than the total possible for a seaman's widow. For compensation allowances, Merchant seamen must be *totally and permanently* disabled. But the Navy man draws his compensation for any degree of physical injury, and can supplement his pension by working at a civilian job.

Figures compiled by Commodore Telfair Knight, U.S.M.S., of the War Shipping Administration showed the average income of a Navy seaman, first class, and an ordinary seaman were about the same at the end of a year. Citing all the foregoing financial facts in a plea for a fair deal, Commodore Knight remarked in an open letter to the American Legion: "The commonly accepted opinion that Merchant seamen are too well paid is thus seen to be a myth."

Myth or not, the evidence available strongly supports the growing feeling that the men who delivered the goods have had a raw deal.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Judge Schuyler Otis Bland, Senator George Radcliffe, Congressman Bailey, Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur, and many other fair-minded men and women have recently been outspoken in their support of the Merchant Marine. In Hollywood, Clark Gable, back home after long service with the Army Air Corps, is already at work on his new picture—a Merchant Marine story tentatively called *The Big Shore Leave*. Pat O'Brien and Rudy Vallee are West Coast representatives in a new organization for Merchant seamen, and elsewhere in the nation there is a hopeful attitude in editorial opinions, vox pop letters and the activities of various private and governmental agencies.

The men of the Merchant Marine are confident the American people will not let them down. They have fought the war, too, in their own way, without a squawk. They delivered the guns and tanks and planes. They took GI Joe to war and they'll bring him home again.

It's about time they got a break.

Silver Threads Among the Gold

THE COMEDIAN BERT LAHR once told Ruth Chatterton that he wanted to play a romantic lead opposite her. "But, Bert, you have gray hair," objected the actress.

"Well," snorted Lahr, "just because there's snow on the roof, don't think there's no fire inside!" —IRVING HOFFMAN

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A horse-drawn hearse, mosquitoes in the winter, Lucite pianos? Nothing can faze the resourceful prop man

Hollywood's Conjur' Men

by FRANK S. NUGENT

THEY DON'T look like wizards, but they are. "Conjur' me some raspberries," says the producer, "ripening on the vine in February." They do. "Conjur' me a seagull," says the writer, "that will alight on Eddie Rickenbacker's head," and the cameraman adds: "and will do it again and again until we get the shot." The gull materializes. "Conjur' me," says the dance director, "a piano made of Lucite which will soar up into the clouds." The Lucite piano takes wings.

Hollywood's prop men are a breed apart. They have the acquisitive instincts of the magpie, the nose of a ferret, the memory of an elephant, the persistence of a bill collector and, fortunately, the purse of a Croesus.

Tommy Little comes chuckling back to Fox; he has found a century-old horse-drawn hearse rusting away in an undertaker's barn. "A steal at 285 dollars," says Tommy. "One wheel was sprung, the plate glass was cracked, we had to clear the rats' nests out and she needs paint. But what a funeral we can stage with this!"

Oliver Stratton wires the good word to Paramount: he has located his Civil War locomotive. She's at Carson City, Nevada, and once belonged to the Virginia & Truckee Railroad. She was dismantled thirteen years ago and some of her parts are missing. "It may take some time," Stratton says, "but we can get her rolling." He did. Paramount values its locomotive at 25 thousand dollars, rents it to other studios for four hundred dollars a day.

A while back Whitey Wilson at Warners went to an auction of home furnishings, bid on three crates of books—sight unseen—for fifty dollars. Two days later a wild-eyed woman charged into his office, said there had been a mistake, demanded the return of the books. Whitey led her to the room where the books were stored. The new crates were empty, their contents spread out on tables. The woman snatched up the nearest volume. "This is an autographed copy. I can show . . ." She stopped stricken, the still-unopened book in her hands. "It's no use, lady," said

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Whitey. "We glue the pages and covers together. If we didn't, the actors would swipe our stock; we wouldn't have a book in the place."

Hollywood is as dependent on its props as it is on its stars. Where would *Meet Me in St. Louis* be without the trolley for its Trolley Song? Could DeMille have made *Union Pacific* without his vintage locomotives? How would *Brigham Young* have made his overland trek to Utah if props hadn't supplied the prairie schooners? Could Robert Montgomery have dramatized the *Yellow Jack* experiment without Jack Hinds' mosquitoes?

Getting mosquitoes may not seem much of a problem in summer. But the *Yellow Jack* mosquitoes were needed in January. Metro's Hinds sent wires to every university in the country. The response was reassuring. Most of them had mosquitoes. Which did he want: *Stegomyia* or *Anopheles*—the yellow-fever or the malaria-bearing? Blanching, Hinds dug into his encyclopedia. Only *Aëdes vexans* or *Aëdes excrucians* would be considered. The professors were strangely indifferent to these common woods- and swamp-varieties. Only the University of Minnesota possessed a batch. It would be pleased to send some out on receipt of a clearance from California State and Los Angeles County health officials. California wanted no part of Minnesota's mosquito trade.

Hinds sat in his office and brooded. He thought of the times he had slapped at mosquitoes. He wistfully recalled that weekend at Calipatria, near the Salton Sea, when he had been eaten alive. He sighed. If he could get his hands on some of those mosquitoes now, if he . . .

Hinds leaped from his chair, grabbed his hat and coat and streaked out of the office. He drove out near Calipatria and found some good old stagnant water alive with larvae. He scooped it into tanks, rushed it back to the studio and fashioned his own incubators. Ten days later Montgomery was slapping away and rubbing his bites.

CIRCUS TENTS and cigar store Indians. Tallyhos and hand-organs, Conestoga wagons and Chinese wheel barrows. Aubusson rugs, skeletons and a portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm. Opium pipes, dentists' chairs, tandem bicycles, harpsichords. Cuckoo clocks, stuffed gorillas, pots and pans, Toby mugs, hooked rugs, jaunting cars, field telephones, zithers. Passports, stock certificates, treasure chests, Gatling guns. And that isn't even a cross-section of a cross-section. At Fox alone there are 25 thousand pieces of furniture, 33 thousand hand props and four hundred horse-drawn vehicles.

Twentieth Century-Fox values its props at two million dollars. Warners rates its collection at a million and a half. RKO guesses it has spent half a million. Paramount claims another two million inventory and Metro stands almost as high. Add the props of Columbia, Universal, United Artists and the independent studios and the result is millions of dollars' worth of the gosh-darnedest stuff in the world.

Supplementing the studio stocks are those of eight major rental houses, specialists in everything under the sun. A five thousand-

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dollar sable coat? That will be fifty dollars a day. A battered roll-top desk worth possibly ten dollars but valued by the rental house at fifty dollars? Available at five dollars a week—for all furniture rents for ten per cent of its stated value per week. It's a stiff charge, but studios cannot stock everything.

Occasionally shooting schedules go wrong, a player is taken ill, a set has to be held for added scenes—and rental fees start jumping. One director called for a ship in a bottle to decorate a mantlepiece. It could have been purchased for 75 dollars, but it seemed wiser to rent it. It was a jinxed set; everything happened; thirty days later the bottle went back to its owner with a check for three times its value.

A Spanish piano was a nightmare to another studio. The prop men traced one down and the owner, a woman, agreed to rent it for fifty dollars a day. It was too big to go through the doors. The woman showed them the barred double-windows on the second floor. That's how it had been brought in, before she had a burglar scare and put the bars up. The prop men paid a crew to remove the bars, promised to repair the damage later, had the piano hoisted through the window. It was returned a week later, the bars replaced, the masonry repaired—and the director was dissatisfied with the scene and decided to shoot it again.

This time the woman held out for 75 dollars a day, and she got it—for ten days.

Prop men never question orders, never argue. Theirs' not to reason why, theirs' but to rent or buy. Metro wanted the British crown jewels for a Bergman-Boyer scene in *Gaslight*. A props remembered that their replicas had been exhibited at the New York World's Fair. He traced them to Atlantic City, made a deal with their owners. The *rental* of those phony crowns, scepters and pendants was 25 thousand dollars. They appeared for a brief minute or two in the finished picture.

Prop men often run into stubborn customers. When they were shooting *Jesse James* on location in Missouri, Frank Hughes heard about some moonshiners working in the hills. It occurred to him that a still was one of the few items his prop department lacked. Hughes got in touch with the moonshiners, and after a few hair-raising snorts he unlimbered his wallet, flashed an imposing stack of tens and twenties and made his offer.

"Now if you'll just let the still cool off, we can pack it right down with us," he said. The burliest of the moonshiners shifted his cud from east to west and plunked a thundering dollop an eighth of an inch from Frank's shoe. "Mister, she hain't a gawn ta cool off," he said, and that ended that.

Animals, birds and insects always have been a headache to the prop men. Fortunately, there are men like Curly Twyford to ease the pain. Curly is Hollywood's foremost animal trainer. Tommy Little called him the minute he read the script of the Rickenbacker picture and saw the scene where the gull had to land on Eddie's head. Curly got Government permission to trap a gull. In the gull's cage he placed a hat and in the hat he put some

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food. After a month or two, the gull associated the hat with food. In time, Curly could put the hat on, release the gull and it would swoop down upon the hat.

Ollie Stratton ran into a tough one on *Road to Utopia*. All he had to do was produce six reindeer. After weeks of inquiry, he located some in Edmonton, Alberta, and made a deal for their rental. When the reindeer arrived, Stratton's jaw dropped. They had no antlers. Anyone but a prop man would have shrugged and said "too bad." Stratton got impressions of the reindeers' skulls, had iron caps made to fit, screwed antlers to the caps, covered them with leather and tied the contraptions on like so many sun bonnets.

AFTER YEARS of achieving the impossible, the average props takes on certain easily-recognized characteristics. He develops flat feet and a poker face and, although he rarely betrays it, he regards all directors and script-writers as his natural foe. He suspects they sit up nights thinking of ways to confound him and he retaliates by accepting their assignments without batting an eye and carrying them out with disconcerting literalness.

Director Mike Curtiz once ordered a birthday cake. Leo Lynch brought one in. "It's too small," barked Curtiz. "It should be six times bigger!" That afternoon four men staggered in bearing a cake exactly six times bigger. The heroine would have had to stand on a stepladder to cut it. Leo grinned sardonically from the sidelines.

Limy Plews was on location in the middle of the Mojave desert with a company shooting an Arabian picture. There was a shortage of extras and he was doubling as one of the white-robed Arabs. The director suddenly decided it would be nice for his sheik to bring the leading lady a bouquet of flowers. Flowers in the Mojave? It hadn't rained for weeks. Limy gritted his teeth, galloped two miles to the railroad tracks, flagged down the first train. Still in his desert robes, he made a deal with the dining car steward for all the flowers on the tables. These were not enough. Limy went through the train, buying up every flower-trimmed hat worn by the women passengers. The leading lady got her bouquet.

Limy's most sheepish recollection is of a John Barrymore-Dolores Costello picture in which The Great Profile was to fling a handful of coins in Miss Costello's face. "You've got to fix the coins so they won't hurt her," the director ordered. Limy cut some discs of felt and gilded them. The actor grabbed a handful of coins, brandished his clenched fist beneath Miss Costello's nose and let fly. The wadded handful of felt hit her on the head with the impact of a tennis ball and almost knocked her cold.

Probably the prize of all recent prop stories is the one about the watermelon in *Colonel Effingham's Raid*. The script came through in July. There was a scene where Donald Meek eats a watermelon. Walter Starkey checked the production schedule and found that the picture wouldn't start until January. Could watermelons be kept from July to January?

Starkey bought a dozen melons. Two he paraffined, two he shel-

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lacked, two he coated with watercolor, two he wrapped in burlap, two he put in a freezing locker, two he placed on ice. A month later he looked at the melons; only the frozen ones were good and these, as they thawed, cracked wide open and went to pulp.

Starkey bought two dozen more melons. Some he buried underground, some he placed in a stream of running water, some he hid in his basement, some he packed in peat moss and entrusted to the studio nursery man. At the end of a month these, too, were rotten. Starkey was becoming desperate. The watermelon season was almost over. He bought five dozen more. He tried every possible variation of his former experiments: he shellacked them *and* buried them, waxed them *and* froze them, burlapped them *and* watered them.

On the morning the watermelon scene was to be shot, he was up at dawn exhuming his five dozen melons. One after another was discarded. Only one melon was good.

Starkey bore it reverently through the studio streets. His fellow prop men shouted their congratulations as he passed. Starkey seemed not to hear them. "He looked," recalls one of his colleagues, "like a church procession." There was a note of quiet triumph in his voice when he approached the director.

"Here," he said, "is your watermelon."

"Why only one melon?" demanded the director. "Suppose we don't get the shot on the first take?"

"You had better get it on the first take!" said Starkey grimly, and proceeded to tell the history of the watermelons. A tinge of hysteria crept into his voice as he neared the finish. Lamar Trotti, who had written the script, came up in time to hear the end of Starkey's narrative. "Too bad you went to all that trouble," he said lightly. "I could just as easily have had Meek eating an apple."

Well, they used the watermelon, got the scene on the first take—but in cutting the picture the entire episode was tossed out.

Prop men are wizards and wonderful fellows, but they hate writers and directors and producers.

Travel Is So Broadening

A VERMONTER MADE a trip to New York City, alighting from his train at Grand Central Station. When he returned home a neighbor asked him how he liked New York. "To tell the truth," said the traveler, "there was so much goin' on around the depot, I never did get up to the village." —G. W. MCPARTLIN

IN THE LOBBY of a large metropolitan hotel, a guest handed the bellhop his suitcase and a quarter. They had just reached the elevator when the bellhop returned the bag and handed the traveler his quarter and another. "If you'll handle your own luggage," he said, "I'll give *you* a quarter. Here comes a gentleman who always tips me a dollar." —MRS. ELMER HIERS

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From farm house to White House Harry Truman has plowed a clean, straight furrow

Portrait of the President

by BASCOM N. TIMMONS

ANYONE WALKING into the Senate chamber in June, 1944, probably would have picked Senator Harry S. Truman as the man least likely to be President. Ten months later he *was* President, and one of the Big Three leaders of the world.

Harry Truman is the finest thing that has happened to the average citizen's self-esteem in a long time. The ordinary man feels that his own personal virtues have been given an upward stroke, that the new President is proving the ability and adaptability of the average man. At a critical crossroads in history, he took over the office with an ease which gave people a comfortable feeling.

There are as yet few signposts of wisdom to mark the Truman presidential term. Its various acts and policies have not had time to come together in any distinctive tapestry. He will be called on to face many stark problems. But he has a willingness to hear all the facts and a knack for marshalling them in the order of their importance before making decisions.

The success of his administration will largely depend upon his appointment of key men. General Omar N. Bradley to head the Veterans Administration is widely viewed as his best appointment to date. Generally, his idea seems to be to select for high policy and administrative posts men who can be counted on to keep their departments and agencies operating on an even keel.

Mental nimbleness and a pert ability to take care of himself under rapid-fire questioning have sent his relations with the press and radio soaring to new highs. He answers directly and uses no fuzzy words. He has both sense and a sense of humor. He has integrity.

His spry and bright-eyed mother, now 92, perhaps characterized him best of all. She said that as a boy "Harry could plow the straightest furrow in Jackson County." Without fanfare he has been plowing a straight furrow ever since.

Harry Truman likes people and is companionable. There is a deeply religious undercurrent in his thinking and in his words. His family attachments are close. His sense of loyalty to his friends is immense, and he does not treat his political obligations lightly.

His biggest opportunity for constructive achievement is to build a strong American foreign policy. In the domestic field he will be able to shoot at new goals for the well-being of the nation. What he does abroad and at home will fix his niche in history.

A man has come out of the Midwest who may be one of our great Presidents.

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President Truman

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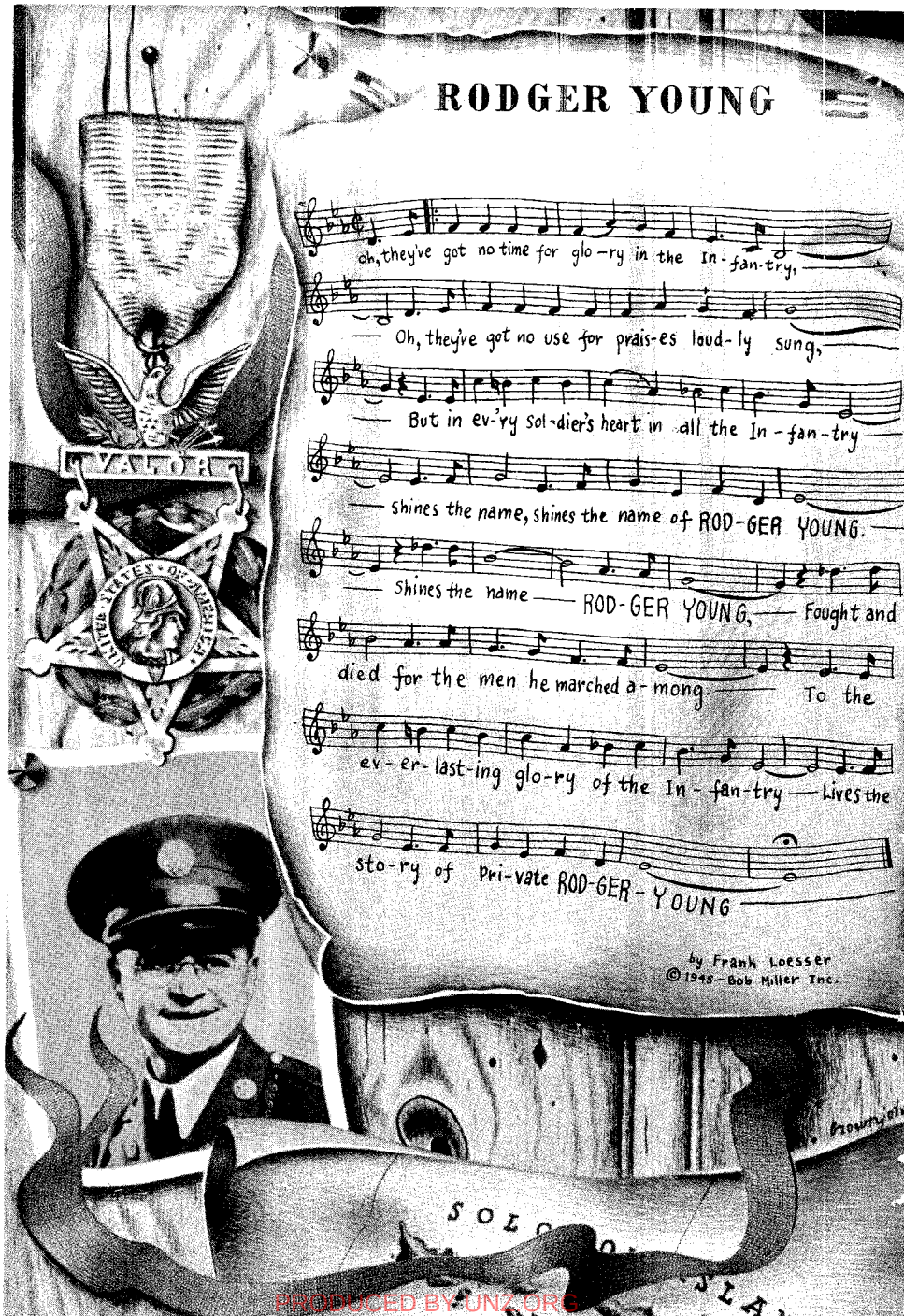
RODGER YOUNG

Oh, they've got no time for glo-ry in the In-fan-try,
Oh, they've got no use for prais-es loud-ly sung,
But in ev-'ry sol-dier's heart in all the In-fan-try
shines the name, shines the name of ROD-GER YOUNG.
Shines the name ROD-GER YOUNG, Fought and
died for the men he marched a-mong. To the
ev-er-last-ing glo-ry of the In-fan-try Lives the
sto-ry of Pri-vate ROD-GER-YOUNG
by Frank Loesser
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An eyewitness account of the deed that is now part of the American tradition

I Marched with RODGER YOUNG

by T/SGT. WALTER J. RIGBY

Foreword: To judge by the enthusiasm it has evoked from musicians, critics and audiences in the few months since its first performance, *Rodger Young*, the new ballad about an Infantry soldier's selfless heroism, is destined for a permanent place among American folk songs. Rodger Young, whose story the ballad tells, was a real doughboy, a member of the 148th Regiment of the 37th (Buckeye) Infantry Division. Unspectacular but characterized by a determination that could become grim when the occasion warranted it, he won the Medal of Honor by giving his life for his comrades in the fighting on New Georgia in the Solomons.

In the article that follows, Sergeant Walter Rigby gives a childhood friend's impression of Rodger Young and a platoon leader's eyewitness account of the gallantry above and beyond the call of duty for which the nation's highest award was posthumously bestowed.

Oh, they've got no time for glory in the Infantry,
Oh, they've got no use for praises loudly sung,
But in ev'ry soldier's heart in all the Infantry,
*Shines the name, shines the name of Rodger Young.**

I FIRST KNEW Rodger Young when I was nine years old. I went to school with him in Green Springs, Ohio. He and I were in the National Guard together, took our training together, sailed overseas together, and went into combat together.

I'm one of the men he marched among. I guess you could say he fought for me and I know he died for me—me and the other men in the rifle platoon I was leading that day on New Georgia in the summer of 1943. I know he died for us because I saw him die.

"Fuzz" Young, as we had called him since he was a kid, was in my platoon, and it was my platoon he saved when he knocked out the Jap machine gun nest that had us pinned down in that stinking jungle outside the Munda airfield.

When I first heard the song Frank Loesser wrote in Rodger's honor, the chills ran up my back. It told the story of what happened to us that day just the way it actually happened. Listening to it on the radio for the first time, I could hardly sit all the way through it. But after I'd heard it a few more times, I was proud that Rodger's last deed had been made the subject of a song like that.

The other GIs at Camp Blanding, Florida, where I've been stationed since I came home from Bougainville, tell me they think *Rodger Young* is a pretty wonderful song, too.

It's hard to believe that Rodger's name has become a household

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word. He was the kind of guy who always kept himself in the background and, like most Infantrymen, he'd have been embarrassed to be called a hero. But he was a hero if I ever saw one. I don't mean just because he got the Congressional Medal of Honor for what he did. After you've fought as long as I have, you don't measure your heroes by what you read in citations. You measure them by what you've seen on your right and on your left. I've seen a lot of bravery, and my standards are pretty exacting. I saw about as much of Rodger Young in action as any man who's alive today, and it didn't take the song to tell me he was a hero.

I knew it from the moment he started after that machine gun. Our outfit was cut off at the time, and we'd been ordered to withdraw. As platoon leader, I had to pass the order along to my men. Few of us would have come out alive if it hadn't been for Fuzz. He spotted the machine gun that had us covered and set out for it with his rifle and a pocketful of grenades, though he must have known that no matter how good a shot he was—and he was the best we had—he didn't have one chance in a thousand of getting that gun without its getting him, too.

I watched him flinch when the first machine gun slug bit into him as he crawled forward alone. He kept crawling forward. I watched him flinch again when the second burst of fire caught him. The machine gun was concentrating on him, but he still kept advancing. I watched him move in on that enemy gun, inching along painfully until he was within grenade range. And then he let his grenades go right into the position—just as a third and final burst cut him down for good. He wasn't thinking of any medals then. He was thinking of all the rest of us, and none of us will ever stop thinking of him as long as we live.

There's been a lot of talk lately about Rodger's hearing. He'd had trouble with it ever since he got hurt in a basketball game back in Green Springs, and a few days before we attacked on New Georgia he had voluntarily asked to be reduced from his rank of sergeant to buck private. I was with him when he asked, and I know why he did. It was because he was afraid he might not hear some order he would have to pass along to the men in his squad and that as a result he might endanger their lives. That was typical of Rodger. He'd rather be busted than take a chance on hurting anyone else.

Since he was killed, I've heard a couple of sour-grape artists say that maybe he attacked that machine gun alone because he just didn't hear the order to withdraw. That's a lot of bunk. After I gave it, I saw a private in my platoon who was lying near Fuzz poke him with a stick and motion to him to pull back.

It was just then that Rodger spotted the Jap gun, and he shook his head. "I see that machine gun," he yelled, and he started toward it without a moment's hesitation. He knew about the order to withdraw, and he knew what he was doing.

Even if I hadn't known Rodger all my life, I'd have got to know him well in the Army. We shared

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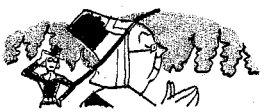
the same pup tent in the Fiji Islands, where we set up beach defenses in case the Japs had any ideas of starting anything there, and we had plenty of time to talk. Mostly he talked about home, about his Mom and Pop, and his three brothers and his sister, and his little nieces and nephews.

He never talked much about the war. There wasn't much to say about it because we were in it up to our necks. Rodger used to say kiddingly every now and then that no Jap would ever get him, because he could run away faster than any Jap bullet could catch up with him. I never knew how much he was kidding until I saw him moving into that hail of fire on New Georgia.

But he was certainly never one for putting on airs about himself. Back home in Ohio, I remember one incident in which he kidded himself. He was sort of slow on catching onto jokes, laughed when everybody else did to be polite, but wasn't always sure what he was laughing about. Well, the next day he was out in an orchard helping to pick an apple crop, and all of a sudden in the middle of a silence he began laughing so hard he nearly fell out of the tree. "I just caught the point of a story I heard last night," he said.

It won't seem the same back home without Fuzz.

The Puritan Way



THOSE EARLY American settlers, the Pilgrims, came in for a share of Will Rogers' wit during one of his radio talks. "You know," he began, "one thing the Pilgrims always did was to pray, but you never saw a picture of a Pilgrim who didn't have a gun beside him. That was to see that he got what he was praying for!" —JACK JOHNSON

GOVERNOR Gurdon Saltonstall had officiated for three years when the first real crisis of his term arose. It was 1710, and the little Puritan settlement of New London, Connecticut, was outraged. John Rogers, a young disciple of Rousseau, had taken one Mary Wiggin into his home without benefit of clergy, and a delegation descended upon the governor to demand that the pair be thrown in jail.

"I think we can settle this matter out of court," answered Saltonstall firmly.

While taking a walk a few days later, he saw the young couple approaching. Motioning with his cane, he halted them before him. "Do I happen to be addressing a young woman by the name of Mary Wiggin, and a young man named John Rogers?" he asked.

"Yes, Your Honor," was the reply.

"What is this wild rumor I hear about you?" he questioned bluntly.

There was no answer.

"Very well, I shall be more direct." Fixing the youth with a piercing glance, he asked, "Hast thou, John Rogers, taken to wife this Mary Wiggin, in thine own way, according to laws of nature and the heart?"

John nodded dumbly.

"And hast thou, Mary Wiggin, taken to thyself this John Rogers?"

Mary, too, nodded in silence.

With a smile of satisfaction, the governor raised his hand and declared, "Then I pronounce thee man and wife!" —PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

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You can spray whole areas by plane, or put a few drops on the windowsills—either way it works

by DONITA FERGUSON

NO UNKNOWN Hollywood starlet ever suffered from more advance publicity than has D-D-T. Ballyhooed within an inch of its reputation, it is the fabulous insecticide about which everybody has heard, but nobody knows. Nobody, that is, except a few Army and Navy doctors and a handful of Department of Agriculture entomologists who in November, 1942, began secret tests on it in a simple, field laboratory at Orlando, Florida.

In spite of strictly enforced wartime security regulations, news of D-D-T marvels on the field of battle —in North Africa, at Naples, on Saipan—exploded on an astonished world. The public was not allowed to know the facts behind this news, but people couldn't avoid the general impression that every mention of the magic letters was somehow connected with the passing of a miracle. Consequently, D-D-T has been touted as a mysterious nostrum which will eventually rid the world of all insects and all insect-borne diseases and will meantime spare us the maddening annual nuisance of biting, scratching, stinging house pests. This, of course, is not entirely true.

For actually, D-D-T is a very slow killer; it has no repellent properties and it does not kill all varieties of insects. Moreover, many agricultural pests are impervious to it. On the other hand when it comes to the agricultural insects it does affect, D-D-T is just too good. As a crop insecticide it fails to distinguish between bad bugs and the useful ones on which plants depend for their pollination. The fact that it is also fatally poisonous to many lower forms of animal life, including birds, snakes, frogs and fish, further limits its indiscriminate use.

While D-D-T has its flaws, thousands of tests under every conceivable condition have convinced conservative scientists that its virtues are both undeniable and unparalleled. It may not be the one and only prescription for an insectless world, but it is able to deliver man from the nuisance of house pests and many of the economic miseries of major crop destruction. Against D-D-T the flea, the fly, the louse, the mosquito, the bedbug, the cock-

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roach, the Japanese beetle and the European corn borer haven't a chance.

During two and a half years of probation D-D-T has given such irrefutable proof of its power over domestic pests that E. F. Knipling, director of the Orlando Laboratory, recently felt justified in making the following statement:

"On the basis of tests so far conducted, there has been no failure of D-D-T — when properly used — against any insect of medical importance to man."

This fact has caused Brigadier General James Stevens Simmons, Chief of Preventive Medicine, U. S. Army, to go on record with the following blunt statement: "D-D-T is the war's greatest contribution to the future health of the world."

D-D-T has three unique properties which set it apart from all other insecticides: it kills more varieties of insects than do any of its predecessors. Its performance or rate of kill is always close to the maximum. Its residual or lasting power is so protracted that no one is yet certain how long it will retain its potency.

The implications of this cause the men who developed D-D-T to look goggle-eyed when they speak of it. Without lice, there would be no typhus; without anophalene and aedes aegypti mosquitoes, how could malaria, dengue and yellow fever survive? The common housefly carries at least thirty diseases and is responsible for 75 thousand American deaths a year. D-D-T gives no quarter. It has proved itself 95 to 100 per cent fatal to lice, mosquitoes and flies.

Less than ten years ago, C. C. Furnas, the distinguished but gloomy Yale professor, wound up a sad review of the fly situation with this comment: "It shows how hopeless it is to eliminate them." Of mosquitoes he said, "They are highly undesirable and should be eliminated, but it looks as if they never will be."

In May, 1944, the Orlando Laboratory launched the first large scale field test of D-D-T against mosquitoes. Every building within an eighteen square mile area of Stuttgart, Arkansas—known as the United States mosquito capital—was sprayed with D-D-T. Throughout the summer, living adult mosquitoes in sections of the city outside the sprayed area averaged 309 to each building. Within the area they averaged three to a building. This feat of five months' duration was accomplished with a single application of D-D-T.

D-D-T's effect on flies was tested two years ago in milking and feed barns around Orlando. One treatment promptly killed off 95 per cent of the housefly population in these barns.

With each insect it attacked, D-D-T chalked up similar records. Tired of the free use Florida's persistent cockroaches made of his home, L. C. McAlister, Jr., assistant director of the Laboratory, spread a bit of D-D-T around his kitchen and bathroom. Since then not one of the little monsters has crossed his threshold.

From an Army camp one day came a distress signal. It was fighting a losing battle against an invasion of bedbugs. The men were begging for a night's sleep. So the Laboratory applied D-D-T to fif-

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teen thousand barrack beds. Thereafter neither bedbugs nor insomnia bothered soldiers.

Before D-D-T, louse-borne typhus with its eight to seventy per cent mortality rate engulfed whole populations at will. As all the world knows, D-D-T in the winter of 1943 killed the lice of Naples and, for the first time in history, stopped a typhus epidemic cold. What everybody perhaps does not know is the reason subsequent typhus epidemics failed to crop out in Allied controlled areas.

The answer lies in Stuttgart, in the dairy barns, and especially in a piece of cloth at the Orlando Laboratory. It is D-D-T's ability—on a single application—to behave lethally for months and months. One sprinkling in a man's underclothes will kill lice throughout the whole winter season when they normally infest human beings. No lice, no typhus. It is as easy as that. Typhus epidemics simply cannot materialize among populations previously treated with D-D-T.

Sensational though the Naples show was, the piece of cloth in Orlando was at the same moment—but without benefit of publicity—unfolding one of the most dramatic episodes in medical history. In 1942 a cotton sleeve was impregnated with a .5 per cent solution of D-D-T. One of the Laboratory's 47 research workers wore it continuously. Each morning a new batch of healthy lice was placed inside the sleeve. Each morning yesterday's batch was dead. At the end of the 45th day, the sleeve was still killing every louse. Whereupon the Orlando entomologists took off the sleeve but continued to feed it fresh lice. On the 619th day,* the original .5 per cent solution was still knocking out all comers and showed no sign of weakening.

Other insecticides have displayed adequate killing ability. But as far as residual action is concerned, D-D-T is so completely in a class by itself that even hard-bitten scientists sometimes catch themselves referring to it as miraculous. It ignores time and, what is really extraordinary, pays scant heed to water. Eight launderings of D-D-T impregnated clothing hardly affect its potency.

IN ADDITION to the unique properties inherent in D-D-T, its discovery introduced a radically new principle of insect control. Three years ago the idea of spraying an insecticide into God's air and by this means eradicating insect populations would have been laughed out of court. After all, the air is a pretty spacious place. For all practical purposes, most any chemical introduced into it disappears. So in those very recent days science's boldest dreams revolved around reducing insect populations by liquidating larvae in their spawning grounds. It was admitted that the chain of insect procreation might be broken by killing the adults as well as by preventing larvae from developing, but most scientists—believing this theory would be impossible to put into practice—rated it fantastic.

Thanks to the residual properties of D-D-T, science had a surprise in store. In August, 1944, preceding the invasion of Saipan, airplanes

**The day this issue went to press. So far as we know, Orlando's fabric is killing lice this very minute.*

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rigged with special apparatus sprayed D-D-T over the entire island. Prior to this revolutionary event, "Clouds of insects on Pacific islands actually made it difficult to see," said Assistant Surgeon General Raymond Bliss, upon his return from an inspection of Saipan.

"Now," he reported, "locating one mosquito is like finding a four leaf clover."

The Saipan story crashed the headlines, but it was only one of the sensational incidents which followed the Orlando Field Test on adult mosquito control. In April, 1944, A. W. Lindquist, in charge of the Laboratory's Insecticide Investigations, went to the Panama jungles to study the effect on adult mosquitoes of D-D-T sprayed from an airplane.

This is the first time in the history of medical entomology that an airplane was used in the control of adult mosquitoes. Preceding the actual test, he and his small group of assistants spent two long nights counting every mosquito that bit them. They must have had faith in the theory, for the bites averaged 35 per man per minute! On the third morning their plane, The Flying Flit Gun, sprayed D-D-T over the fifty acre test area. On the third night the mosquito bites averaged one to a man every four minutes!

Lindquist's Panama report set the whole scientific world on its ear. In every tropical battle area the British and Australians, as well as the Americans, started spraying D-D-T in advance of troop movements. Last autumn hundreds of gallons were rushed to Burma where, north of Mandalay, D-D-T filled the air over thousands of acres as the Tommies moved against their human and insect enemies. Here are the results of the Burma operation: the malaria incidence in the armies involved was reduced 95 to 100 per cent.

The secrecy and ballyhoo surrounding D-D-T have garbled the story of its discovery. Germany and Switzerland constantly get full credit for contributing it to our war effort. The truth is that a handful of American scientists made it possible for our military to have D-D-T and have it at a time when it was literally a matter of life and death.

D-D-T IS A chemical called dichloro - diphenyl - trichloroethane. It was discovered by a German scientist in 1874, but he merely recorded its structural description, then filed and forgot it. About five years ago the J. R. Geigy Co. of Switzerland developed and introduced a product called Gesarol which was advertised as a good insecticide for barnyard flies and whose active ingredient was the German chemical. That is the total German and Swiss contribution. Nobody had the slightest conception of its real possibilities. Furthermore, because of wartime conditions, it was impossible to transfer either the formula or any information about Gesarol to this country.

Thus occurred as sweet a cloak-and-dagger story as ever graced the pages of E. Phillips Oppenheim. In November, 1942, with the aid of an American military attaché and the unaccountable acquiescence of the Germans who were entirely aware of the transaction, 100

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pounds of Gesarol were shipped to the United States. A bottle—now Orlando's proudest memento—with fifty precious grams of the odorless, colorless dust was immediately rushed to H. A. Jones, the Laboratory's head chemist. From the commercial product which contained only five per cent of the unknown chemical, he was able to extract half a gram of pure crystal. He recorded it in his black book as No. 1506—the fifteen hundred and sixth new material to arrive in Orlando since the Laboratory's start eight months previously. He then sent the mysterious crystal to Dr. Herbert J. Haller at the Department of Agriculture Laboratory in Beltsville, Maryland.

Expert at identifying chemicals, Dr. Haller's difficult job was to discover what elements the crystal was made of and how they were put together. Without this information, we could not have manufactured one gram of the stuff.

In January, 1943, less than two months later, Dr. Haller completed his identification of No. 1506 and drew up a report stating that it was 2,2-bis(parachlorophenyl)1,1,1-trichloroethane—the full name of the long known and long ignored dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane!

Some time later diplomatic channels were able to check Dr. Haller's identification against the Swiss formula. The two proved identical. In thus hitting the nail on the head, the chemist made a scientific discovery as independent as if D-D-T had never been known elsewhere. While we would of course have received the Swiss formula in due course, Haller's original work gave the United States Army, at the time and place it was most needed, a product which has saved an incalculable number of American lives. Thanks to his Orlando colleagues, who were first to discover its real potentialities, we know what it can do.

These Department of Agriculture entomologists—working anonymously and in secret for three years—have proved that typhus can become a disease of the past, that malaria need not strike down whole communities and that the mosquito and common housefly can quite easily disappear from the summer scene. Soon D-D-T may be in every medicine chest or kitchen cabinet. From there on out it will be up to the rest of us to make these possibilities come true.

From Mystic India

THE OTHER DAY some neighbors of mine received a gift from their soldier son stationed in India. Embroidered on the gift was the strange legend "TAM HTAЯ." They called me in and asked if I could translate the inscription, hoping that I had some knowledge of that strange tongue. I didn't, but I did study closely the piece of cloth spread out in all its beauty on a table. Finally I decided to turn the cloth over. Sure enough, "TAM HTAЯ" became BATH MAT.

—T/3 BERNARD GREENBERG

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Our Human Comedy

Man is the only animal that laughs—and good reason, for people are funny. Herewith some lighter moments from the drama of everyday life

JUST BACK from two years overseas, our new colonel, a heavy-set, greying ex-school teacher, is already a favorite with his men. While being chauffeured down the main avenue of camp in his jeep, the colonel turned his head slowly and attentively towards three shapely civilian girls.

His executive officer at the wheel jested politely, "What—a man married twenty years and just back with his family paying that much attention to a well-turned ankle!"

"Major," chuckled the colonel, "I'm a devoted husband and I'm crazy about my youngsters, but don't let that fool you. My right eye never did get married."

—LIEUT. L. J. BISCHOF

THE CONFLICT between capital and labor has not yet reached the South Seas.

We had stopped for a snack at a crowded hotel in Papeete. At a table in the corner a group of natives were playing cards. The dealer, who was wearing a white apron, asked what we wanted. Without getting up he relayed our order to a fat native in the kitchen, who was scurrying about trying to prepare and serve the orders at the same time. The Tahitian in the white apron kept on playing cards.

Finally the fat native brought our lunch. Nodding toward the man in the white apron, I observed, "*Your boss likes his card game.*"

The plump one replied with a hurried smile: "Me boss. Him waiter!"

—FRED LEARMAN

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, the well-known newspaper editor, once gave this test to prove that even expert reporters can misinterpret overheard conversation. Calling together three of his crack newshawks, he had them listen to the faint overtones of a conversation between a woman and her husband in the next room. After a few moments Swope asked each man, in turn, to guess what they were talking about.

One was sure it pertained to the zoo, because he heard the words "trained deer." The second one dis-

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agreed and said they were talking about a trip, because the woman said, "Find out about the train, dear." The third reporter shook his head and said: "It seemed to me that they must have been discussing music, for I heard her say 'trained ear.' "

Then Swope called the woman who had been talking and asked her to repeat what she had said. "The fact is," she told the reporters, "I had been out in the country overnight and was asking my husband if it rained here last evening."

—Irving Hoffman

Some years ago Bishop Phillips Brooks became quite ill and would see no visitors. When Robert Ingersoll, the agnostic, heard that his friend was sick, he called at his home to see him and was admitted at once.

"I appreciate this very much," said Mr. Ingersoll, "but why do you see me when you deny yourself to all your other friends?"

"It's this way," answered the Bishop. "I feel confident of seeing my other friends in the next world, but this may be my last chance to see you."

—Emery G. Young

We were bivouacked near a little village in eastern France. Soon after we made camp several of us walked to the village to look the place over. We had hardly reached the first cluster of houses when a woman stopped us. In broken English she explained that she was a teacher in the village school. She had never spoken to an American before and was eager to learn if the things she had read and heard about the United States were true.

First she asked us if we were rich. She looked disappointed when we said no. "But you live in forty-upstairs houses?" she went on. "No, we don't live in forty-storied houses," we explained. This seemed too much for her. Two of her favorite impressions about the Americans were wrong.

"Did you go to school?" she asked, a little timidly this time.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied a corporal. "I went to school in Texas."

"Aha," she smiled triumphantly, "just as I thought! You Americans go to school in *taxis!*"

—Sgt. Barry Ziff

In 1936, the late Simon Bolivar Buckner was attending a refresher course for colonels. During class one day a young instructor remarked that he thought Regimental Headquarters should prepare the programs for company training, because inexperienced officers might make errors if they worked up their own.

Up rose Buckner to end all arguments with a little story. "Uncle Zeke was known in my Kentucky home for his wisdom," he began. "One day a young friend asked him, 'Uncle Zeke, how come you're so wise?'

" 'Because I've got good judgment,' the old man replied. 'Good judgment comes from experience, and experience—well, that comes from poor judgment!' "

—*Pequanoc Pow Wow*

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Traveling four thousand miles in six weeks at ten dollars per day, two young girls give a preview of tomorrow's vacation-by-air

Puddle Jump to MEXICO

by JEAN SPEISER

I AM NOT a brave person. I hate tall buildings, elevators and fast driving, and I wouldn't cross the street against a red light on a bet. How I ever talked myself into flying to Mexico in a single-engine plane with another girl at the stick I will never know. To be sure, Caroline Iverson is as fearless as I am timid, and I guess she had enough courage for both of us. She made the first successful small-plane trip to Alaska when she was 23.

We flew 3,995 miles to Mexico City and back, and spent less than ten dollars a day apiece in six weeks—including transportation. We used up 63 dollars' worth of gasoline and oil, spent fifty dollars more for plane storage and maintenance. Hotels and meals cost us 240 dollars apiece (less than six dollars a day), and the rest went for excursions, fun and shopping—all saved for the trip out of our pay checks.

The plane, which was loaned to us, was a handsome red and yellow 65 horsepower Aeronca Super-Chief with cosy side-by-side seats. Its cruising speed was one hundred miles per hour (which varied, of course, according to the speed and direction of the wind), and it came in for easy landings at 38 mph. With 25 gallons of gas in main and auxiliary tanks combined, we had a range of five hundred miles, though we seldom flew over three hundred miles in one hop.

As navigator, I turned in my first fluke the second day out. I couldn't find the commercial field at Stuttgart, Arkansas, so we flew over to investigate a set of long runways north of town. Just as we had decided they were Army, and not for us, dozens of twin-engine fighter planes began to take off in two directions, and before we knew it we were in their midst.

For a minute everything went black. Then I shouted at Caroline, who was circling and dodging, "Let's get out of this!"

"What do you suggest?" she said calmly.

"Land!" I croaked hoarsely.

"Just what I was going to do," she replied, still maddeningly cool, and did. Our sassy little plane flirted past a row of AT-11s on an

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isolated runway to meet a jeep with a "Follow Me" flag on its rear. A grinning sergeant got out and pretended to shake the plane apart, then escorted us to the Officer of the Day to explain our uninvited appearance. When he got through being tough he gave us cokes, a weather report and explicit directions to Stuttgart field.

We ran into our first squall en route to Dallas. I suggested we land and sit it out. Caroline looked out the window. "Birds fly around in it," she observed. "Why shouldn't we?"

At San Antonio a young Cuban flight instructor named our plane *La Tortolita*. "In Spanish that means 'the little turtle-dove,'" he explained gravely.

So we duly christened our puddle jumper and had the name painted on her nose when we got to Mexico City. Sometimes we wondered if we shouldn't have christened her *Eagle*, thus encouraging her to perform like one.

NAVIGATION terminology came hard to me. The two-mile radio tunnel we flew to Brownsville had assumed in my mind a shape something like an elongated box-kite, but it was only a radio beam with no physical evidence of its existence except for an intermittent buzz heard through the earphones. The beam was particularly comforting in a rainstorm, when we bucked through a solid wall of black, our ears tuned to the buzz and our eyes fixed on a railroad track two hundred feet below us.

The prettiest flight of the whole trip was from Brownsville, Texas, where the Mexican Civil Aeronautics inspector, Sr. Humberto Ramirez, speeded us across the border to Tampico, our Mexican port of entry.

We headed straight for the Gulf and flew very low to avoid a head wind, skimming the beach and waves and feeling as though we were going five hundred mph. All around us were blue sky and deeper blue sea.

The scenery was pretty much no-man's land for three hours. A herd of red cattle snorted at us and a lone cowboy waved, but aside from that there were no signs of life. Weird driftwood formations occasionally bobbed up below us, and we saw the hulls of two submerged ships, reminders of the hurricanes that spring up suddenly in the Gulf region.

Our first Mexican meal—on a romantic moonlit beach at Tampico—was crab, redfish steak, mangoes and papaya. Hotel rooms cost us from eighty cents each in Tuxpan to three dollars and fifty cents in Mexico City, where everything is higher. Our big extravagances in the city were taxis and flowers. We had no sales resistance against gardenias the size of cabbages, and we even wore them to breakfast.

It was in Tuxpan we learned about gasoline. We breakfasted heartily on steak and rolls, coffee and mangoes, and got to the airport for an eight o'clock take-off. We climbed from sea level for twenty minutes and reached four thousand feet, with Mexico City about two hours away over the mountains.

Suddenly the *Turtle-dove's* smooth purr was interrupted by a cough. Caroline turned on the carburetor

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heat to check for ice. That wasn't it. We circled and climbed again. Another cough. We had a choice of jungle or mountains for an emergency landing, neither ideal. So we turned back, the twenty-minute flight seeming like twenty hours. The motor gave forth with a final series of hacks as we came in for a landing, and went dead as the wheels touched the ground.

Caroline's silent assumption was correct: we drained the gas from both tanks through a chamois skin and, horrified, collected a quart of water. Airplanes take stronger stuff, so from then on we never left the plane until both tanks had been gassed to the brim to prevent overnight condensation (which is what had happened). We also filtered all our new gas through a chamois.

ONE THING that crossed up our ambitious itinerary—which was to lead all over Mexico, from one coast to the other—was the Mexican rainy season, which we'd vaguely heard about but not considered seriously. For almost two weeks we rose at dawn, checked out of the hotel and made for the Mexico City airport, only to have the Mexican *comandancia* refuse to let us go. "Raining all around," he'd report. And the airport attendants were no comfort.

"Whaddya expect, flying that puddle-jumper?" was their favorite daily taunt. "Little old pea-hopper, that's all it is!"

The day we left Mexico City was fine and clear. At the halfway point (an hour out) we were hovering above the plateau with the famous and beautiful snow-capped volcanoes, Popo and Sleeping Lady, off our right wing. Ahead of us lay the east-coast spur of the Sierra Madre mountain range. We had an eleven thousand foot pass to cross as it sloped northward from eighteen thousand-foot Mount Orizaba, Mexico's highest peak.

By flying into the up-drafts on the windward side of a mountain along the way, we had picked up twelve thousand feet of true altitude. Our ground speed was sixty mph so we were bucking a head wind. We could see whirlpools of desert sand below us rising a hundred feet into the air, a danger sign that should have warned us of down-drafts on the leeward side of the mountain we were approaching. Clouds were piling up behind the pass, and the whole situation wasn't nice.

But if we detoured we might run out of gas, and we still had our thousand-foot clearance, if we could maintain it. We neared the pass, noting the upward-sloping ground was partly cultivated, partly pasture. A broken line of trees topping the ridge was coming awfully close —and fast!

"Funny shape, aren't they?" laughed Caroline—a bit nervously, I thought. I tightened my seat belt and didn't answer.

Suddenly the plane settled in the thin air. Just another split-second and we'd be over the top. But in that second the ground rose to meet us, and bump—we were on it.

We rolled roughly for sixty feet over hillocks and rocks and came to a stop in a perfect three-point position. A treacherous down-draft, mightier than we, which big planes and little fight continuously

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in mountain flying, had undone us. When we got out unhurt and ran to the top of the ridge, we found that fifty more feet altitude would have cleared it.

We might be there yet, setting up housekeeping in the plane as though it were a trailer, had it not been for the natives. They seemingly appeared out of nowhere shortly after we landed—Indians wearing serapes and sombreros and carrying guns and knives. We smiled all around, though, exchanging cordial greetings.

The men offered to help us smooth the pasture so Caroline could make a trial taxi run to find out whether she could get up enough speed to take off again. But the ground was too rough, and the tiny wheels of the plane stuck in the ruts, so we gave that up and went into a huddle to try and decide what to do next.

SUDDENLY one of the men stepped forward, pointed his gun at the plane, then at Caroline and at me. Caroline looked around and said: "I think they want to kill me."

I nodded absently, thinking hard. I couldn't believe they meant to do away with us. Tightening my belt, which by now had become my unconscious reaction to any crisis, I stepped forward and put out my hands:

"*Nos amigos?*" I entreated in my best Spanish, of which I knew about a dozen words by now. The men laughed heartily; we laughed hysterically. We gathered then that they were offering to guard the plane while we went to the village of Tlanalapa in the valley below and made arrangements for transportation, since we couldn't fly out.

We left two Indians with guns proudly standing beside the plane, and followed the villagers, who by now had reached the size of a multitude, to a cluster of thatched-roof houses halfway down the mountain. There a burro-train left with a message which somewhere along the way went on a wire, for it reached Mexico City at three a.m. next day. Another group went to bring back an automobile from the nearest town.

Meanwhile, our new friends led us to the general store — well stocked and immaculate—where a meal had been laid for us. It consisted of sumptuous hot sandwiches and—brought from the top shelf by the storekeeper—a bottle of champagne, which we fell on hungrily after eight hours' fast.

A Ford sedan bumped up and, taking leave of our hosts with many gestures of gratefulness, we jounced sheerly down the mountain to a town twenty miles away where we transferred to a station wagon. From there it was eighty miles to Puebla, a city with hotel and telephones.

We drove over a roadless mountain desert, where giant cacti and pine trees grew side by side and threw long shadows in the moonlight. For company we had three highway engineers who sang romantic Spanish melodies and asked us only if we knew "My Bonnee Ees Over the Ocean?"

A couple of days later the Mexican Air Force came to our rescue, through the good graces of air attachés at the U. S. Embassy. A crew of five, who had pulled many a cracked-up military plane out of

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those same mountains, took the *Turtle-dove* apart on her lofty perch and trucked her back to Mexico City. There they reassembled her and after several days of testing and the inevitable weather delays, we set out for home again.

General Guzman Càrdenas, on whom we called to extend thanks for Air Force assistance, strenuously refused our attempts to pay for trucking and work on the plane. The good-neighbor policy seemed to be working in fact.

We came home so fast it made us dizzy. Mexico City to Brownsville the first day, Texarkana the second and Owensboro, Kentucky, the third. A couple of hours on the fourth day and we were back in Middletown. Our navigation log showed our actual air time was 51 hours and 55 minutes.

For fun and adventure—and value received—give us the *Turtle-dove* any day!

Amateur Naturalists

THE LANDSCAPE architect was showing a lady visitor through a formal garden. "What's that?" she asked curiously, pointing to a metal tablet on a rustic stand.

"A sundial," replied the architect.

"What's a sundial?" she pursued.

Her companion patiently explained how the sun, moving through the heavens, casts a shadow on the dial, indicating the time of day.

The woman beamed with interest. "My!" she exclaimed. "What will they be thinking of next!" —*The Kablegram*

A COMMUTER riding on a train into New York City every day had been the subject of much joking by his fellow passengers because of his trials and tribulations as a Victory gardener. Finally one morning a friend said to him, "Mr. Waite, what's that in your lapel?"

"That," said Mr. Waite, with a smile of satisfaction, "is my first radish of the season." —BEN CASSELL

"I WANT TO grow some trees in my garden," explained the young bride. "Can you sell me a few seeds?"

"Certainly, Madam," replied the clerk, and he handed her a packet.

"Can you guarantee these?" asked the customer.

"Yes, Madam, we can."

"Will the trees be tall and thick in the trunk?"

"They should be."

"And quite strong at the roots?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Very well," concluded the lady briskly, "then I'll take a hammock at the same time." —*The Porthole*

MONA BONELLI, wife of the singer Richard Bonelli, was reading aloud a letter from her brother, a naval officer stationed on Guadalcanal. Her one-time nurse, Millie, listened with wide-eyed concern.

"I will never hear the word 'rain' again without shuddering," the letter said. "Incredible as it may seem to you at home, during the past five weeks fourteen feet of rain fell here . . . "

"Fourteen feet of rain!" Millie echoed sharply and incredulously.

"That's what it says, Millie," explained Mona. "Fourteen feet—in five weeks."

"My heavens!" breathed Millie piously, "no wonder it's an island!" —MORTON THOMPSON in *Joe The Wounded Tennis Player* (Doubleday Doran)

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Will we ever have sense enough to work for happiness instead of a lot of money?

Things That Money Can't Buy

by CHANNING POLLOCK

DURING THE inflation in Europe that followed the First World War, I gave a beggar in Vienna twenty thousand crowns. A few months before, that would have been the equivalent of four thousand dollars, but the beggar dropped the bills on the pavement and asked, "What can I do with them? They won't buy a postage stamp."

A few weeks ago in New York City, a puzzled taxi driver said to me, "I used to make thirty dollars a week; now I often earn more than a hundred, but somehow I don't seem to have as much as I did in the old days."

At an enormous cost, war and what follows war might teach us a profitable lesson—that money is worth only as much as it will buy; that it is merely a medium for the exchange of goods and services. Nobody can eat or wear a dollar bill. Coins and bills are only so many tokens, which are of value only if and when they can be "cashed in."

Every homemaker in America today knows the things that money can't buy. Probably everyone who reads this has at least one needful possession which no amount of money could procure.

Yet when this present crisis is over, shall we be wise enough to cease striving for money, rather than for that which gives it value?

There always have been and always will be things that money can't buy. Once, long ago, I recall that a Midwestern clergyman wrote asking me to list the five principal reasons for my remarkable happiness. Within a few minutes I had jotted down 51 reasons, and made the astonishing discovery that only a half dozen of them were purchasable. The five reasons I finally sent to the clergyman were: 1—My wife and family; 2—My home; 3—My health; 4—My love of work, and the capacity for it; 5—My ability to look any man in the eye and tell him where to get off.

Of course, all five represent outlay. You can't have a family or a home without supporting them, health without proper food and clothing, the right work without training, or often that ability to look a man in the eye, unless independence and discrimination have taught you to stay out of his debt. Yet all are needful blessings which give money value.

Beyond sufficient food, proper clothing and shelter, our material needs are limited, and money begins playing a diminishing part in our well being. The additional enjoyment it can give becomes a matter of understanding and appreciation. Before the war made it

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impossible, some of us wished to travel, yet many people with means have wandered all over the globe without seeing anything.

Once in the Mediterranean, a man emerged from the ship's card-room as we were sailing past the Island of Corsica and asked me, "What land is that?"

"Corsica. Napoleon was born there," I replied.

"I should worry," he exclaimed, and went back to his bridge game.

Certainly this man could have played bridge at home, so what did money for travel buy for him?

Another man of my acquaintance has hung on the walls of his home a score of fine paintings about which he knows nothing, while a school teacher I know, who understands and loves beautiful pictures, spends long, blissful afternoons in museums where art treasures are to be seen free. Now I don't mean that a man or woman may not have beautiful things *and* appreciation of them; but merely that it *is* appreciation rather than the possession that affords true enjoyment.

Neither do I wish to imply that millions in money can't be used wisely and well, though there is a limit to the enjoyment they can give their possessor. Yet there could be nothing more stupid and dangerous, I think, than our national insistence upon the importance of money, and the greed, dishonesty and softness which that insistence breeds. When we talk of "high standards of living," why can't we include also mental, moral and spiritual standards?

A saint or a scholar in rags is still a saint or a scholar; a gangster buried in a golden casket—as one was not long ago—is still an outlaw. The man who would rather look at a beautiful sunset than be master of a palatial establishment has his own mansion on the western horizon. With George William Curtis, who wrote *Prue and I*, he can say in effect, "Those purple hills are mine. Jones only owns the dirt and fences."

EVEN THAT security of which we talk so much nowadays is less a matter of money, perhaps, than our own individual qualities. To support this opinion, I quote a hard-headed banker to whom I once applied for a thousand-dollar loan I didn't need.

I was very young at the time, and merely trying to save face with a drama critic who had begged me to obtain this sum and lend it to him. The banker, I felt certain, would refuse, and so end the plan. To my horror, and the delight of the critic who accompanied me, the banker agreed to give me the loan. "Why?" I asked him, later. "You knew I had nothing to put up as collateral."

The banker smiled and said, "If you'd been in this business as long as I have, you would have learned that character is the best collateral. Stocks and bonds may shrink in value, and rich men lose their capital, but no one is likely to lose his habits of thrift, industry and honesty."

What money will buy, too, varies according to time and place and its possessor; but, beyond necessities, it is a self-evident truth that money cannot buy genuine happiness. It may purchase, of course,

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the spurious satisfaction of owning vast possessions and buy the excitement of "keeping up with the Joneses," even a certain kind of deference—though never of the grade or degree that is commanded by intellect and achievement.

Nor can anybody be happy merely by *not* having money, which is a useful by-product and essential as a medium of exchange. But it seems to me equally essential to fix the limits of its purchasing power, and to realize that material things must be mixed with intangibles, as gasoline must be mixed with air in a motor to make it useful.

Observing men who devote their lives to the accumulation of money, and women who have no interests outside the material, I often wonder what they obtain with money that is half as precious as what they sacrifice to get it. Health and tranquillity, the companionship of friends and family; the thrill of looking with appreciation at mountains or sea, of reading good books, hearing fine music—these far outweigh the possession of things no more essential to our well being than a third leg or an extra hand.

It's a wise person who can echo Edward Everett Hale's "I am putting aside a little money for necessities, and a little learning for my future pleasure." He is even wiser who occasionally asks himself, "For what am I striving? Have I become part of a clamorous, cut throat struggle for wealth and what we call fame? What can they get me that I actually need or want? Do I really wish to be the richest man in the cemetery? Have I come to measure my influence and importance by my possessions and to be content with the prospect of leaving the world as one checks out of a hotel, leaving no reminders of my stay except in my bank balance?"

The riches of mind and spirit are the wise person's paradise. Only fools dream of a heaven paved with gold and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Wishing Well

MRS. BURNS, whose husband is overseas, and her young son Ronnie tugged at opposite ends of a wishbone. The little boy won. Noticing the disappointed look on his mother's face, he placed his hand consolingly on her shoulder and said, "Don't worry, Mother, I made the same wish that you would have."

—JULES GOLDNER

DURING AN OPEN question period following an address given by Helen Keller, deaf and blind since infancy, someone asked the speaker if she were granted one wish what would that wish be? The audience waited with hushed expectancy for her reply. Would this gifted woman of difficult speech ask for persuasive eloquence? From the depths of her long night of darkness, would she ask for seeing eyes to view the beauties of creation? Or would she ask for hearing ears to listen to the anthems of birdland?

Then came the answer. "If I were granted but one request, I would ask that we might have world peace!"

—*The American Friend*

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Mrs. Frank knows the heartbreak of the death of an only son—her conquest of grief is a pattern for Gold Star Mothers everywhere

No Life Is Wasted

by MRS. GLENN FRANK

Mrs. Frank is the widow of Glenn Frank, renowned publicist, and for twelve years president of the University of Wisconsin. At the time of his death, Mr. Frank was campaigning for U. S. Senator. Mrs. Frank's only son did not die on the battlefield. He was killed before the war began. Only after many mothers' sons had met a soldier's death did Mrs. Frank feel it possible to tell of her own passage through tragedy, grief, despair . . . and a return to faith, in the hope that her experience might in small measure be of help to her companions-in-sorrow.
—THE EDITORS

ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1940, a little after eight in the evening, I sat in the living room of my home in Madison, Wisconsin. One and one-half hours before I had said goodbye to my husband and son. They were en route to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where my husband was scheduled for an address. I knew as soon as the speech was over he would telephone me as he always did.

Suddenly a maid came running down the stairs into the room.

"Mr. Frank has been in an accident," she said.

"How do you know?"

"I just heard it over the radio."

I knew by the look in her face that something dreadful had happened. I was afraid to question her further.

I went to the telephone and called a local radio station.

"Has my husband been in an accident?" I said.

"He has been killed."

"That can't be," I protested.

"Well," argued the voice from the station, "I don't think Associated Press would stop all programs to announce it if it weren't so."

Of course the young man did not mean to be cruel. He was shocked, and he spoke under strain.

"Where did the accident happen?" I asked.

"Near Green Bay."

In a few minutes I had an official of the Green Bay hospital on the phone.

"Do you know anything about an accident to my husband?" I inquired. "Is he dead?"

"Yes."

"My son—he is all right?"

"He, too, is dead."

I cannot write the anguish of that moment. I was plunged into chaos.

Clergymen, relatives, friends, ac-

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quaintances, strangers offered their help. I could not be comforted. The grief was all but intolerable. I felt utterly futile. All interest, meaning and purpose in life were gone. I adored my husband and son and they loved me devotedly, and when they died I was as one dead who yet must live.

The most tragic moment of my life was the one in which I said goodbye to my husband and son as the hour of their funeral approached. My son's hands had always seemed distinctive to me. Perhaps I felt that way because his first gesture of affection was raising his hand to me as I fed him. Or perhaps it was because he had great skill at writing even as a child. As I stood over him to say goodbye, I took his long, sensitive hands in mine as I had often done during his lifetime. But now they fell from me like cold lead. The soul that had made them stretch out to me in love, that had inspired them to write, had taken flight. Although his body lay before me, beautiful in death as in life, my child was not there.

"Your child and husband can never suffer as you suffer now," said a neighbor.

But those words brought no comfort. My husband and son, strong in mind and body were eager to live. The one, 21, on the threshold of life with promise of becoming a writer of distinction; the other, 52, with much work well done and much more to do. Life was to them a challenge, and they wanted to meet it.

Other friends hoped that time would ease my sorrow. But each new hour deepened my despair.

I went to church and tried to say the prayers that I had been taught as a child. But my lips were paralized as I tried to repeat: "We bless Thee for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life." The words seemed ironical.

MORE THAN two years passed, when one afternoon I sat alone in my husband's library, surrounded by his thousands of books. It was dusk—the time my son usually, during the last year of his life, came home, opened the front door, called "Muds" (his name for me) and ran up the stairs three steps at a time to tell me that he had a byline in the evening paper, or tell me some other bit of news that would bring me pride and pleasure.

As I sat there alone all the events of the same day, December seventh, 23 years before, came before my eyes. For that was the day on which my son was born.

On that day, after hours of pain, I was told by my physician that a Caesarian operation had been decided upon as a last resort.

"Be brave," said my husband, "and in a few minutes our son for whom we have longed will be right here with us."

He was with us in a few minutes, but it was three hours before I heard my husband's voice again—

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . . and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

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this time calling me back to consciousness with the joyous words: "It's Glenny and he's perfect."

I opened my eyes; there he was —the beautiful baby I had dreamed about!

The nurse had rolled his bed close to mine, and then had left the room. The physician had gone into the farthest corner, so I was alone with my husband and our son. I had an indescribable feeling of elation such as I had never felt before. I suppose every mother has the same experience when she and her husband hover over their firstborn and share with God the ecstasy and miracle of creation.

As I sat in the library alone on my son's 23rd birthday, the memory of his first birthday lengthened into a panorama of his entire life while dusk lengthened into night.

I remember it all so well because it was the last time I permitted myself to give way to convulsive crying. I felt desperate and, not knowing what else to do, reached aimlessly for a book.

It fell open to a passage which my husband had underlined:"—indulgence of grief, the blunder of a life."

It was as if my husband were speaking, asking me again to be brave. Then and there I realized that if I did not chain grief, it would chain me and reduce me to madness.

I needed faith. But the tragedy that took my beloved ones seemed to take that also. I must get it back. But how? I realized that I must rid my mind of the things that were obscuring it.

First I needed to overcome the horror of death by violence on a highway. It does not matter how or where the soul leaves the body. It is the soul that matters. Abraham Lincoln was shot in a theatre and died in a strange rooming house. And Christ, the Son of Man and God, was crucified on a cross.

Also, I had to give to youth the place it deserves, for it is something more than a vestibule to adulthood. It is a corridor of life. A beautiful one. The problems that trouble it are the process of development. My son lived 21 years. But into those fleet years he crowded a ripening of mind, a breadth of vision, an enrichment of character that I can never attain.

Then I had to cease torturing myself over what I had done or left undone in the custodianship of my child. In retrospect I saw mistakes which took on disproportionate emphasis after his death. Although, during his lifetime, I had cared for him as best I knew, even little incidents rose to haunt me after he died.

When my son was four, he went with me to the Grand Central Station to see his father off for a short trip. We went to the steps of the train.

While we stood talking, there was a sudden blast from the whistle. After Glenny and I got into the taxi to go home, he suddenly slumped, the result of fright as the doctor later explained. I urged the driver to go as fast as he could. I hugged my little son close and told him how much I loved him. "But not as much as daddy?" he asked.

"Almost," I answered.

Seventeen years later, two days before the accident that took his

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life, he was talking to his father about his fiancée whom he planned to marry on his 22nd birthday, and his father talked to him about me. Then Glenn Jr. told his father the incident in the taxi. Later that evening my husband repeated the conversation to me, and we smiled over our child's feat of memory.

But after his death, I cried in anguish. "Why didn't I say *yes* instead of *almost* to a tot of four whose mother and father were his whole world?" The difference between *yes* and *almost* had so hurt his sensitive feelings that he remembered for seventeen years.

I had to wipe those regrets from my mind with the knowledge that the mistakes I had made were of judgment, not of intent. My love had never failed.

Only when I had overcome all these torments did faith come back. Faith that a God capable of making and maintaining the universe would not waste the superb mechanism of mind and the beauty of spirit that were my husband's and son's.

I must live out the rest of my life with a shattered heart. But I must not feel futile, nor permit myself to be futile. I know that blessed, indeed, is the woman who bears a son and guides him from helpless infancy into splendid young manhood. Such a woman has known life at its best and sweetest. I now can say again that prayer I was taught as a child.

Evening up the Score

THE STERN-FACED judge glared at the man before his bench—a man who had been arrested on a vagrancy charge—and scornfully asked: "Have you *ever* earned an honest dollar?"

The culprit scratched his head thoughtfully, and then replied:

"Once, sir. I voted for you in the last election."—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

GEORGE'S LETTERS from overseas were mere shreds when the censor finished clipping them. Mabel had begged George to be more careful in what he wrote so that she might enjoy at least one full sentence, but when the next letter arrived with only the words "Mabel darling" and "Your loving George" intact, she was maddened beyond endurance. Carefully censoring her own letter, she replied:

Dear George: Thanks so much for your last letter. It must have been most interesting. Have been having a simply xxxx time. Went out to xxxx last night. We xxxx until almost xxxx. I was xxxx that you weren't there. I know you will be xxxx to hear the xxxx news about your old friend xxxx. He was very xxxx and everyone thought he was going to xxxx. But last Wednesday night he took a turn for the xxxx and now they think that he is going to xxxx. Isn't that xxxx?

I almost forgot. Your stockbroker phoned yesterday. He was very xxxx. He told me that your xxxx had gone back to xxxx with the result that you are now xxxx and will probably xxxx. Yours truly, Mabel.

—KIMBALL MCILROY in *The Strand*

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Paris today is an imitation city—with cardboard merchandise and even play money

Paris Letter

—Paris

WHEN YOU buy a book it's all paper — the pages, and the binding and the cover. The ink and type and printing are good and legible. The blurb is like all the blurbs. And on the inside of the paper cover is a stamp that tells the price of the book. But the price is stamped out with another rubber stamp. It must have cost thousands of francs just for the stamps and the stamping. But it must have been worth it. When the stamp goes on, the price goes up. I'm telling you about France. About Paris.

Come to beautiful, historic Paris. Look at its vistas, because it is a city of vistas. You can stand beside the Louvre and look through an arch with galloping golden horses on its top, and through the archway you can see all the way down to the great archway of the world. You can see all the way to the Arc de Triomphe, with the Egyptian Obelisk cutting a line in front of your view.

At least, they say it's the Egyptian Obelisk, and they say it's the Arc de Triomphe. But if you go into the Louvre what you will find is a replica of the Venus de Milo. The real one, they say, is put away somewhere for safe-keeping. You'll see the old, tired, timeless, sarcophagi of Egyptians who, so they say on the labels, were kings and princesses. The only things you can see in the Louvre—which, we are told, is one of the world's great collection-places of the treasures of the mind—are imitations of something.

You can walk along these broad, lovely streets (you have to walk, because there are no cars that are not owned by one army or another) and enjoy the avenues of green-leaved trees, pruned and well-tended. Walk in the afternoons, because in the mornings it rains. You can walk through the ragged Tuileries and see the spectacle of its unmown grass and its undraped marble figures. It's not a garden any more—it's a meadow. And those figures that look so lovely are not alive, but only marble.

Cross the street carefully. People here don't believe in automobiles. People here think there are only two parts to an automobile—the accelerator and the horn. They drive with a foot and a thumb. People here don't believe in other people. There is a man in the center of the intersection. He wears a blue uniform and long white cuffs and a white baton. He is a traffic cop. My good and talented friend, Bill Kent, who works for the Chicago *Times*, once wrote that the cop stands there "arranging accidents." And he does. Nobody believes in the traffic cop.

Come along the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. What a wonder-

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ful, romantic name, full of Balzac or the fine, free days, or something you remember vaguely from high school. It's a narrow street lined with grim grey stone buildings. On the street floors are the shops. Wonderful shops whose windows are filled with the triumphant workmanship of France.

If the head window-dresser at Macy's or Marshall Field's ever got a look at those window displays in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré he would buy a ticket to the top of the grotesque Eiffel Tower and jump off in hopeless envy. A useless gesture, a useless tower, and—if you take a good look—a display of useless goods in the windows.

Come to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré and look through the genuine, unbroken plate glass windows at the beautiful handbags. They are striped in blue and white; they are scarlet and gold. They look like silk or leather, and they are enchanting. And they are made of cardboard.

See the dainty shapes of the bottles in which the perfumes are displayed. And the chaste labels that bear the exotic names of the manufacturers. But the perfume is mostly water. Press your eager nose against the window where all the bottles of brandy are stacked in such artistic arrangement, but notice the modest little sign in front of the bottles. It says "Factice."

"Factice," the sign says: "Make-believe."

Have you got any money in your pocket? You'll need thousands of francs to buy a smooth white rayon blouse. The blouse is beautiful, embroidered by the skillful fingers of some woman in Luxeuil. And the francs are beautiful, designed by the delicate imagination of an artist. But pretty as they are, the francs are no good. They are artificial. You've got to have "new" francs or you don't get the blouse. And if you read all the fine print on the new "francs" you'll notice that nobody backs them. Nobody "promises to pay." Factice.

But I'm telling you about Paris. Not about France. We don't know much about France in our country. Paris earned and lives up to its reputation as the capital of "feelthy peectures." On the other side of this country—in its eastern half—are Pennsylvania and Louisiana and California and Kansas. People milk cows and run factories and live in houses. Lyons is Indianapolis; Marseilles is Norfolk.

I believe in France. You can have Paris — but you wouldn't like it. —CHESTER MORRISON

Delaying Action

A YOUNG CRIMINAL lawyer who had a difficult case on his hands sought Clarence Darrow's advice. Darrow advised that he address the jury for at least three hours.

"Why so long?" asked the young attorney.

"The longer you talk," replied Darrow, "the longer your client will stay out of prison." —IRVING HOFFMAN

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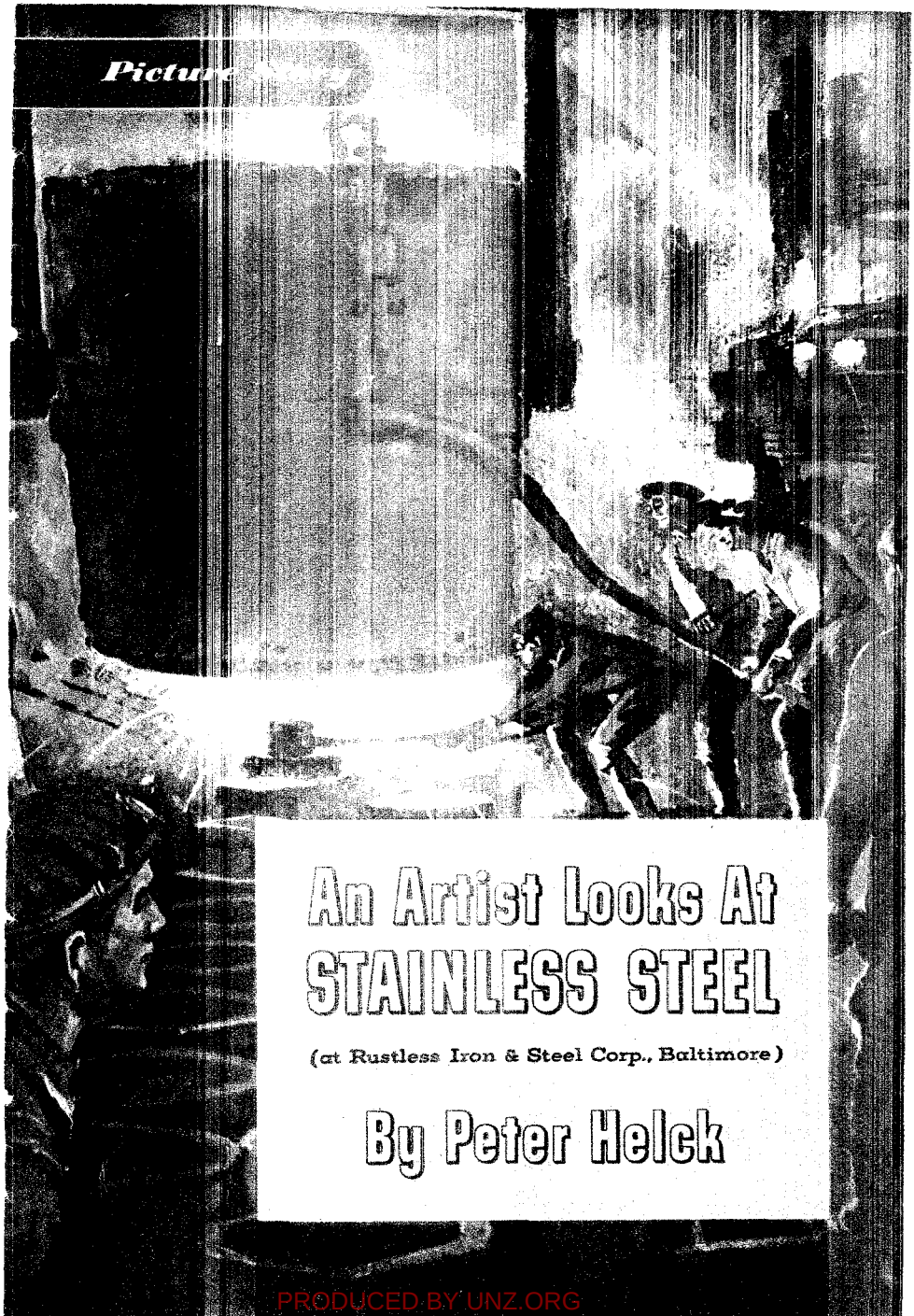

An Artist Looks At STAINLESS STEEL

(at Rustless Iron & Steel Corp., Baltimore)

By Peter Helck

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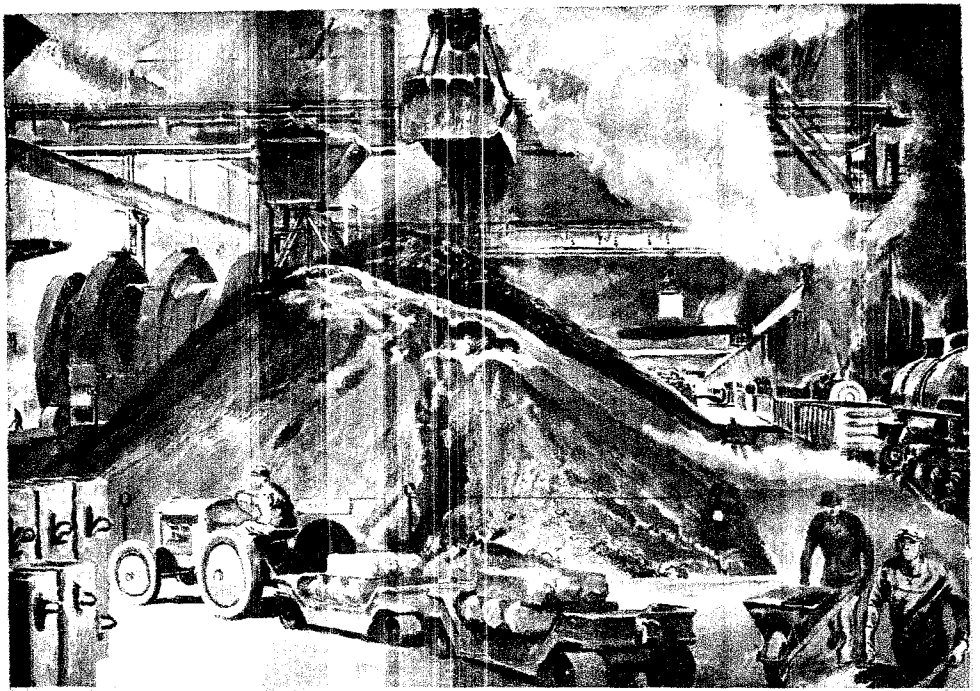

A Hill of Ore

I stood at the end of a range of hills of concentrated chromium ore outside the melting shop. Chromium is the magic metal that when alloyed with steel transforms it into stainless steel. Chromium, once thought rare, is now known to be as plentiful as copper. Here were crumbling hills of the refined chromium ore brought from Africa, from the South Seas and from Eurasia.

This would be the right start, I thought, for my series of paintings illustrating one of the greatest steps forward of modern metallurgy—the making of stainless steels.

Thirty-one years ago, I learned, Harry Brearly, a British metallurgist in Sheffield, England, was gathering experimental steel alloy rods that had been cast aside for months. Some were badly rusted but others, which contained chromium, were still bright. Brearly patented his alloy as "stainless steel."

I decided to make this painting a night scene. The floodlights pouring down on the hills of russet ore made them like the red soil of grim old Aragon in Spain. A burst of yellow light at the left, a buggy load of ingots crossing the foreground. There was my composition.

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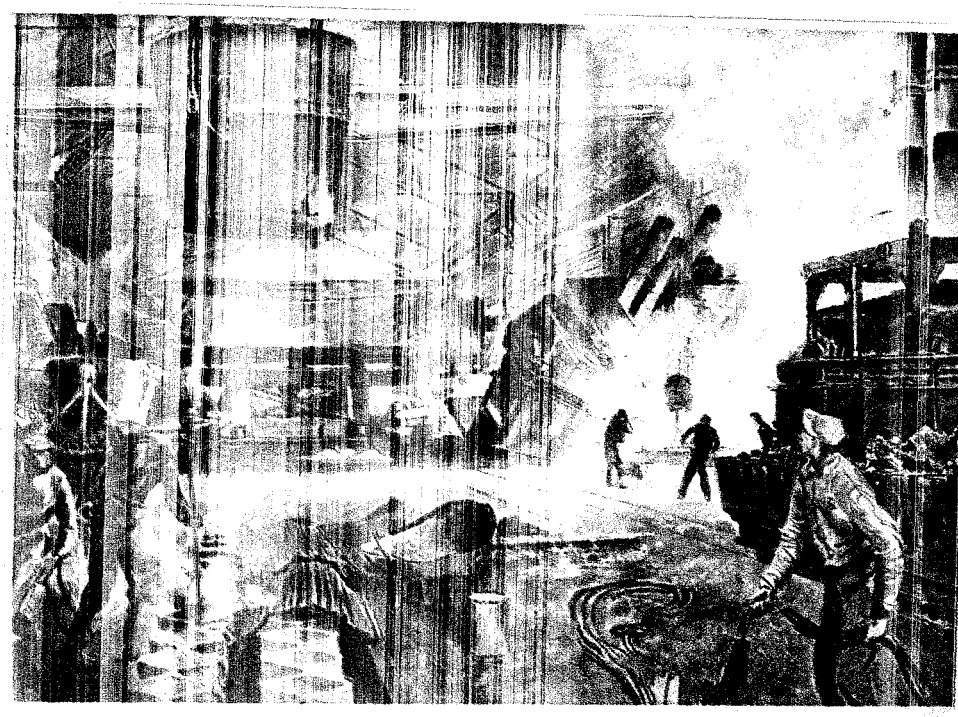

The Melting Furnace

THE MELTING furnaces are the dramatic spectacle of a stainless steel works. These furnaces are electric, and to see one of them rocking far to one side to spill its contents is to see something incredible. Instead of roaring fires beneath the furnace, immense electrodes at incandescent heat are plunged from above into the fiery pots. This is where the chromium combines with the steel scrap to make the stainless steel used in glittering trains, bright metal work on automobiles and ships, airplanes like polished silver, stainless household equipment. The polish is permanent and the metal is strong. Stainless steels are a new "noble" metal, non-rusting, like gold and silver.

The moment I chose for my picture was the "pour." This is the moment when the whole furnace tilts to the left—an unimaginable spectacle—and out into the ladle pours 25 tons of hissing, white-hot (3,000 degrees F.), liquid stainless steel. In the foreground men are blowing out molds into which the metal will be run. On the other side, cars of scrap metal are waiting to be hauled up to charge the furnace for another melt.

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The Rolling Machine

IN STANDING far off to study this composition I sometimes had the strange feeling that the machines were the real actors—and the men were mere gnomes, tending and feeding them. In the foreground I put the first giant, ready to take in his monstrous mouthful. The men spring about with their tongs while a moving sidewalk carries the fire-spitting mass into the jaws of the rollers.

Back and forth under the rollers it goes, passing and repassing until it is squeezed down from seventeen inches cross section to billets three and one-half inches square.

This compression is part of what makes the durable properties of stainless steels. Lasting beauty of its polished surface is one thing. To a man eight miles high in an airplane it is more important that stainless steels retain their toughness and strength at all temperatures.

This picture was one of the hardest studies I chose—simply because of the exactitude required. As I made my first rough sketches the men came to look over my shoulders. You may be sure they gave me their expert advice. They even made chalk drawings on the walls to illustrate their criticisms.

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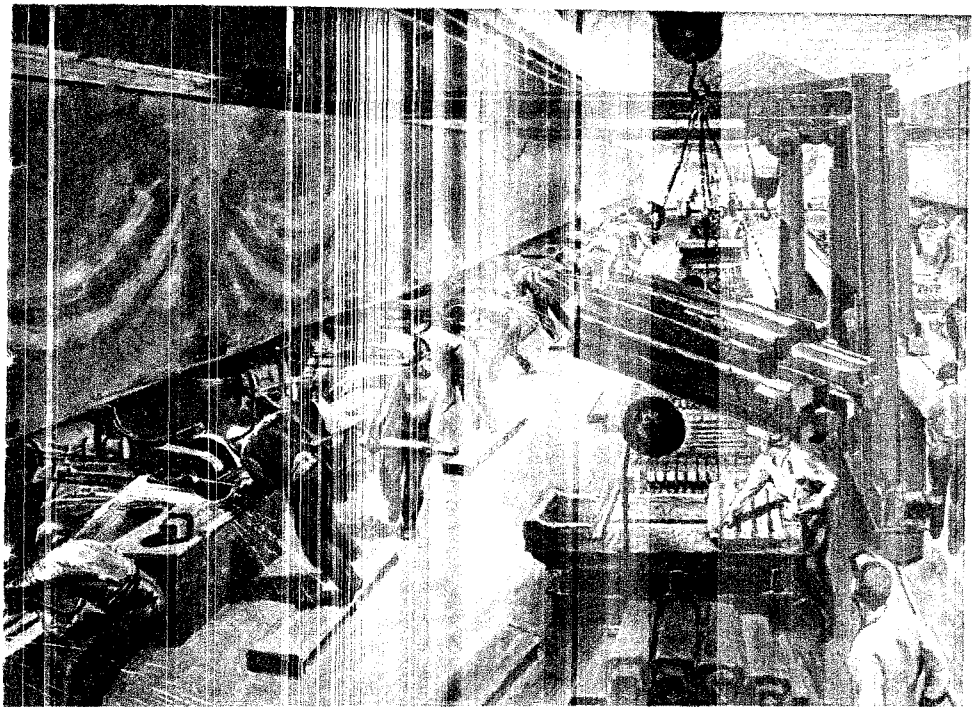

The Grinders

I SPENT A long time choosing my viewpoint for this composition. There wasn't any huge machine or concentrated blaze of light to use for a keynote. Finally I decided to do it from above. The sense of motion must come from the line of men wrestling with the grinding wheels, and I needed the whole line to make the thing vibrate when I showed the entire great space. These men were grinding and smoothing the surfaces of the billets, a special operation in the making of stainless steels. They call it "conditioning the surface."

Manufacturing stainless steels is a difficult and careful process. In the case of rolled sheets, from the instant they leave the rollers they are kept away from ordinary steel or iron. Before and after each step in manufacture they are kept under paper. When you consider that a typical sheet is 36 inches wide, 2/100 of an inch thick and 3,000 feet long, this presents rather a problem.

I was fascinated by the smooth coordination of these men with the machines they were guiding. The work requires huskies—and huskies they were. I have never seen a finer spectacle of athletes in action.

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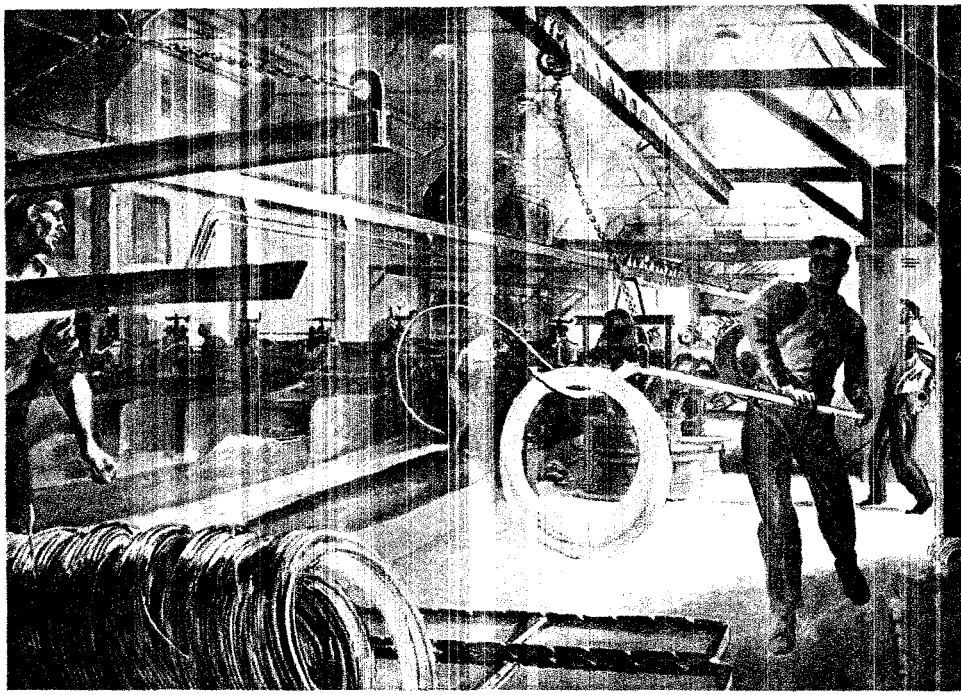

Stainless Steel Wire

THIS MAN was stacking up coils of stainless steel wire at cherry red heat—stacking it with a technique utterly free from waste motion. I never ceased to be amazed at the beauty of action of some of these experts. This fellow was as graceful as a figure skater. He was poetry in motion.

Working on these sketches I was able to learn much about the special nature of stainless steel—things every householder should know. For instance, I learned one must never try to sharpen a stainless steel knife blade with an ordinary carving-set steel, or with a file. Stainless steel will hold an edge longer than ordinary steel. But a metal sharpener will ruin the edge. So always use a carbide stone which will not harm the blade.

The beauty of stainless steel, of course, is that it requires no polishing and does not dent. The utensils are entirely unaffected by any meat, fruit or vegetable acids and they will remain mirror-like in any ordinary usage.

The manufacturers of stainless steels I found most frank in their explanations, as well they may be —for in countless applications it is the wonder metal of this age.

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Animals are sticklers for social rank and are always trying for a higher place

Animals Pull Their Rank

by JIM KJELGAARD

THE WORLD of nature is not without its organized society. Beasts, birds, and even fish form their own cliques and circles. In nearly every herd, flock, or school, each individual will have a definite and recognized place.

Fish are particularly strict in adhering to proper social order. In all streams, after the climbing summer sun has made their waters uncomfortably warm, certain species of fish seek out the cold springs that trickle into their pools and remain there until the night brings cooler temperatures. Throughout a ten day run of very hot summer weather, one such school of fish was watched for many hours every day.

The spring, ebbing from beneath a big rock, cooled an area about four feet wide and ten feet long before it lost itself in the sun-warmed pool. I counted 31 trout that came to the refrigerated place every day, and invariably arranged themselves in the same positions. A big brown trout, a fish at least two feet long, was always nearest the rock from which the spring came and thus in the coolest water. On either side, but always with their heads a few inches behind his, were two slightly smaller trout. Farther back they were deployed according to size, with the fingerlings at the rear. Behind the fingerlings were the suckers, chubs, and other plebeians. If one attempted to move up it was promptly chased back by the fish ahead of it.

However, on the fourth day there developed one of those strange friendships that nature brings about on occasion. The big trout acquired a comrade in the person of a seven inch brook trout—a fish he might have swallowed in one gulp—and chased another fish so the brook trout could lie beside him. All day they remained there, and when night came they moved away side by side. But the next day the little brook trout, with a long cut in his side, was seen at the very rear of the spring-cooled area. Obviously he had lost favor, been chastised, and put himself in a position to be bullied by any fish big enough to do so.

Nature's "social lion" is often the one able to fight the best and hardest. Among eleven dogs kept together in the same pen, a big and wiry male was the undisputed social leader. He took the shadiest resting places, the softest beds, and when food was put into the feeding trough all the others remained at a discreet distance until he had his fill. The dog was sold. But within a very short while the next in line, the one able to whip all except the departed leader, became the pen's despot.

Sometimes leadership falls to the

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wisest and cleverest. A pack of wild dogs had been ranging a wilderness country, and because they wrought great destruction among the game and livestock there they were assiduously hunted. For weeks the hunters came no nearer their quarry than the sight of their tracks. The pack was clever, seemed to know all about traps and guns, and continued on its piratical way.

Finally a big, mastiff-like mongrel was trapped, and because it seemed impossible that there could be a bigger or stronger dog in the pack, it was assumed that he was the leader and that the rest would soon fall. But the pack continued their forays, and finally it was established that their leadership rested on a little twelve pound female.

She was almost diabolically clever, seemed to plan all the various raids and lead the rest of the pack to safety when danger threatened. Finally, when all were apparently trapped in a high-walled gully, she still took two of the pack to safety by swimming down a supposedly impassable waterfall.

Occasionally, but not often, animals of one species will accept those of another into their circle. A farmer in a wilderness country had a hundred sheep that were led by a tough old ram. But sheep are notoriously stupid, and the farmer suffered many losses from the various predators—largely black bears—that frequented the unfenced pastures where the sheep grazed. The farmer introduced a wiry billy goat into the flock, and the ram promptly challenged it to battle. The goat easily whipped the fractious ram, and left him so broken in both pride and spirit that he dropped to the very foot of the flock's society—he was so shorn of his aggressiveness that even the most timid ewe lorded it over him, and he had to be removed from the flock. But the rest were completely loyal to the goat, and followed his leadership.

Though occasionally a female heads animal society—there have been instances of wild horses, deer and wolves under the sway of a matriarchal dictator—a male is usually the leader. Males are more aggressive, and of course they never have young to distract them. But the head that wears the crown is almost always an uneasy one. Probably, among the males in any society, about twenty per cent lack the necessary initiative ever to try to gain the leadership. But the rest are constantly planning and plotting, attempting to advance themselves in their own social world.

Sometimes, when might will not bring about the desired end, strategy will. Three buck deer were seen going up a grassy gully. Two, side by side, were of about the same size and the same vitality, and evidently considered themselves equals. They were respectfully followed, at a distance of about thirty yards, by a smaller buck with smaller antlers. Then a doe appeared on the scene, and to gain her favors the two leading bucks engaged in instantaneous battle.

For hours they struggled, pushing each other about. Finally, when both were too exhausted to fight any more, they discovered that the crafty little buck had run away with the doe.

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icture Story

Documents of Freedom

THIS IS A very rare kind of picture story—no pretty landscapes or boats or planes or men. Just paper with words on it. Yet these words express the ideas in the minds and hearts of men everywhere and they are the words men die for. These documents are words of truth and soberness, and a great deal of wisdom and effort went into the writing of them. As they were drafted and revised and revised again, the men who wrote them were remembering Sam Johnson's remark that nothing is ended with honor which does not conclude better than it began. When you turn the page and look at the "Declaration by United Nations," you will be looking at the essence of one of the noblest and most honorable pages of history.

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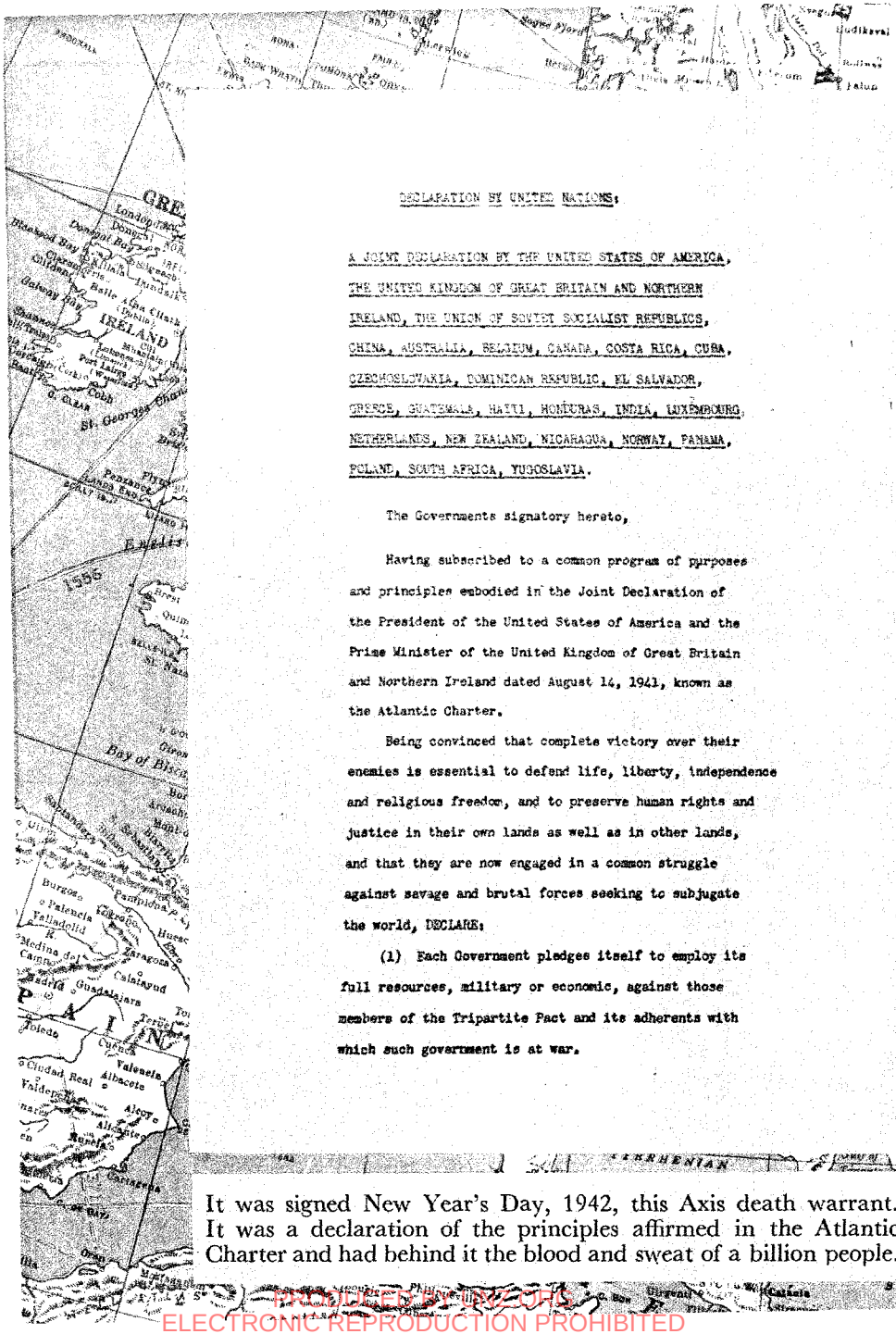

DECLARATION BY UNITED NATIONS:

A JOINT DECLARATION BY THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND, THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS, CHINA, AUSTRALIA, BELGIUM, CANADA, COSTA RICA, CUBA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, EL SALVADOR, GREECE, GUATEMALA, HAITI, HONDURAS, INDIA, LUXEMBOURG, NETHERLANDS, NEW ZEALAND, NICARAGUA, NORWAY, PANAMA, POLAND, SOUTH AFRICA, YUGOSLAVIA.

The Governments signatory hereto,

Having subscribed to a common program of purposes and principles embodied in the Joint Declaration of the President of the United States of America and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland dated August 14, 1941, known as the Atlantic Charter.

Being convinced that complete victory over their enemies is essential to defend life, liberty, independence and religious freedom, and to preserve human rights and justice in their own lands as well as in other lands, and that they are now engaged in a common struggle against savage and brutal forces seeking to subjugate the world, DECLARE:

(1) Each Government pledges itself to employ its full resources, military or economic, against those members of the Tripartite Pact and its adherents with which such government is at war.

It was signed New Year's Day, 1942, this Axis death warrant. It was a declaration of the principles affirmed in the Atlantic Charter and had behind it the blood and sweat of a billion people.

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(2) Each Government pledges itself to cooperate with the Governments signatory hereto and not to make a separate armistice or peace with the enemies.

The foregoing declaration may be adhered to by other nations which are, or which may be, rendering material assistance and contributions in the struggle for victory over Hitlerism.

Done at Washington
January First, 1942

The United States of America
by Franklin D. Roosevelt

The United Kingdom of Great Britain & Northern Ireland
by Winston S. Churchill

On behalf of the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
Maxim Litvinoff
Ambassador

National Government of the Republic of China
T. V. Soong
Minister for Foreign Affairs

The Commonwealth of Australia
by R. G. Casey

The Kingdom of Belgium
by [illegible]

Canada
by Leighton McCarthy

This is the Declaration of Independence of World War II—a few hundred words with signatures. But read it carefully, for you had a lot to do with its being written. Without you, it's meaningless.

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THIRD DRAFT

WE—The President of the United States, The Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the Premier of ~~the United~~ Soviet ~~Russia~~, ~~[illegible] of the Red Army~~, have met these four days past, in this city of Teheran, and have shaped and confirmed our ~~mutual~~ firm joint policy.

We express our determination that our nations shall work together in war and in the peace that will follow.

As to war—our military staffs have joined in our round table discussions, and we have concerted our plans for the ~~final~~ destruction of the German forces. We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of the operations ~~which will~~ be undertaken from the East, West and South, ~~and arrangements have made to ensure intimate and continuous cooperation~~.

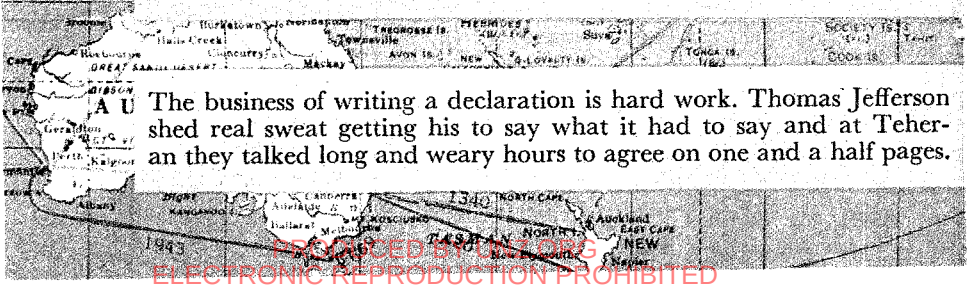
~~The road is still bloody and hard and long. But the~~ common understanding which we have here reached guarantees that victory will be ours.

And as to peace—we are ~~confident~~ sure that our concord will ~~make it~~ an enduring peace. We recognize fully the supreme responsibility resting upon us and all the United Nations to make a peace which will command the good will of the overwhelming mass of the peoples of the world, and banish the scourge and terror of war for many generations.

With our diplomatic advisors we have surveyed the problems of the future. We shall seek the cooperation and the active participation of all nations, large and small, whose peoples in heart and mind are dedicated, as are our own peoples, to the elimination of tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance. We will welcome them, as they may choose to come, into a world family of democratic nations.

No power on earth can prevent our destroying the German armies by land, their U-boats by sea, and their war plants ~~and workers~~ from the air.

Our attack will be relentless and increasing.



The business of writing a declaration is hard work. Thomas Jefferson shed real sweat getting his to say what it had to say and at Teheran they talked long and weary hours to agree on one and a half pages.

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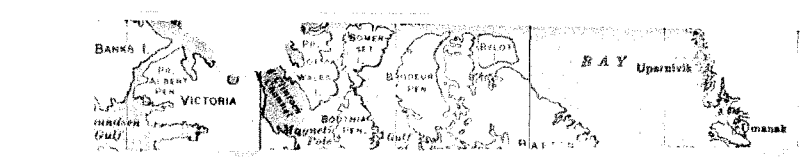

~~THIRD~~ REVISED DRAFT

2.

friendly [illegible] Russia and England

Emerging from these ~~secret~~ conferences we look with confidence ~~toward~~ the day when all peoples of the world may live free lives, ~~as~~ untouched by tyranny, and according to their varying desires and their own consciences.

We came here with hope and determination. We leave here, friends in fact, in spirit and in purpose.

~~And we shall meet again at the earliest possible progressed.~~

F.D.R.

Telegram from Dictated but not read

As corrected this becomes the final draft.

Even then it was revised three times before President Roosevelt wrote "as corrected this becomes the final draft." There was no room for misunderstanding. One wrong word could delay the peace.

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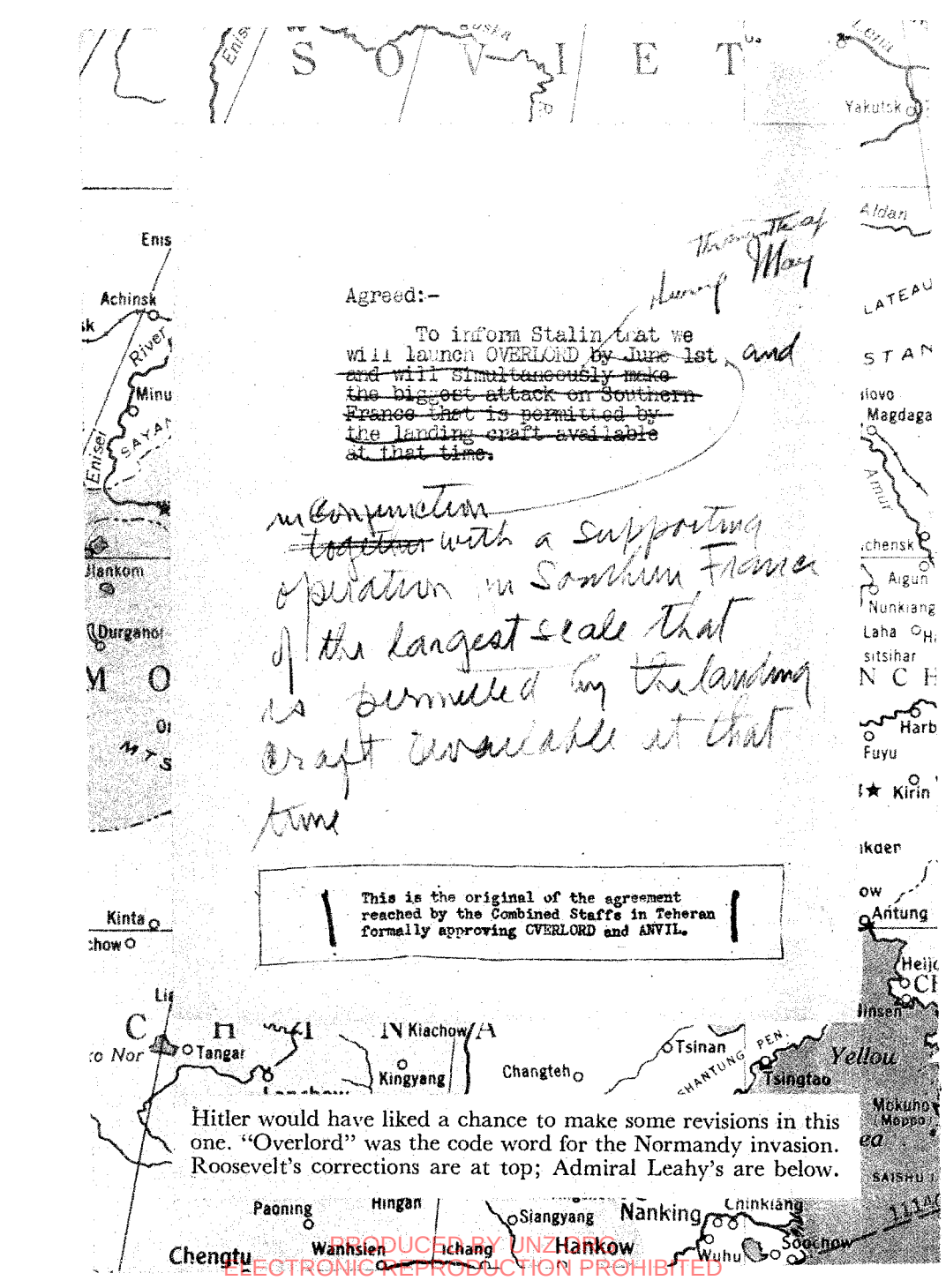
Agreed:-
To inform Stalin that we will launch OVERLORD by June 1st and will simultaneously make the biggest attack on Southern France that is permitted by the landing craft available at that time.
In conjunction with a supporting operation in Southern France of the largest scale that is permitted by the landing craft available at that time
This is the original of the agreement reached by the Combined Staffs in Teheran formally approving OVERLORD and ANVIL.
Hitler would have liked a chance to make some revisions in this one. "Overlord" was the code word for the Normandy invasion. Roosevelt's corrections are at top; Admiral Leahy's are below.
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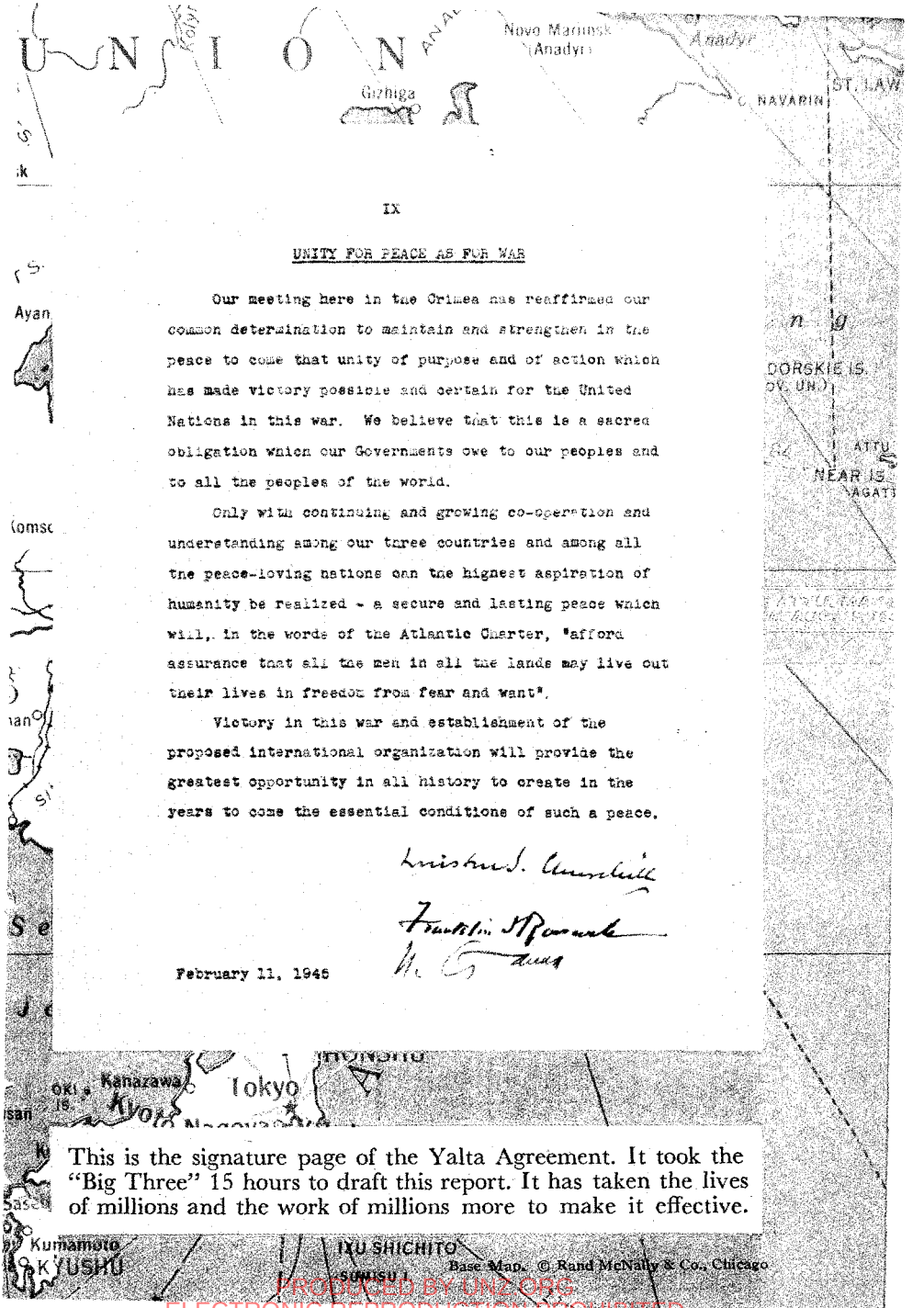

IX

UNITY FOR PEACE AS FOR WAR

Our meeting here in the Crimea has reaffirmed our common determination to maintain and strengthen in the peace to come that unity of purpose and of action which has made victory possible and certain for the United Nations in this war. We believe that this is a sacred obligation which our Governments owe to our peoples and to all the peoples of the world.

Only with continuing and growing co-operation and understanding among our three countries and among all the peace-loving nations can the highest aspiration of humanity be realized - a secure and lasting peace which will, in the words of the Atlantic Charter, "afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want".

Victory in this war and establishment of the proposed international organization will provide the greatest opportunity in all history to create in the years to come the essential conditions of such a peace.

Winston S. Churchill

Franklin D. Roosevelt

I. Stalin

February 11, 1945

This is the signature page of the Yalta Agreement. It took the "Big Three" 15 hours to draft this report. It has taken the lives of millions and the work of millions more to make it effective.

Base Map. © Rand McNally & Co., Chicago
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It's news in this man's Army when corporal tells chaplain to keep his chin up

Tell It to the

by CORPORAL GRANT ROBBINS

"LOOK," SAID the first sergeant. "Why don't you just tell it to the chaplain?"

I had gone into the orderly room because my name was not on a new rating list. My sad story has such a long background of pyramided woes that I shall not go into it more than to say that only a good heart-to-heart talk with someone would straighten me out.

The following day I stood before the chaplain dressed neatly in patched fatigues to give the impression of a poor but honest home-spun GI.

"What have they done to you now?" asked the chaplain. "And kindly make it short."

I sat down and let him have it straight. When the torrent had subsided, I sat back and searched the face of the chaplain for a reaction. He gazed at his feet and shook his head slowly.

"I just can't understand the Army," he said. "Now take me for example. You may think that I am doing pretty well, but I'll tell you appearances are deceiving. After five country churches with an average salary of ten dollars a week, I finally get settled in a good town with a good congregation. And then, of course, I leave it to become a chaplain. Where do they put me? Out on a sand-blown camp in the desert, with a tent to preach in and a bunch of tank men who have no more inclination toward religion than Hottentots. Then the wind blows the tent away."

I said that that was too bad.

"That was only the beginning," he continued. "Shortly after I experienced a slight success in bringing some boys into the fold, they put another chaplain over me."

He went on and on from one misfortune to another, and as his story developed one could easily see that he and Fate were at odds. Tears trickled down his cheeks and splashed off the bars on his collar.

Since passes were issued now only on Sundays his congregation had suffered a heart-breaking drop in attendance. And he had been ousted from his warm office to make room for the Red Cross. When he protested, he was mistaken for a mess officer and installed in a cubbyhole just off the mess kitchen, where from 0600 to 2100 came a heavy odor of frying Spam.

"And to top it all," he said, "I have not received a promotion in eighteen months."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I reached across, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Keep your chin up, sir. I'm sure things will work out in the long run."

He smiled miserably and thanked me. I tiptoed quietly out the door, leaving him in his grief.

Excerpted from the book The Best from Yank, the Army Weekly, published at $3.50 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.; copyright, 1945, by Franklin S. Forsberg.

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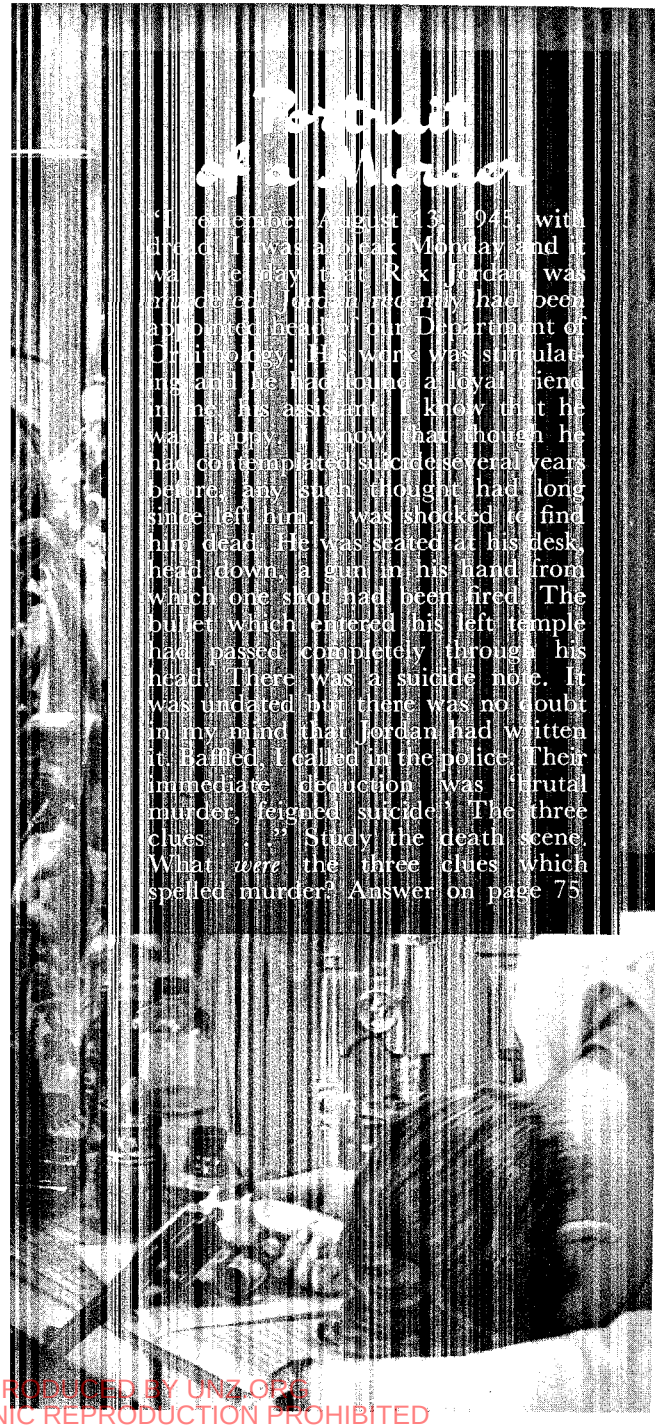
"I remember August 13, 1945, with dread. It was a bleak Monday and it was the day that Rex Jordan was *promoted*. Jordan *recently* had been appointed head of our Department of Ophthalmology. His work was stimulating, and he had found a loyal friend in me, his assistant. I know that he was happy. I know that though he had contemplated suicide several years before, any such thought had long since left him. I was shocked to find him dead. He was seated at his desk, head down, a gun in his hand from which one shot had been fired. The bullet which entered his left temple had passed completely through his head. There was a suicide note. It was undated but there was no doubt in my mind that Jordan had written it. Baffled, I called in the police. Their immediate deduction was 'brutal murder, feigned suicide.' The three clues . . ." Study the death scene. What *were* the three clues which spelled murder? Answer on page 75



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COMIC *Cavalcade*

EVERYBODY READS the funnies—whether it's on the way to work, Sundays in bed, via radio or to Junior. Chalk up three points for each of these comic characters you can name, plus two for the name of its strip. Seventy is fair, 80 to 90 good, and over 90 excellent. Answers on page 75.

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Double Header

Each question below refers to two famous people. The first name of the first personality is given. Supply the last name, which, in turn, will become the first name of the other notable. Then give *his* last name: i.e., Lightning rod inventor—New Deal President. BENJAMIN..... .....Complete answer would be BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT. Count five points for each. Sixty is fair, seventy to eighty, good, and over eighty, very good. Answers on page 75.

1. Lincoln's debating opponent—World War II General.
   STEPHEN ....
2. American operetta composer—United States President.
   VICTOR ....
3. Champ heavyweight boxer—Founder of Bacteriology.
   JOE ....
4. Father of Protestantism—Great American botanist.
   MARTIN ....
5. Author and Arabian archaeologist—Popular "Met" baritone.
   THOMAS ....
6. Organizer of the C. I. O.—Author of *Alice in Wonderland.*
   JOHN ....
7. Great orator of the American Revolution—Mass-production automobile industrialist.
   PATRICK ....
8. Socialist Party's perennial presidential candidate—One of America's greatest inventors.
   NORMAN ....
9. Distinguished English philosopher—Hollywood's player of the famed Father Flanagan.
   HERBERT ....
10. Third U. S. President—President of the Confederate Government during Civil War.
    THOMAS ....
11. One who said, "War is Hell!"—Owner of the Stork Club.
    WILLIAM ....
12. Creator of Rip Van Winkle—American song writer.
    WASHINGTON ....
13. Twenty-first U. S. President—Senator from Michigan.
    CHESTER ....
14. Author of *Paradise Lost*—Screen and radio comedian.
    JOHN ....
15. Top-notch trumpet swingster—Present Secretary of the Navy.
    HARRY ....
16. Late radio commentator—Illustrious Senator of Virginia.
    BOAKE ....
17. California author with political ambitions—Minnesota author who wrote *Babbitt.*
    UPTON ....
18. Famed contemporary biographer—German composer who created nine symphonies.
    EMIL ....
19. Author of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*—Current United States Supreme Court Justice.
    VICTOR ....
20. Vice-President who wrote *The Century of the Common Man*—Funny- and bad-man of movies.
    HENRY ....

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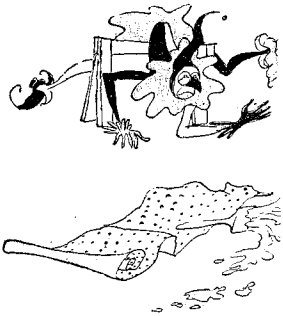
For Women Only



Here's some nonsensical fun with questions from the "men's world" for the women to answer. Admittedly, they're tricky ones, so be on your guard. Some of the answers are legitimate, but some are, shall we say, just a bit unusual. You're apt to come up with some pretty weird and wonderful answers yourself, so get into your silliest party mood. If you get ten right, consider yourself a sharp gal. Answers on page 75.

1. If you were buying at wholesale rates, which would be to your advantage, both 20% and 60% off or both 60% and 20% off?
2. How many outs are there in three innings of a baseball game which is played out of season?
3. Three bears were walking along single file, the papa bear, the mama bear and the little bear behind. Now which bear could turn around and say, "I see two bears behind me"?
4. When a Navy man uses the term "tin fish" in his conversation, to what is he referring?
5. On which side does a dog have the most hair?
6. When do two and two make more than four?
7. What does GI Joe mean when he says that his commanding officer rates a "chicken"?
8. Back seat drivers do not trouble one group of drivers who never worry about instructions coming from the passenger in the rear. Who are these lucky men?
9. How many shots in one round of ammunition?
10. There is a name given to the hair that grows at the very end of every horse's tail. Do you know what it is?
11. What one man in Washington dares to sit in front of the President of the United States with his hat on?
12. In water polo do the players use wooden, rubber or cork mallets?
13. If a Boston bull terrier working at top speed without interruption can dig a hole for his bone in five and three-quarter minutes, how long would it take him to dig half a hole?
14. What does an Army pilot do when he, in his terms, "flies by the seat of his pants"?
15. Which western Senator wears the largest size hat?
16. What is a sheep after it is six years old?
17. What is the minimum age requirement for office as Senator of the United States?
18. A General in the Army is entitled to wear four stars on each shoulder. Does an Admiral in the Navy wear four stars or four anchors?
19. What is one thing in girls' clothing that most boys like?
20. If you saw a Marine photographer carrying two tripods across the street, how many legs would you be able to count?

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For Men Only

Now we're out to trip the men with questions from the "women's world." As often as not, the questions are on the tricky side, so you must have wit as well as knowledge to do well. We are quite sure that in some instances we can depend on you to crop up with an answer even more fitting than ours, so prepare for some laughs. Ten right and you get the silver platter. Turn to page 75 to see whether you know all the answers.

1. What is the color of a copen jumper outfit with nipped-in waist and a full dirndl skirt with ruffles?
2. Is it better to remove the bones from a shaddock before or after cooking?
3. On a plain ordinary pinafore without fur trimming or pannikins, are the sleeves full length or half length?
4. Bearing in mind the international date line, on what date would you celebrate your wedding anniversary if you happened to be in China?
5. Few men know what a woman should do to have beautiful hands. Do you know?
6. If you were to make a plum pudding, would you skin the plums or use the entire fruit, skins and all, to put in it?
7. Do you know what animals take a hiding to make coats of sable dyed coney?
8. What term used in cooking is also used in sewing?
9. For people on a diet, where is the best place to get fat?
10. To sew chiffon, organdy and other sheer material, which size black thread would you use . . . 8, 40, or 100?
11. If you had 44 petits-fours, and ate all but four of them, exactly how many petits-fours would you have left?
12. Is it proper to serve a demitasse in a large cup at a very formal dinner?
13. In making a chiffon pie, what proportion of chiffon would you put in . . . one-tenth, one-fifth or one-third?
14. Precisely how many oysters can a perfectly normal person eat late at night on an absolutely empty—and we mean absolutely empty—stomach?
15. Is a "sightly woman" a woman who is thirty, dirty, purty or flirty?
16. Should Yorkshire pudding be served with raspberries, strawberries, raisins, roast beef or whipped cream?
17. What looks the very most like half an imported, over-ripe Swiss cheese?
18. Now tell us, for just what would you use a filet cloth?
19. What's the correct bath water temperature for baby, 98, 100, or 110?
20. How possibly can you keep strawberries fresh for weeks, without any refrigeration?

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Give Us the Word

Readers who clamor for word quizzes will thoroughly enjoy this one. As you know, a synonym is a word which means the same thing as a given word. In this quiz you are asked to find 64 synonyms. Count one point for each you name correctly. Between thirty and forty right is a fair score. Between forty and fifty is good, and anything over fifty is very good. See how well you can do. Answers are on page 75.

I. The word you are to add is a synonym for each of the two given words. For example, if the words Portion *and* Separate *were given, the synonym for both would be* Part. *The number of dashes given denotes number of letters missing. The first letter is supplied.*

1. Signify	M---	Cruel	9. Hit	S-----	Mutiny
2. Margin	A--------	Stipend	10. Diagonal	B---	Prejudice
3. Get on	B----	Plank	11. Allow	L--	Rent
4. To jut	P------	Scheme	12. Friendly	C------	Liqueur
5. Famous	C---------	Honored	13. Similar	L---	Enjoy
6. Rapid	F---	Fixed	14. Bridle	C---	Restrain
7. Annoy	P------	Incite	15. Soak	S----	Precipitous
8. Grade	R---	Fetid	16. Age	P-----	Dot

II. The first word you are to add is a synonym for the first given word. The second word you add is a synonym for both the first word found and the second given word. If given the words Pillar *and* Armor, *the first synonym would be* Post. *Its synonym, also a synonym for* Armor, *would be* Mail. *Remember, the dashes denote letters missing.*

17. Write	C---------	M----	Contest
18. Salt	S-----	A----------	Habituate
19. Shadow	S----	B----	Sightless
20. Adhere	S----	C---	Organization
21. Thread	Y---	S----	Floor
22. Twenty	S----	T----	Agree
23. Flame	F---	S----	Sprout
24. Only	J---	F---	Bazaar
25. Doze	N--	S------	Exterior
26. Ferrous	I---	P----	Printing machine

III. Proceed in the same way as in Part II. The first question in this part is set up as an example for you. Consider it a bonus in your total score.

27. Sailor	Tar	Pitch	Cast	Mold
28. Prop	S------	B------	A--	Help
29. Cravat	T--	S-----	S---	Vault
30. Fever	H---	R---	S----	Supply
31. Dried plum	P----	T---	S----	Sting
32. Inventory	L---	T--	P----	Aim
33. Picture	S-----	D---	A------	Fascinate
34. Pond	P---	C------	B----	Harmonize
35. Port	H-----	F-----	R---	Back
36. Difficult	H---	F---	C------	Pertain to

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Answers

Portrait of a Murder

First clue: the gun is in Jordan's right hand. He was shot through the left temple. *Second clue:* Jordan's trigger finger is around the butt rather than in the trigger guard. Death had been instantaneous and the fingers should either have totally relaxed from the pistol or have convulsively gripped it tighter. *Third clue:* there is a bullet hole and starring of the glass in the top case of stuffed birds. Jordan had been standing in front of his desk when shot.

Comic Cavalcade

1. Superman, *Superman;* 2. Li'l Abner, *Li'l Abner;* 3. Terry, *Terry and the Pirates;* 4. The Little King, *The Little King;* 5. Mandrake, *Mandrake, the Magician;* 6. Popeye, *Thimble Theater;* 7. Skippy, *Skippy;* 8. Prince Valiant, *Prince Valiant;* 9. Herby, *Herby* or *Smitty;* 10. Flash Gordon, *Flash Gordon;* 11. Dagwood, *Blondie;* 12. Henry, *Henry;* 13. Jiggs, *Bringing Up Father;* 14. Napoleon, *Napoleon and Uncle Elby;* 15. Orphan Annie, *Little Orphan Annie;* 16. Katzenjammer Kids, *The Katzenjammer Kids;* 17. Dick Tracy, *Dick Tracy;* 18. Corky, *Gasoline Alley;* 19. Moon Mullins, *Moon Mullins;* 20. Andy Gump, *The Gumps.*

For Men Only

1. Blue (Copen)
2. A shaddock is something like a grapefruit
3. Pinafores have no sleeves
4. Same as always
5. Nothing . . . just nothing
6. No plums used in plum puddings
7. Rabbits
8. Basting
9. Butcher shop
10. 100
11. Four
12. Demitasse means small cup
13. Chiffon is thin, silky fabric
14. One. After that stomach isn't empty
15. Purty
16. Roast beef
17. The other half
18. It's a lace tablecloth
19. 100
20. Don't pick them

For Women Only

1. No difference
2. Eighteen
3. Bears don't talk
4. Torpedoes
5. The outside
6. When they make twenty-two
7. C.O. is Colonel. "Chicken" is slang for eagle insigne
8. Hearse drivers
9. One
10. Horsehair
11. His chauffeur
12. No mallets are used in water polo
13. No such thing as half a hole
14. Flies without use of instruments
15. The one with the largest head
16. Still a sheep but seven years old
17. Thirty
18. Four stars
19. Girls
20. Six on tripods, two on the Marine

Double Header

1. Stephen Douglas MacArthur
2. Victor Herbert Hoover
3. Joe Louis Pasteur
4. Martin Luther Burbank
5. Thomas Lawrence Tibbett
6. John Lewis Carroll
7. Patrick Henry Ford
8. Norman Thomas Edison
9. Herbert Spencer Tracy
10. Thomas Jefferson Davis
11. William Sherman Billingsley
12. Washington Irving Berlin
13. Chester Arthur Vandenberg
14. John Milton Berle
15. Harry James Forrestal
16. Boake Carter Glass
17. Upton Sinclair Lewis
18. Emil Ludwig Von Beethoven
19. Victor Hugo Black
20. Henry Wallace Berry

Give Us the Word

I.

1. Mean
2. Allowance
3. Board
4. Project
5. Celebrated
6. Fast
7. Provoke
8. Rank
9. Strike
10. Bias
11. Let
12. Cordial
13. Like
14. Curb
15. Steep
16. Period

II.

17. Correspond, Match
18. Season, Acclimatize
19. Shade, Blind
20. Stick, Club
21. Yarn, Story
22. Score, Tally
23. Fire, Shoot
24. Just, Fair
25. Nap, Surface
26. Iron, Press

III.

27. Tar, Pitch, Cast
28. Support, Backing, Aid
29. Tie, Secure, Safe
30. Heat, Race, Stock
31. Prune, Trim, Smart
32. List, Tip, Point
33. Sketch, Draw, Attract
34. Pool, Combine, Blend
35. Harbor, Foster, Rear
36. Hard, Firm, Concern

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When this vet got back, he went right ahead and did the things a lot of people thought he'd never do

A Veteran Comes Home

by CAROL HUGHES

LYING IN sick bay in a faraway port, with ulcers gnawing at his insides, Jack Charley Breeden said to a wounded companion: "If I ever get out of this I'm going home, and I'll never leave it again as long as I live."

Jack is "out of it" now and back home in the little tree-shaded village of Falls Church, Virginia. He has come through as the highly lauded GI Joe to become the much-discussed and sometimes feared problem known as "The Returning Vet." What is happening to Jack Breeden today will be happening to millions of men tomorrow. For in his own way Jack is typical of the middle-class American boy who saw the hell of war, took his share of its fury, and returned to civilian life.

In his quiet way Breeden is refuting the columns and headlines that a returning veteran is to be regarded as a problem. Jack is not a problem. He is, however, a better citizen of his country. He is doing more thinking today than ever before—about war, government, peace and his future. He has joined the American Legion. He is in business for himself. He is the first veteran to secure his GI loan for the purpose of starting a business. Neither the loan nor the business came easy. Jack surmounted both obstacles, but says: "It makes me laugh when I hear a boy say he's going down to get his two thousand dollars from the Government. The Government doesn't *give* you anything, and it's quite possible they won't guarantee your loan."

Jack wasted no time finding that out. Just two months after stomach

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ulcers got him a medical discharge from the Anacostia Naval Station in Washington, D.C., he was once again a civilian. It was quite a change from his last job. Breeden was helmsman, ex-torpedoman, on a destroyer. He knew the hell of the Solomon Islands; saw men dying like flies at Bougainville, Saipan, Treasury Island and Tinian. He killed and watched killing. He was a sensitive, deep-thinking, quiet American boy from a shady, peaceful little village. On the day 35 bombs struck his ship in one engagement, Jack was through—"wrung out."

"The diagnosis was simple," he says candidly, "they said I was scared to death—and I was."

Jack came home on December 15, 1944. He had no money. He had no job. In civilian life before the war he had worked haphazardly as a plumber's helper, house painter, sheet-metal worker, and finally cartridge maker. Now, 26 and mature, all the mistrust and uncertainty of his youth had vanished. He wanted stability, security, permanence. He didn't want to go back to steering by every sudden breeze.

His life was beginning in earnest. He didn't want to make a mistake. For most of his youth he had thought of being a fireman, like his brother. One day in the heat of a campaign while a bullying Jap task force was giving them all they could take, he resolved to write to the Washington Fire Department and ask for a *peacetime* job. "Seems funny now," he says quietly. "Most of the men with me that day will never need a job."

He decided as soon as he got home, however, that he would still try to be a fireman. The Chief of the Department in Washington looked at his discharge papers and said: "Unfit." Jack went home. A boyhood friend of his, Roger E. Taylor, was also having a run of bad luck. He had sold out his meat business when they told him he was to be drafted. He was then classified 4-F and the business was gone.

Together the two boys talked over their problems. If Breeden could get a GI loan they would have enough money to buy a refrigerated truck and cart meat from the slaughterhouse to retail butchers in Falls Church. Breeden set out to get the money—and to learn about GI loans.

THE "GOVERNMENT loans" for veterans who have served as much as ninety days in active service on or after September 16, 1940, can be obtained from any lending source. The Veterans Administration will guarantee any part of an approved loan up to fifty per cent of the money borrowed as long as the total does not go over two thousand dollars. The money may be borrowed for only three purposes: to build, buy, repair or alter to improve a home; to buy a farm, or farm equipment to be operated by the veteran; to purchase a business, business property, or equipment for use in operation of the business in which the veteran is himself employed. The rate of interest may not be more than four per cent, and the money must be repaid in a maximum of twenty years.

"It sounds simple and easy," says Breeden, "but actually the

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Government does nothing more than endorse a note on a loan that looks like a sure thing."

Jack didn't know that when he headed for the Hamilton National Bank in Washington, D.C., just seven miles from Falls Church. He had studied the rules of the loan. He didn't want a home, nor a farm, but he did want that business badly. He learned quickly that Uncle Sam is a very careful guarantor. He learned that no one was going to *give* him anything because he was a veteran. He learned what it is like to wade through Government red tape, to answer hundreds of questions and to tramp back and forth from office to office.

Fortunately, the Hamilton National Bank had an understanding credit manager, James E. McGeary. He wanted to investigate any slight doubt, but he put a lot of faith in character and knew how to judge it. He was first concerned to know how much experience Breeden had in the proposed new business. Breeden had none. However, he could drive a truck, load and unload meat, sell and contact clients. His partner had the necessary meat knowledge. The bank wanted to know then exactly what the venture would cost.

Breeden and his partner had gone to the trouble of estimating exactly what they thought the initial start would cost. They had already lined up seven customers who had promised to buy from them. "I was darn glad we had," says Breeden. "Any other veteran starting a new business better know what he's talking about when he sits down to talk to the United States Government and a national bank."

McGeary then wanted to know if they had priorities for a truck and gasoline. This started Breeden on a round of Government agencies. The Office of Defense Transportation heard his story and agreed to give him a Certificate of War Necessity for the truck. The Office of Price Administration gave him a gasoline allowance of six hundred gallons a quarter, based on a five day week of driving—"after the usual fifty questions," Breeden laughs.

Then came the Interstate Commerce Commission. The ICC gave Breeden an eye-opener course in the difference between running a truck for hire, and operating it as a businessman. If he were going to charge a butcher a flat rate to pick up his meat at a slaughterhouse, then he would be considered a truck driver by ICC regulations and would have to pay a two per cent Virginia state tax. If on the other hand he was going to be a wholesaler who bought the meat outright at the slaughterhouse and then resold to the merchants at an increase, he would be a businessman, exempt from taxes and the hired truck rules.

"They made me a businessman then and there," he says. "I told them I was the wholesale type."

Back to the bank he went with clearance on everything so far—except the loan. Now the bank wanted to know: how much business would he do a year, gross? How much of it would be profit? What would the operation of the truck cost, how much for rent, how much for gasoline, tires, oil, grease? They wanted an itemized list.

Breeden sat down to figure it all

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out. "I still don't know how I did it," he says, "but if you aren't a businessman when you start those guys make you one before they finish with you." Breeden figured out the gross to be 168 thousand dollars a year. He had already spoken about an office in the back of Gibson's Service Station in Falls Church. The cost was only fifteen dollars a month. He put down everything that came to his mind, including nine dollars for a windshield wiper for the left-hand side.

"But you just can't remember everything," he says. "I left out a telephone, and a lot of small things. The GI bill should allow a vet ten per cent for forgotten expenses." Jack figured his total loan would have to be three thousand dollars.

The bank said so far so good. Now would Breeden bring in his discharge papers? He went home to get them. Meanwhile, his past was being investigated. Had he borrowed any money before? Did he owe anything? The bank contacted the Associated Retail Credit Men of Washington to investigate Breeden.

They visited his neighbors; they asked questions about his honesty. They sent long questionnaires to his past employers. Breeden came out a clean character.

The bank said O.K. Now, would Breeden go down and get the priority for the truck and chassis? Also would he bring back a bill for the truck from the automobile dealer—without the truck? This, because the GI loan bill requires that the loan must be for a specific purpose. The bill could not just say "truck a sp[illegible]thousand dollars"; it must state [illegible] truck with model, year, make and engine. Breeden brought back the bill. Then came the appraisal to see that this veteran was paying no more than the "reasonably normal value" of anything he bought. After studying a catalogue of truck prices, the credit manager decided the truck was a square deal.

Breeden was happy. The bank was happy. Now, the bank told Breeden to go down and insure the truck, making the bank the beneficiary. This Breeden did. Then the bank made out a check to the insurance company for the amount. Things looked good. The party of the second part, the bank, was satisfied and sent all the papers to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which handles and recommends GI loans.

"It started all over again," Breeden says, "they had ten men down there who can ask you more questions than you've ever answered before, only they ask them three times." Breeden answered all the questions because by now, he states, "I was an expert in patience, waiting, and questions."

EVERYBODY was finally satisfied and Jack got his loan. Actually, he never received any cash except 75 dollars to buy paint for the truck. The bank had bought the truck and the chassis direct from the business firms. But Breeden was in business.

"It sounds pretty rugged," he confesses, "when you go into details like that but it's not only worth the trouble—it's educational. A veteran shouldn't think it looks hard just from my case." Breeden's case, because he stuck with it day after day, doing exactly what he

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was told to do and doing it to the best of his ability, took him exactly one month and a half.

He is doing well today, as well as any small businessman just starting could be expected to do. He is still in debt, but he is meeting every payment of 105 dollars a month. He has ten regular customers today and could have a hundred if he could supply them with meat. Content to make his own way, slowly but surely, he flays black market dealers: "Sure, you can get it," he scowls, "but I wouldn't put a pound of ungraded or illegal meat on that truck if I could get a million pounds at a penny a pound."

Jack refutes the rumor that when the men come back they intend to shoot their way lawlessly into prosperity, or "get theirs" by fair means or foul.

"I don't remember any plans the boys had to shoot their way through civilians and loot the country," he says scornfully. "All I remember, when I had time to remember, was the talk of just being home, of having a job, marrying, and getting the old Saturday night pay. You don't change inside if you've been brought up right."

Jack was brought up right. In much the same pattern millions of American boys were brought up. It wasn't too hard. It wasn't too easy. His father was a truck driver. His mother died when he was nine. As a boy he wanted to be a jockey. As a high school kid he wanted to be a fireman. He grew too much to be a jockey. The war came along and stopped his fireman's career.

Today, Jack is a tall, good looking boy with a square chin, deep-set blue eyes, and a confident, cheerful manner. There is no bitterness in his make-up. He rarely talks about the war. When he does it's about the loneliness, the misery, and the waiting. "You tie up inside when you're back here," he says, turning his head away, "especially when you think of the very young kids and how scared they are."

That's about all there is to the story of Jack Charley Breeden, now veteran of the big war. The much-feared, battle-hardened veteran, Jack Breeden, has returned home, a pillar to sound thinking, good business and stability. He is settled forever, he hopes, in his native little village in the comfortable little groove he has won for himself.

See Here, "Colonel"

THE GIVEN NAME of the author of that parody on Army life, *See Here, Private Hargrove*, is Marion. It had too much of a girlish sound for his buddies who suggested that they call him by a nickname—the one he had before entering the service. Hargrove shook his head. His civilian nickname would never do.

"Aw, come on and give," prodded the fellows. "It *can't* be worse than Marion."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Private Hargrove, "—well, it's 'Colonel.' "

—HAROLD IRVIN

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Water is handy stuff to have around—but watch it: it can be troublesome, and even downright dangerous

The Menace of WATER

by JOHN FRAZIER

BECAUSE of its very omnipresence, we take water for granted. It is good to drink when we are thirsty, pleasant to swim in on a hot day, nice to look at when it comes in large chunks—by the lake-full or ocean-full. Actually, water is a magical chemical stuff, the universal solvent. It dissolves some portion of everything it touches—even silver, gold, glass. Because of this tendency, absolutely pure water is *never* found in nature. Even the snow that falls in the Arctic night, even the rain that drenches tropical forests contains dissolved gasses, spores, traces of dust.

Water can be a great destroyer, the cause of terrifying epidemics. It is the spreader of cholera—which kills tens of thousands of people each year in India. At the turn of the century water-spread typhoid fever killed thousands of Americans a year.

The men who stopped this grim slaughter are among the unsung heroes of our time. In their war on unnecessary death, they stalked the country, labeling municipal water supplies "UNCLEAN." They shamed and shocked authorities into giving people pure water instead of adulterated sewage. In rural districts they dumped cheap vegetable dyes in farmers' privies—and called neighbors to observe how well water became green or red or blue a few hours later. They fought and won a resounding victory over this water-spread death.

Besides cholera and typhoid, water also spreads dysentery and diarrhea—twin terrors of every army in history up to the present time. To its everlasting credit, the American Army has completely controlled water-spread sickness in this war. Not one case of typhoid or dysentery has been traced to Army water supplies!

Evidence is now accumulating which indicates that water may also spread infantile paralysis. Many epidemics have followed the valleys of contaminated rivers. The virus which causes the disease has been found in sewage. Another significant fact has turned up. The amounts of chlorine added to municipal water supplies to kill bacteria do not kill the tough,

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rugged virus of infantile paralysis!

Water can spread other grief. A significant number of troubling infections of eyes, ears, noses, throats inevitably traces to swimming or other contact with polluted water.

Besides its impact on human health, water has also had its effect on the economic development of whole areas. Without a plentiful supply of soft water, New England could never have become a center of paper-making and textile manufacture. Similarly, Czechoslovakia would never have been famed for its Pilsen beer without hard water.

Hard water, incidentally, may be good in beer, but it can be troublesome, too. The average householder pays an enormous bill for the hard water present in 29 of the 48 states. It deposits lime in pipes, clogs water heaters, and ruins the heating system's boiler. Because it has the insulating qualities of fire brick, this lime hoists heating bills.

Soap precipitates calcium and magnesium—the minerals which cause hardness in water—to make a hard curd. This is the "ring" in the bathtub. Thus, hair washed in hard water is sticky, lusterless. This curd lodges in pores of the skin to cause skin disorders, and in linens to give them a sour, fetid odor and cut their life in half. Madison, Wis., put in a municipal water softening plant—and saved citizens 250 thousand dollars a year in soap bills!

In these three items alone—increased use of soap, larger plumbing bills, shorter life of linens—hard water costs the average family one hundred dollars a year!

Hard water ruins the taste of tea, coffee and vegetables. And here's a curious twist: beans, peas and lentils are excellent water softeners! They take up minerals from hard water and come out of the pot hard and leathery. In pioneer days, the old West had a rule-of-thumb test for water hardness. If boiled beans were edible, the water was soft enough for all practical purposes.

One water chemist makes the astonishing statement that he can judge the hardness of any municipal water supply simply by looking at the complexions of women he passes on the street and by drinking a cup of coffee!

In the home, hard water is an expensive nuisance. In industry it is more than this. Power plants and railroads simply cannot tolerate hard water. The crust it deposits in boilers creates a constant danger of explosion. As a necessary safeguard, they soften all boiler water—some using the lime-soda process, others the zeolite process.

Zeolites occur naturally and are also made synthetically. Pass hard water over a bed of zeolite and this mineral extracts calcium and magnesium from water and replaces it with sodium—which does not cause hardness. Zeolite water softeners for homes cost one hundred to three hundred dollars, and about 150 thousand homes have them already. From present indications, water conditioning will come before air conditioning in post-war homes.

Besides saving money, these softeners make life more pleasant. Tubs clean more easily, and clothes wash whiter. Razor blades last two to three times as long with soft water as they do with hard—since they don't have to slice their way through a film of limestone.

In post-war years hundreds of

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municipal water plants will install these softeners. Water plants already have 500 million dollars' worth of improvements on drawing boards, and more are on the way.

Part of this vast expenditure will be used to provide more ample water supplies, part to give better and safer water. Isn't our water safe enough now? Health officers don't think so. Better than anyone else, they realize the hair-line margin that exists between pure water and liquid dynamite. If vigilance is relaxed ever so slightly, devastating epidemics can result. This was illustrated late last century in Hamburg, Germany. The city dropped its guard, and water drawn from the Elbe River spread cholera to eighteen thousand people. There were 8,200 deaths.

THIS CAN'T happen here? A sprinkling of small epidemics shows that it can. Not long ago a restaurant on a cross-country bus line was the source of 52 cases of typhoid, six deaths. Water from a contaminated well was to blame.

In Lansing, Michigan, a flood backed sewage into a deep well used in the municipal water supply system. Three thousand people came down with dysentery. Several years ago, at a mental institution in Illinois, leaky sewer tiles let sewage into the water supply system. Result: 453 cases of typhoid with sixty deaths.

India's custom of pouring sewage in a river, then drinking the river water is apt to cause polite expressions of disgust in this country. Yet we do the same thing. The only difference is that we get our water from a tap, India gets hers in a bucket. One small New England river is little better than an open sewer. Fifty-two towns pour untreated sewage in this river—and 92 communities drink the water.

Chlorine is the chief safeguard against wholesale death. When this chemical is added to water it destroys most microbes. What happens when this or similar precautions aren't taken was demonstrated in one small Midwestern town. The supply of chlorine at the water works was exhausted and no one had thought to procure more. Unchlorinated water went into the municipal supply system and 107 people got typhoid. Nine died.

Most people complain about the taste of chlorine in drinking water. They might well bless it, since it denotes safety. The trend now in municipal water supply systems is to add excess chlorine to insure death to all disease-microbes. The taste of chlorine is then removed by passing water over a bed of activated carbon.

War has taught lots of water tricks not known previously. One of the chief sources of new discovery is the laboratory run by the Permutit Company. It is the largest laboratory devoted exclusively to the study of water. It has solved dozens of problems brought up by the armed forces. For example:

The Army was having difficulty trucking the thousands of gallons of distilled water needed for batteries in trucks, tanks, field telephone and telegraph sets. Could Permutit find a way to de-mineralize creek, river and swamp water so it would be the equivalent of distilled water?

The laboratory came up with a

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compact device the size of a suitcase. It converted murky pond water into a sparkling, mineral-free water which was better and far cheaper than distilled water.

The Navy wanted a means of de-salting sea water—so men on life rafts wouldn't die of thirst. Permutit came up with a plastic bag that looks something like an ice bag. This is filled with sea water, then a cake of chemicals about the size of a nickel candy bar is added. The chemicals remove the salt—and a pint of good drinking water results.

Another new development strikes nearer home. Several years ago a research man with the U. S. Public Health Service made a significant discovery. He noted that school children in Galesburg, Illinois, had an average of 2.5 decayed teeth each. A check at Michigan City, Indiana, showed an average of ten decayed teeth for a similar group of school children. The researcher found an explanation for this wide difference. Galesburg had 1.9 parts of fluorine per million parts of drinking water, Michigan City only 0.1. Proper amounts of fluorine seem to have the ability to inhibit decay.

This assumption is being put to work at Newburgh, N. Y., in a ten-year test. At a comparatively small cost—25 thousand dollars per year—fluorine is being added to the municipal water supply. During the test period a group of dentists will keep exact records of tooth decay in school children. Results will be checked against a similar group in nearby Kingston, N. Y., where no fluorine is being added.

If this test works out as research men think it will, dental troubles will largely disappear in Newburgh, and the way will be open for other communities similarly to treat water.

The Center of the Universe

When Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynne Fontanne, were transferring their stage success, *The Guardsman*, to the screen, Lynne went to see some of the rushes of the early scenes. She was horrified. Arriving home, she burst in upon her husband and wildly exclaimed, "Alfred, I was terrible, unbelievable! I can't go on with it."

"How was I?" Lunt inquired.

"Oh, charming, dear," replied Lynne. "You were perfectly wonderful. But you'll have to fix your makeup. You didn't have any lips. But, Alfred, I can't go on with this. I'm simply terrible. My voice sounds unearthly, my eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket, my face is expressionless. And, Alfred, I don't seem to know what to do with my hands and feet. What am I going to do?"

There was a tense silence.

"Alfred," moaned Lynne, "I can't go on, I tell you. I can't finish the picture. What will I do?"

"No lips, eh?" murmured Lunt.

—Adrian Anderson

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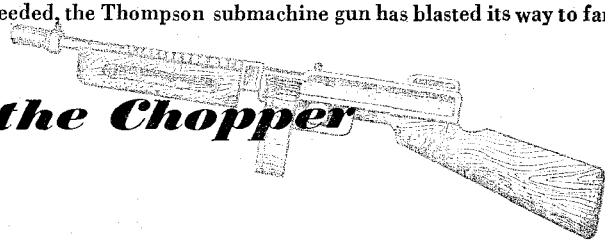
Ready when it was needed, the Thompson submachine gun has blasted its way to fame

Meet the Chopper



by J. D. RATCLIFF

A GROUP OF Army Air Forces recruits were taking instruction in use of the tommy gun. One soldier fondled the weapon lovingly, broke it down with a few sure, swift motions and put it together again. On the range, he placed the gun snugly against his hip and blasted the target to pieces.

The bug-eyed instructor watched this performance. "How come you know so much about this gun?" he asked.

A faint, reminiscent smile came over the recruit's face. "I used to take these things to pieces at night in the back of a car going seventy miles an hour," he said. Then he explained: "I was in the beer business in Chicago."

Since 1831, when Samuel Colt whittled out a wooden model of his famed 6-shooter, there has been no gun quite so colorful, or quite so lethal, as the tommy gun. It wrote flaming history in the Chicago underworld, in the Irish rebellion, and in Nicaragua. It was present when Russian troops, covered with powdered brick-dust, blasted their way into Berlin; was with the British in Burma. Its hot breath was largely responsible for routing the Japs from Guadalcanal.

In individual actions it assumed heroic proportions. It spoke eloquently during the British commando raid on Rommel's headquarters at Beda Littoria, and again when blackfaced troops slipped ashore in France at night to blast the drydocks at St. Nazaire.

Soldier respect for this weapon traces to two things. It fires .45 calibre slugs at a cyclic rate of 600-700 per minute. An enemy struck by a carbine or rifle bullet can keep coming—as Japs have shown. A man struck by a tommy gun slug is stopped dead—literally—in his tracks. A burst of fire can cut a man in two.

In official Army language the tommy gun is known as the M 1928 A-1 submachine gun. Gangsters had a better name for it. They called it the chopper.

Two men developed it during World War I: Commander John Blish of the Navy and Brigadier General John Thompson of the Army — for whom the gun was named. Thompson recognized the need for putting greater fire power in the hands of individual soldiers. Blish discovered the basic mechanism about which a light, rugged gun could be built.

They knew it would be an invaluable weapon for mop-up work in trench warfare. But the war was over almost as soon as they started work. The first model wasn't completed until 1920. In 1920-21 a total of fifteen thousand tommy guns were built. Irish revolutionists

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got approximately 750 of them. Some went to the Marines in Nicaragua, and to the police force in the International Settlement in Shanghai. U.S. police forces and the FBI bought others.

A few filtered down into the hands of gangsters—where they made lurid legend. In some instances gangsters acquired these guns simply by walking into hardware stores and buying them—there being no law against this quaint practice at the time. When the law was tightened up, the underworld found other sources. A number of them were sold by police themselves. One Cicero, Illinois, policeman did a thriving business selling 225-dollar tommy guns for two thousand dollars.

Police, knowing the destructive power of the tommy gun, wisely wilted whenever a gangster waved one. But even after seeing such convincing demonstrations, the Army, still thinking in terms of trench warfare, remained unimpressed. Its attitude: there won't be another war; and if there is, the tommy gun won't help. It isn't much good beyond 300 yards and we want rifles which will kill men at 600 yards.

By 1939 the Auto-Ordnance Company consisted of a few barrels of spare parts, 4,725 guns packed in grease, a roll of faded blueprints, some expiring patents and three employes. It had neither plant nor machinery. The company was bankrupt and on the bargain counter. There were no takers.

That year Russell Maguire entered the picture. Maguire is a lank, well chiseled and immaculately tailored Irishman from Connecticut. He listened while an Army officer friend told him there would be war within two years. He was impressed when he read the German General Staff's report on World War I. Defeat was attributed to Germany's permitting a war of position, rather than a war of movement.

Maguire put these two things together. There was going to be war, a war of movement. He inquired further. During the first World War 75 per cent of all rifle-shot casualties had been incurred by gunfire inside a 25-yard range!

He didn't see any handwriting on the wall. He saw a Neon sign. He foresaw a war in which soldiers wouldn't face each other from trenches one hundred yards apart, but would come face to face at road-crossings, in fields, in farm houses. They wouldn't take aim and fire carefully with a rifle. They would kill or be killed in a split second. They would need submachine guns—desperately.

Maguire thought there was going to be war and acted accordingly. He bought Auto-Ordnance in July, 1939. Within two months the Nazis were rolling into Poland.

Maguire threw all his money and energy behind the gun. There wasn't much time and he knew it. He sub-contracted jobs to gun makers and leased a factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He filled it with whatever machinery he could find—some traced back to the Civil War! Small production was underway within three months.

Even after the Nazis crushed Poland, there were still no large buyers for tommy guns. The French

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bought a few for Maginot Line patrols. The British took a token shipment—1,500 guns. Maguire continued to pile up inventory.

Then, on May 10, 1940, the Nazis swept into Belgium, ripped through Holland and into France, pressing the British against the Channel Coast. Four days before Dunkirk, Maguire got a frantic call from Britain. Could he supply 26 thousand guns immediately? Three weeks later there was another call—for 25 thousand more guns.

Our own Army added the Thompson gun as standard equipment for tanks, paratroopers, and commando-type units. Seabees and Marines picked it up. When Germany marched into Russia in June, 1941, the Russians submitted a list of wanted Lend-Lease materials. There were 146 items on the list. Tommy guns were third. The Russians, incidentally, give the tommy gun major credit for the Nazi debacle at Stalingrad. Other weapons went to the Chinese—the first they received in any quantity.

The tommy gun was a dream weapon for jungle warfare. It is virtually impossible to see a well-camouflaged Jap in a thick undergrowth, hence impossible to take a bead on him with a rifle. But a tommy gun can spray a whole area where there is the slightest movement. It can be fired from the hip, or can be fitted with a buttstock for shoulder firing.

The gun is rugged, simply-constructed and light enough for easy transport. Empty, it weighs about eleven pounds. Loaded with a twenty-shot clip it weighs twelve pounds, and nearly sixteen pounds when equipped with a fifty-shot drum. It can be fired semi-automatic—that is, one shot with each squeeze of the trigger. A flick of a switch makes it fully automatic. It can be fired in bursts by squeezing the trigger for a fraction of a second, or it can empty an entire drum in four seconds.

Perhaps the greatest point in favor of the tommy gun is the ease with which a man learns to fire it. A rifle takes time, but a man learns to spray an area with tommy gun fire the first time he has the gun in his hands.

Put all these things together and they explain why the tommy gun is, almost without question, the most significant weapon of World War II. It has been superseded by more recently designed submachine guns, but it was one which was ready at the time of greatest need.

The Unconquered

IN THE SUMMER of 1942, a group of Russian soldiers were being taken to a German prison camp in Lubeck, Germany. Among them, weak and emaciated, was the late Jacob Djugashvili, son of Premier Josef Stalin. Passing a German officer without saluting, contrary to military tradition, he was asked why he had done so.

"I am only captured," was the lieutenant's reply, "—not conquered."

—TED BENTZ

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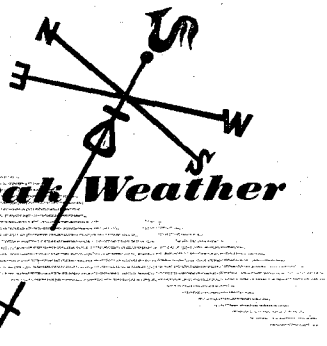
A blizzard in New Jersey and a warm day in New York City combine to unravel a murder

The Clue of the Freak Weather



by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

WASHINGTON HUNTER, at the age of three score and ten, was a fascinating figure to doctors and scientists who journeyed long distances to examine him near the turn of the century. Even at seventy Hunter's physical prowess, long legendary in Burlington County, New Jersey, where he operated a large and highly-lucrative produce farm near Riverside, was still such that he could crush a raw potato to pulp with the fingers of either hand. Even more remarkable was the fact that the farmer's heart was on the right side of his body.

Old Wash, as Hunter was referred to by friends and enemies, was tall, standing over six feet, heavy-set and weatherbeaten; his eyes were blue and flinty, and he wore a luxurious gray beard.

The farmer was close-mouthed about his right-sided heart. He regarded this peculiarity as something to be ashamed of but permitted scientific examinations because he was well paid for them. Only a few intimate friends were aware that he was a freak of nature—a fact which, combined with another freak of nature, was to assume paramount importance in a singular homicide-riddle.

Hunter was, among other things, a rugged individualist who would have no truck with banks. He made no secret of the fact that he kept his life's savings, estimated at 100 thousand dollars, in a large safe in the living room of his comfortable stone homestead.

"I am," he often told friends who feared he would be robbed, "my own police department."

Among Washington Hunter's closest friends was the chief of Burlington County detectives—an apple-cheeked little man of thirty named Ellis Howard Parker. The chief was among those who pleaded in vain with Washington Hunter to put his fortune in a bank.

Parker was shocked, though hardly surprised, when, at one o'clock on a bitterly cold March morning, he was aroused from sleep and told that Washington Hunter had been murdered an hour earlier.

Parker, quickly on the murder

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scene, obtained scant information from Washington Hunter's widow, the only other occupant of the house at the time of the crime and the sole beneficiary of the dead man's will. Mrs. Hunter, a gaunt little woman in ill health, said simply that her husband had been beaten to death by a tall man she had never seen before, adding, "He was standing over Washington in the kitchen when I woke up from the commotion and came downstairs. Then I fainted. When I came to he was gone and I screamed for the folks on the farm down the road."

Parker noted that the safe in the living room had been smashed open, but a quick glance showed only one compartment had been rifled. Next he examined the body of his friend, lying on the kitchen floor, clad in a long nightshirt.

"No one man could of handled Old Wash," Parker told the county physician, when he arrived on the murder scene. "It would of taken at least three or four, 'specially when he was mad. The man Mrs. Hunter seen was prob'ly jest standin' there makin' sure Old Wash was dead while the others was openin' the safe."

Parker was of the opinion that the man who wielded the death weapon had somehow been in possession of the knowledge that Hunter's heart was on his right side, for all the deepest wounds had been made on the right side of the victim's chest.

A heavy snowstorm which had abated around eleven o'clock gave Parker convincing proof that more than one man had been implicated in Hunter's murder when he began to search for clues outside the house. By the light of a lantern, he saw several sets of footprints in the snow behind the homestead and, after further investigation, concluded that the burglars had entered the Hunter property from the main road, and, further, that all but one of them had left the same way. One set of prints led the detective in exactly the opposite direction from the main road —out into the fields.

From the size and the depth of these prints, Parker judged that the man who had made them had been short and slight. From the space between each print, the sleuth deduced that the man had left the Hunter homestead running at top speed, as if in panic.

It also became increasingly obvious to Parker as he followed the footprints that the man had been a stranger in the vicinity. Several times the fleeing one had found himself in close proximity to farmhouses, then he had veered sharply in directions away from the houses, as if he had come upon them quite unexpectedly. At length he had reached a point just below a signal tower along the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad where, Parker decided, he had boarded a passing freight. The signal tower was only a mile from the Hunter homestead, but the fugitive had traveled about four miles to reach it.

Parker had a talk with the man in the signal tower. The signalman had observed a loiterer standing in the light cast from the tower about two hours after the murder. The man in the tower, busy with his work, had noticed only one thing about him: he had *not* worn an

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overcoat, despite the bitterness of the night.

The fact that the loiterer had not worn an overcoat was another clue for Parker. It meant that the man whose footprints he had followed through the snow had come from New York City, some two hours from Riverside by train. For the detective knew that the Atlantic Seaboard had been the locale of freak weather during the day of Washington Hunter's murder.

Burlington County and other sections of New Jersey, as well as Philadelphia, which is ninety miles from New York, had been blanketed by a blizzard, and had experienced freezing temperatures. The weather in New York City, on the other hand, had been sunny and warm, with the thermometer in the high sixties. It would have been natural, reasoned Parker, for anyone leaving New York for Burlington County to have assumed that the weather in New Jersey would be as mild as it was in Manhattan.

PARKER'S next move was to consult with officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A train had left Jersey City, across the Hudson River from Manhattan, which had made a stop at Riverside at 11:40 p.m.—just in time for anybody on it to have reached Washington Hunter's farmhouse by midnight.

A total of five tickets had been sold from Jersey City to Riverside the night of the murder. Parker examined them. Studying the trainmen's punch marks on the tickets, the detective noticed that the punch mark was in exactly the same place on four of the five tickets. It was obvious, therefore, that the trainman who had collected those four tickets had stacked them on top of each other and punched them all at once. If that were so, the holders of all four tickets probably had been traveling together.

Thomas Dennison, the conductor who had collected the tickets, was easily identified through his punch mark. He not only clearly recalled the four ticket-holders, who had ridden in the smoker, but had had good reason to observe them.

One of the four had been a small, slight and excitable blond chain-smoker in his twenties. He had drunk freely from a bottle of brandy. During the trip, he had asked Dennison for a pencil and a piece of paper, and began to draw sketches of fellow passengers. "They were good sketches, too," the conductor informed Parker.

When the train reached New Brunswick, less than halfway to Riverside, Dennison happened to be in the smoker. The artist and his three companions had been astonished to see a blizzard raging outside and began to grumble because they had not worn overcoats. All four men, Dennison had noticed, talked with pronounced German accents. "I don't believe the artist was long in this country," the conductor said. "He could hardly speak English."

Parker also got detailed descriptions of the other three men. One interested him in particular. He was deeply tanned and had blinked his eyes constantly, as if from an affliction. To Parker, the tan meant that the man might have been an itinerant outdoor worker,

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possibly employed at one time on the Hunter farm, which would have given him access to the knowledge about the money in Hunter's safe and Old Wash's right-sided heart.

Parker had another talk with the widow, and found that her husband once had employed a man who was afflicted with blinking eyes—a German who went under the un-German name of Jim Young.

Moreover, Mrs. Hunter recalled Blinking Jim, as other workers had called him, had been doing chores near the house one day when two doctors who had just examined Washington Hunter had left. In leaving, the doctors loudly thanked Hunter for having permitted them to examine his right-sided heart—remarks that could easily have been overheard by Blinking Jim.

Parker wrote to the immigration authorities in Washington, giving them a description of the blond artist, and inquiring if such a person had recently come to this country from Germany. He received a prompt reply, stating that one Otto Keller, son of the mayor of Stuttgart, had a short time before come to New York to study art. A photo of Keller was forthwith identified by the conductor.

Next Parker canvassed art schools in New York City. He found the one where Keller had been studying, but the young immigrant had not attended classes since the day after Washington Hunter's murder. Keller, fellow students said, had an unslakable thirst for life in all its forms, and might have fallen in with criminals although he was not a criminal type.

The art school had no record of Keller's address, but Parker picked up a clue almost as good. Other artists recalled that Keller had his family crest sewn inside his jackets. The sleuth thereupon began to canvass tailoring establishments.

One tailor in Yorkville, New York's German section, remembered the family crests. He didn't know where Keller lived, but he did know that the young man frequented a saloon in the neighborhood—on Second Avenue between Eighty-second and Eighty-third Streets.

For several days, Parker tarried in the back room of the saloon. Then one day, Otto Keller came in.

Keller, obviously worried and drinking heavily, was shadowed. When he was seen to contact Blinking Jim Young and a safe cracker named Charlie Braun, who answered the description of one of the train riders, Parker, with the aid of the New York Police, closed in.

PARKER told Keller exactly what he had done after the murder. Keller, shocked at the sleuth's knowledge, confessed. He said that he had fallen in with Young and Braun—and a fourth and as yet uncaught man, a safe cracker named Charlie Mueller—in a Yorkville saloon. Young had suggested that Keller accompany him and his pals to Riverside, New Jersey, to see four lively young ladies. Instead, Keller found himself mixed up with murder.

The reason the three criminals had taken him along was for purposes of blackmailing him later, since his parents were well fixed and sent him large sums of money

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regularly. "We're experienced criminals," Young had told Keller after the murder. "We can always keep free from the law, but if you don't give us half of all the money you get from Germany we'll see that the police know you were in Riverside that night."

Keller was a witness against Young and Braun, the latter being the man Mrs. Hunter had seen standing over her husband, and the two criminals went to the gallows. Keller was let off with a prison sentence for turning State's evidence. Mueller—the fourth of the murder quartette—escaped justice for a year. Then one night, when Burlington County was again blanketed in snow, Mueller got into a brawl in a saloon on Chicago's South Side, was shot through the head and killed.

As for Hunter's fortune, a final checkup on the contents of his safe revealed that the marauders had succeeded in getting only three thousand dollars before Old Wash appeared on the scene and forfeited his life defending it.

Tricks That Won Trials

A RAILROAD COMPANY was being sued by a man who claimed that he had become a hopeless neurasthenic (victim of nervous prostration) since being involved in an accident on their line. The principal symptom of his disorder, it developed, was that he could apparently feel no pain when pricked with a pin on the top of his head. Seizing upon this point, the lawyer for the railroad made a dramatic defense. Quoting the plaintiff's symptom, he declared that he, too, must be a victim of nervous prostration. With that he bowed his bald head and stuck a long sharp needle into his scalp—then another and another. Before he had finished his head bristled like an angry porcupine.

The astonished jury promptly brought a verdict in favor of the railroad.

Long afterwards the lawyer confessed that he had accidentally stuck one needle outside the area in which cocain had been injected just before his speech. The sharp pain had almost caused him to give the trick away.

IN ANOTHER RAILROAD SUIT, the company lawyer was examining a mechanic who claimed to have lost the use of his left arm in an on-the-job accident. Obviously, if the story were true, the man deserved a substantial verdict. The lawyer began his questioning in a sympathetic manner, but something in the plaintiff's attitude and expression aroused his suspicions. He asked the man to show the jury how high he was able to raise the injured arm. By painful effort the witness raised it an inch or so.

"Was your arm perfectly healthy before the accident?" asked the attorney.

The witness resented the question, so the lawyer continued casually, "Now, with the same arm show us how far you could raise it before the accident."

Involuntarily the witness raised his arm high above his head. The crowd burst into laughter, and the case blew up. —ETHEL WELLMAN

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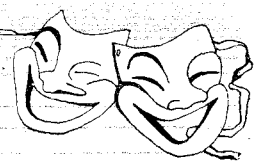
GRIN and Share It



These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

HIS SWEETHEART had just said yes, and the young man headed immediately for a jewelry store to buy the engagement ring. He picked up a sparkling diamond and asked its price.

"That one is one hundred dollars," replied the jeweler gently.

The young man whistled in surprise. Then he pointed to another ring and asked, "How about this one?"

"That, sir," said the jeweler still more gently, "is two whistles."

—HUGH W. PHILLIPS

"DOCTOR," groaned the patient, "can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud that I wake myself up."

"In that case," advised the physician, "I'd sleep in another room."

—MURIEL LEYDEN

WHILE THE waiter was vainly attempting to squeeze an order from him, the Scotsman was busy enjoying the floor show. At last the manager intervened. "I know your kind," he said to the Scot. "You come to a high class café like this, help yourself to the best table in the house, take in the show, drink a glass of water and then walk out."

"What do you expect me to do?" snapped the Scotsman. "Stagger out?"

—ORESTES A. GABRIEL

AFTER COMPLETING her spring housecleaning, a housewife found she had a lot of junk that should be hauled away. But for several days she was unable to find a man to do the job. About to give up the idea, she saw a truck coming along the street loaded with an assortment of articles. Running to the curb, she asked the driver to stop and told him she would like him to cart away some trash.

Drawing himself up with dignity, the man replied: "Lady, I'm not hauling trash. We're moving."—PHILIP BEATON

AN APPLICANT for life insurance had stated that his father was dead, but neglected to give the cause of his death. In reply to the company's request for this information, he wrote:

"I was quite young when my father died and never knew the exact cause of his death. But I am sure it was nothing serious." —EMIL C. AURIN

MRS. JONES called across the back fence to her next-door neighbor: "I see your son is home from overseas."

"Not overseas," returned the other woman. "Underseas—he's on a sub, you know." —ROBERT F. BULLORD

"CAN YOU alter this dress to fit me?" asked the lady shopper.

"Of course not," returned the saleswoman indignantly. "That isn't done any more. You'll have to be altered to fit the dress." —*Field News*

ON A TRIP from North Ireland to Eire, an elderly Irish woman was stopped at the boundary line by the customs officer, who asked if she had anything to declare.

"Only a bottle of water," she replied.

"What kind?" asked the official.

"Holy water."

Long experience had taught the officer to take nothing for granted, so he

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asked to see the bottle. The lady protested, but he snatched it from her and took a whiff of the cork.

"It's whisky," he cried.

"Glory be," exclaimed the old woman fervently, "—a miracle!"

—SARA GLASS

ANXIOUS TO have his fortune told, the young man decided to go to the local Swami. As he sat down, he noticed that the Swami's crystal ball had two holes in it.

"What's the idea of the holes?" he inquired curiously.

"Well, on Wednesday nights," explained the Swami, "I go bowling."

—ARTHUR GODFREY in *Mayflower's Log*

TWO SOLDIERS were discussing the possibilities of a future war. "There's talk that the next war will be fought with radio," commented one.

"Well, I'm in training," returned the second. "I've faced some terrible programs." —*Sourdough Sentinel*

HIS SECRETARY was just comfortably ensconced on his lap when the boss looked up and saw his wife entering the office. "Mile High Furniture Company," he dictated rapidly. "Gentlemen: Rationing or no rationing, how long do you think I can run my office with only one chair?" —JAN SNYDER

THE SCOTSMAN had lost a pound note. Sadly he entered the advertising office of a local newspaper and asked that this notice be inserted in the "Lost and Found" column:

"Lost—a one-pound note. Sentimental value." —*The Monitor*

ON THE witness stand, an old farmer was undergoing a cross-examination. "Did the defendant use improper language when he was beating his horses?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he did talk mighty loud, sir," was the reply.

"Did he indulge in profanity?" The witness seemed puzzled, so the lawyer put the question another way. "What I want to know, Silas, is did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh yes, sir," the old man replied with a grin, "but they'd have to be arranged different."

—*Journal of Education*

MUCH AGAINST his will, the young suitor had been persuaded to go through the formality of stating his intentions to his prospective father-in-law. "So you want to become my son-in-law, do you?" the old man remarked grumpily.

"Frankly no," returned the suitor, "but I see no way out of it if I want to marry your daughter."

—*The Hansen Hummer*

"WAITER," said the fussy diner, "I want some oysters. But they mustn't be too large or too small, too old or too tough, and they mustn't be salty. I want them cold, and I want them at once."

"Yes, sir," bowed the waiter. "With or without pearls?" —*Mills Warrior*

STEPPING OFF his boat onto the shore of a tiny South Sea island, the missionary received an enthusiastic welcome from the natives. "Do your people know anything about religion?" he asked the chief.

"Well," was the thoughtful reply, "we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here." —MAUDE BRADEN

THE DEAN OF girls at a certain co-educational college was making an announcement before the student body. "The president of the college and I," she said sternly, "have decided to stop necking on the campus."

Greeted with gales of laughter, she became flustered and attempted to explain. "What I mean is, all this kissing that's been going on under my nose must stop." —VERONA MILLER

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WE TOOK AN ISLAND

This is a story compiled by many men. From thousands of photographs, Coronet selected these to tell the dramatic narrative. The commentary is by a correspondent who lived with these men—many now dead—as they did the job.

THIS IS THE WAY we took an island away from the Japs. Call it Island X.

It was loaded with Japs, with Jap guns and Jap caves, and mortars, and snipers, and fantastic honeycombed rock-hewn defenses that made the place one big hunk of live ammunition. In order to take the place we simply had to have more than the Jap—more men, more brains, more guns, more guts. We had 'em.

The higher-ups, the boys with the braid, doped the whole thing out after months and months of patient planning. After the planning, all that remained was for the Navy, the ground forces, the Air Force, to carry out the plan—to go in and grab Island X by the throat.

Why did we have to take this island? Why did we have to spill so much blood on a crumb of coral so small you won't even find it on the big maps in your school books? There's only one answer to that. Island X is on the road to Tokyo. Now that we've taken it we're that much closer to home plate.

Island X had a good airfield. We needed that airfield. It was a necessary knot in a wide and deadly net known as the Pacific campaign, a net that is getting smaller and tighter every day.

And this is how we did it. Hold tight. This is the way it was. This was just one single amphibious assault, one sample of the most grotesquely complicated type of modern warfare. This is the way we took Island X away from the Japs . . .

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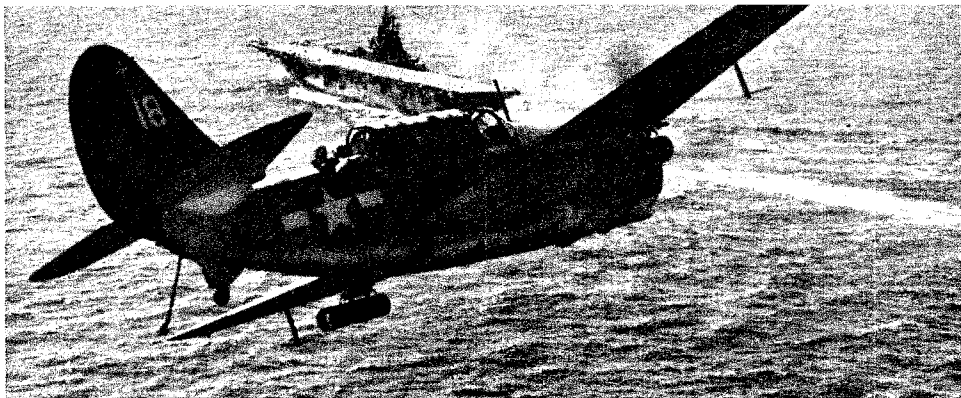

We sent the eyes of our fleet on ahead. From the carriers to X our planes flew incessantly back and forth, dropping their loads. For days we dropped destruction on the Jap, shook him, softened him up

kept him from sleeping ... while somewhere back along the

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In the bowels of the ships the ground troops heard again the words they'd heard over and over for weeks and weeks. For each man, a separate job to do on the pinpoint in the Pacific known as . . .

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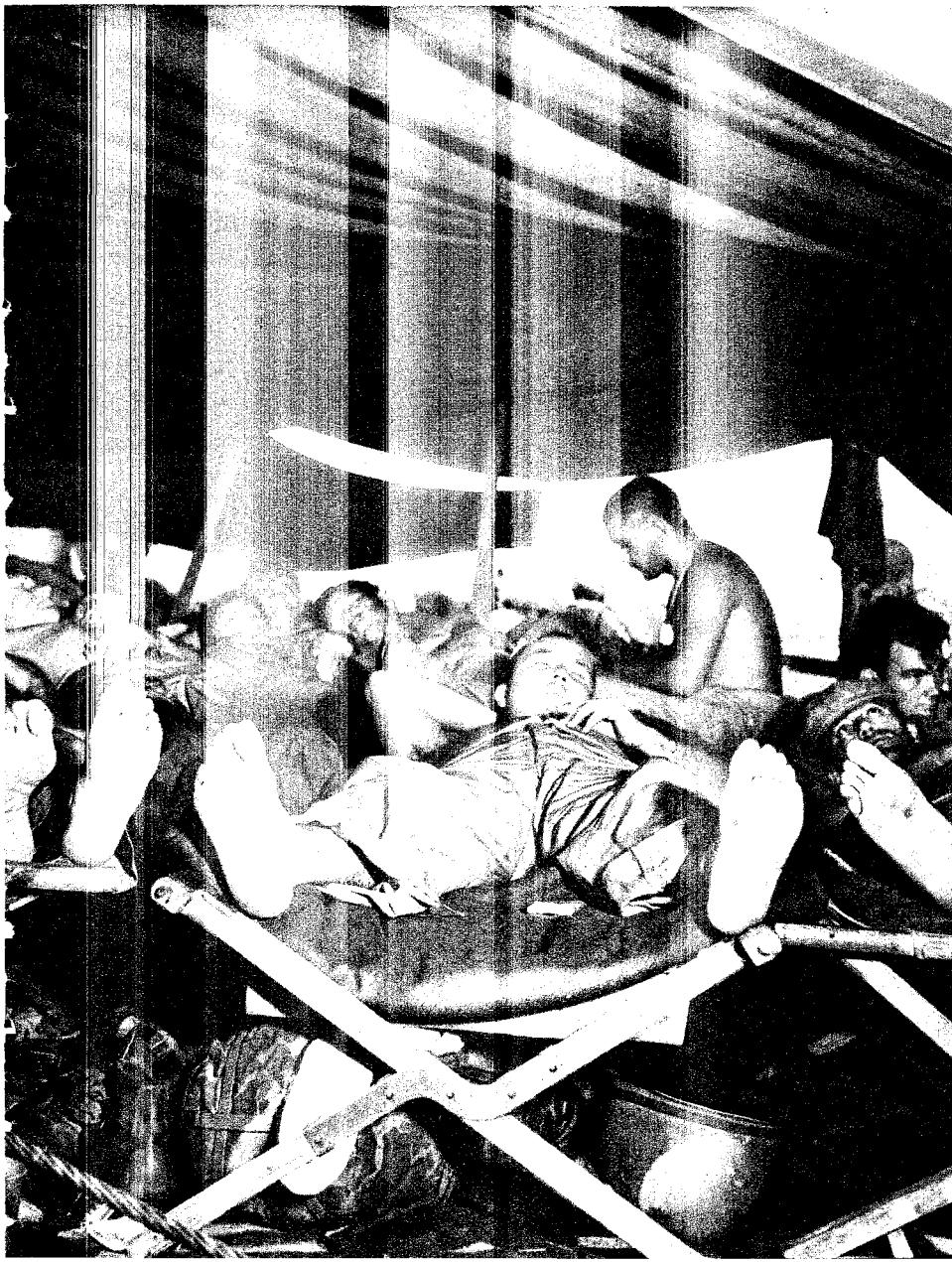

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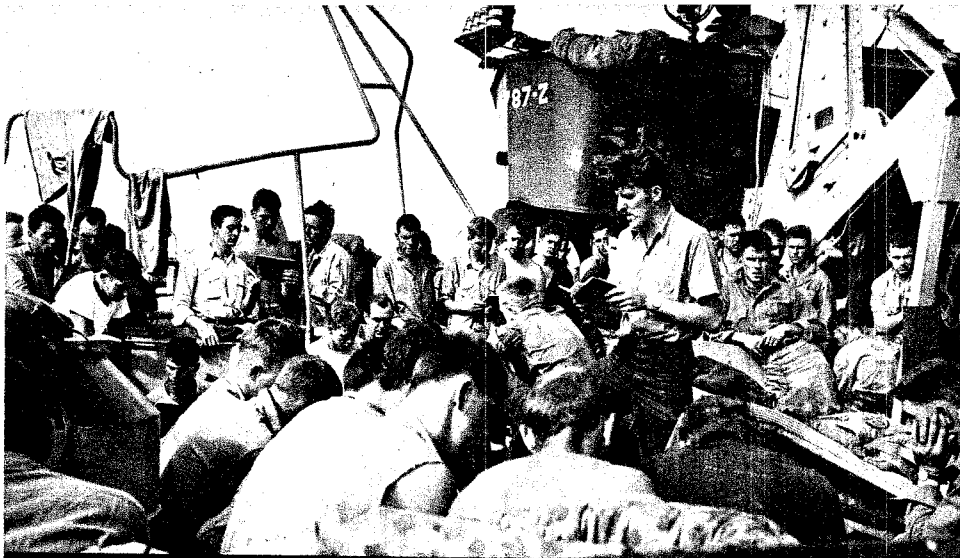

There is a time for preparing, for relaxing, for forgetting . . . and a time for prayer.

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H-Hour! We're going in! Island X has been hit by everything the Navy can hit with. But those little fan-tailed fish you see down front

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They're eighteen, nineteen, twenty, most of them . . . but this moment, this H-Hour, gives them the look of forty.

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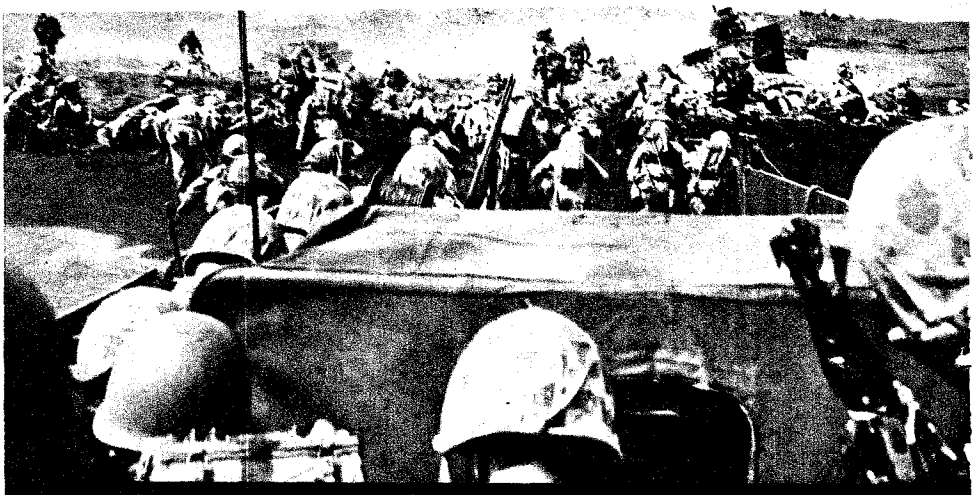

This is it! The landing boat snorts and grinds its way into the beach. The ramp goes down. Get going! Hit that beach! And remember, for every one of you, a specific job, a special spot. Go find it!

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Over the earth-shaking din, over the sound of shellfire and mortar and all hell busting your eardrums, keep one ear cocked for the word from your platoon leader. "Get ready to advance!"

lift your head. Sniff out the

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Carefully, now. Carry him carefully. Over the rocks and the rubble and the muck, with the enemy mortars barking at your heels, as if you were walking down a nice white hospital corridor . . .

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We're in the wooded spot just above the beaches now, where it's less noisy. You go a little more slowly here because running between these

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We're on the last lap to the airstrip now. Take a last drag on that smoke. Get ready . . .

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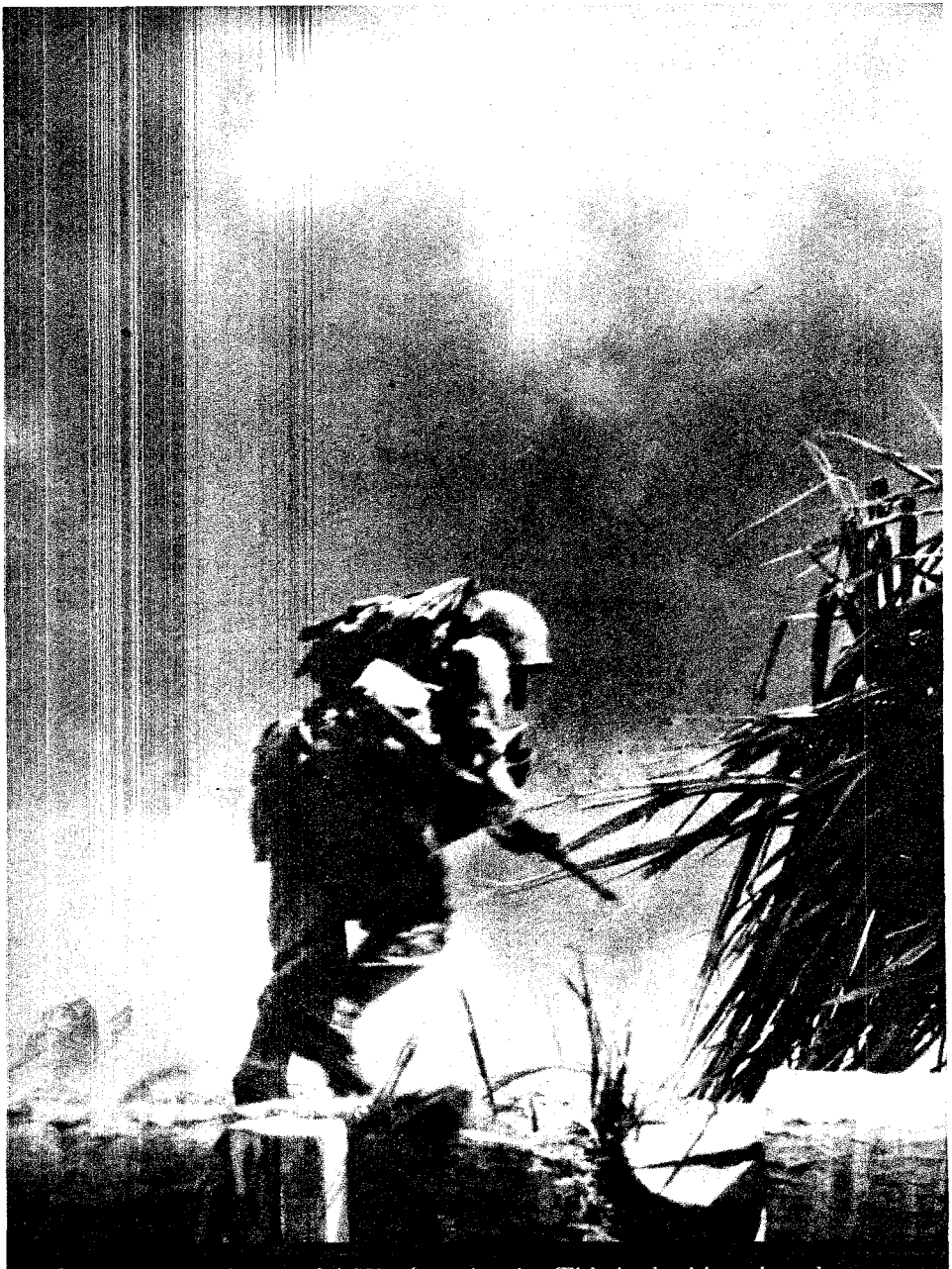

Go! Get outa the woods! Hit that airstrip. This is the big prize, the

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And now finally we're in. We've got the strip. Here come the planes,

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So we're in. So pick up the wounded, the bleeding, the dying. Take them up from the airstrip, the woods, the beaches. Cleanse them, and

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Take a rest. Ever notice the pictures of men resting after the battle? They are never jubilant. Perhaps because they are too tired to be jubilant. Perhaps they are thinking of those who . . .

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And after it's over you get a better look at the face of the enemy. Reading from left to right, truculence, indifference, fear. These are three of the lucky ones. The majority of their pals were . . .

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It's over now. We've got the island. We've got our anchored carrier somewhere farther along the road to Tokyo. In the hour of triumph we tend to first things first. We bury our dead.

Somewhere on this battered isle we make a place for those who gave

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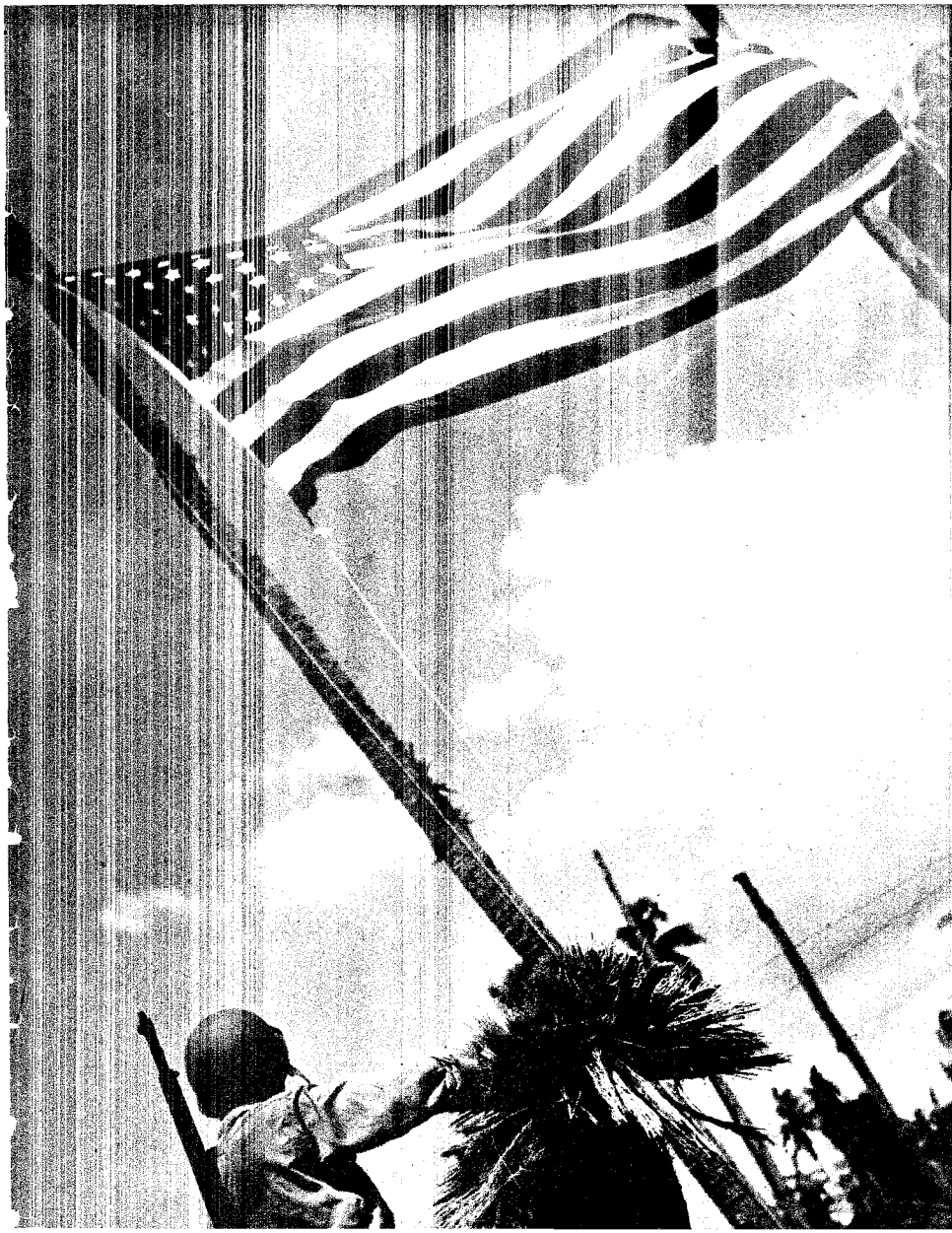

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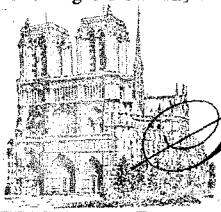
Shining on Sunday and muddy on Monday, a small boy is all devil and angel mixed



Sunday Best

by ROBERT DUKE

JIMMY'S FACE is scrubbed and shiny as an apple. Up there now, in the choir loft, he looks the next best thing on earth to a cherub. When he sings those sweet high notes, there is the look of angels in him and the spirit of Sunday busting out all over him. When Mom looks up at him over her own hymn book, she swallows hard, and she wonders . . . could anything be more angelic?

Of course, last Monday he lost his best immy to Benny Holt in a game of nine-hole marbles. It was the cat's-eye yellow one that was his champeen shooter. He tried to swap it back from Benny but Benny wouldn't listen to reason and they wound up swinging and scrapping in the gutter. By the time he got home that night he looked like McElvey, the ragman's mutt.

Looking at him now, you feel sure that from the mouths of babes comes the only everlasting innocence. On this crisp Sunday morning, with autumn pouring in the stained glass window and the old organ going so good, you can't help but feel that here in this boy's singing face is the whole spirit of Sunday, the spirit of peace and quiet.

Of course, he's had a tough week. On Wednesday, Danny Dean's bunch came over from the South Side and they had a free for all in old man Allison's empty lot, and he got his knuckles skinned and one ear scraped and he kind of tore the bottom out of his best pair of blue serge pants.

Sunday is a *clean* day. You get that feeling when you look at the faces of choir boys. Their shining faces. Their neatly combed hair. The starched collar so perfectly in place and the white gown so impeccably white. The whole quiet spirit of Sunday is good, but almost the best of all is the cleanliness of Sunday—and who typifies the Godliness of cleanliness better than the choir boy?

Another in a series devoted to the familiar days of the year

Of course, you can't tell now, but yesterday he was at bat in the last half of the seventh with two on and two out and Jackie Packer, who was pitching for the Orioles, actually beaned him on the second pitch. He went out to the pitcher's box to discuss the situation in a gentlemanly fashion, and before you knew it he and Jackie were rolling in the dirt and they wound up in a mud puddle next to the ball field.

But up there now, he's the hope of the world. He's goodness and innocence and cleanliness. He's peace and quiet, he's everything that Sunday ever meant. Hear the words he's singing? They're so right for the spirit of the day:

"We, sweet Father, are Thy sheep
Meek, and humble, as the child
We walk with little tender feet
We are Thy creatures mild . . ."

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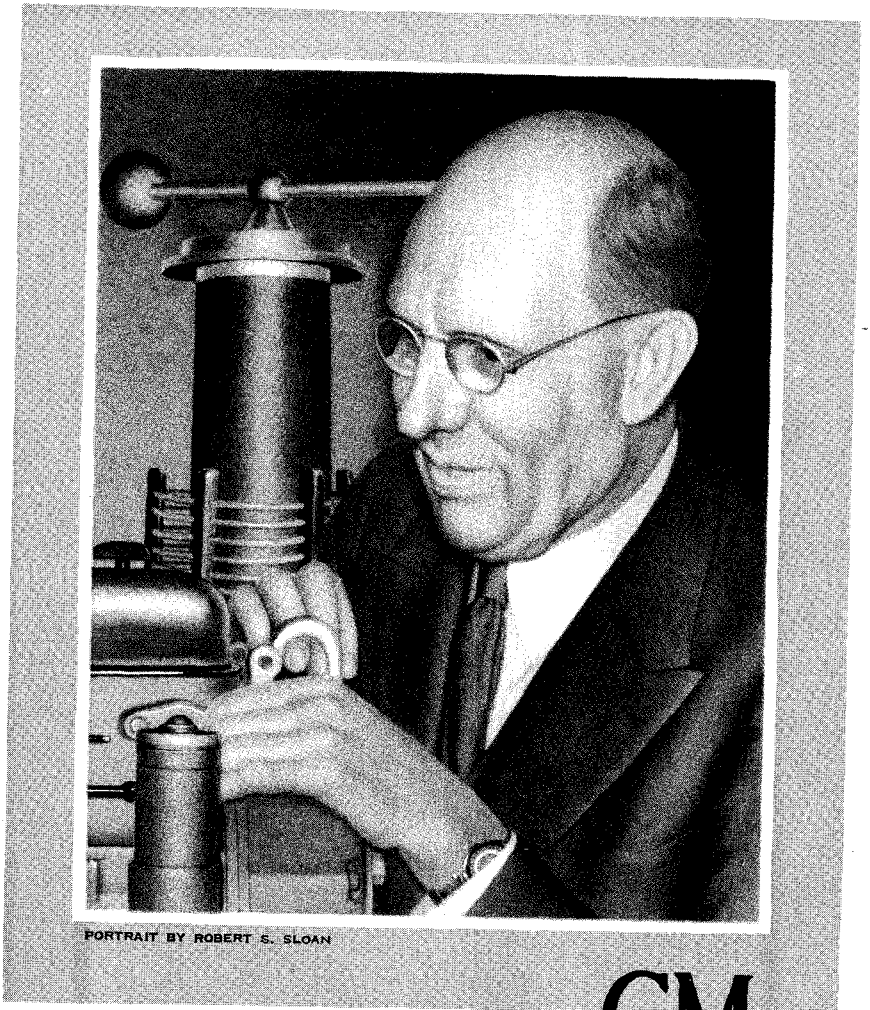

PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

Kettering of GM

by LESTER VELIE

CHARLES F. KETTERING, probably the brightest guiding light of General Motors, is as full of questions as a seven-year-old boy—or a Galileo—or a Benjamin Franklin.

For instance: Kettering wondered why, in a machine age, it was necessary to crank a car by hand—so he invented the self starter which helped make automobile manufacturing a mass industry. He invented the automobile battery ignition

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and lighting system. His question —what makes a motor knock?— set off research which led to tetraethyl-lead and high octane fuels, and added a billion horsepower yearly to civilian motors. He wanted to know the best way of making a fire inside a motor—and along the way toward the answer he developed the modern Diesel engine.

It was this same curiosity of Kettering's that led to a buzz bomb in 1912. During the first World War he invented a pilotless plane which could carry two hundred pounds of high explosive sixty miles and drop the charge automatically. The war ended before it could be used. Taught to fly by Orville Wright, he pioneered in instrument flying and had logged more flying time than any other amateur when he quit at 55.

He holds all or parts of 150 patents which have changed the mechanical life of millions. His mania for progress keeps making plants and machinery obsolete and exasperates competitors.

His inventions are end products of hard-headed practical questions. But the questions which Kettering likes most to ask are the obvious ones:

What makes grass green?

Why do your hands get warm when you rub them together?

Why can you see through glass?

Kettering once put the hand warming question to a distinguished physicist.

"Simple," the physicist told Kettering, "it's friction."

"Yes, of course, but what is friction? Why don't my hands get cold instead of warm?" Kettering persisted.

The distinguished scientist snorted at Kettering. It was all written down in the textbooks. Even a high school student could look it up and get the answer.

An answer, but not one to satisfy Kettering. He built a ten-thousand-dollar machine at the General Motors Research Laboratories which he heads, to find out about the nature of friction. He had to convince the graduate engineer in charge of the project that the experiment was worthy of his talents and education. It was. He turned up facts about the nature of friction and about the effect of lubrication on friction which no one knew before. These facts, applied to the making of piston rings for locomotive engines, lengthened their life to 500 thousand miles. They used to wear fifty thousand miles.

Great Living Americans

I

When Kettering asked, "Why is grass green?" any school boy could have answered, "it's the chlorophyl in it." Chlorophyl is the coloring matter in plants. But that's about all anybody knows, so Kettering set up a laboratory at Antioch College in Ohio, recruited researchers and told them in his tinny drawl: "I want you green grass fellows to settle down and build big families, because you're going to be here a long time. In fact, I doubt if you'll find out why grass is green during your lifetime."

As Kettering points out, some little engine in the green of grass

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and leaf has the gift, unknown to man, of capturing energy from the sun, storing that energy, building with it. It is the source of all the heat and power now stored in coal, wood, oil and natural gas. Solve that secret, and we shall know how to take power from the sun.

Kettering believes in the power of the sun. He likes to point out that a farmer owns, not 100 acres of land, but 100 acres of sunshine. "Try growing something on it under a roof," he chuckles. Once, to give his observation point, he planted cucumber seeds in sand back of his Dayton, Ohio, home, and carefully controlled the chemical food and sunlight fed to the plant. Ultimately, he harvested a cucumber a full six feet long.

He has spent half a million dollars of his own money so far on his green grass boys. Some scientists regard the project as quixotic and consider its methods completely unorthodox and low grade. As a matter of fact, after fifteen years, Kettering's researchers have failed to find out why grass is green. But Kettering isn't worried. "The only time you don't want an experiment to fail," he says, "is the last time you try it." And anyway, Kettering's researchers have failed their way toward some interesting results. They have developed new spectroscopes to peer into the mysteries of the sunbeam. They have unearthed new miracles in the molecule called porphine, which promises to become the base for hundreds of thousands of new chemical compounds, new dyes, and new drugs.

"If only I could ask nature three questions!" sighs Kettering. The grass question is one. The others: Why does light travel at 186 thousand miles a second—why not 190 thousand or 180 thousand? The answer to this would tell us about the elastic qualities of the ether and would provide the key to what matter is made of.

What is magnetism? What causes a magnet to attract a pin? The answer would tell us why atoms behave the way they do, and how to group them to serve special jobs.

NOW AND THEN the human race springs a man like Leonardo da Vinci who sketches a propeller-drawn airplane four centuries before men make flying machines. Or a Benjamin Franklin who observes that light colored cloth is cooler to wear than dark, or probes for the answer to lightning. Kettering is such a man, a long-shanked version of what Ben Franklin might be like if he lived today. True, Kettering has the lean and hungry look of a Cassius rather than the ruddy, well-fed look of Franklin, but in many ways, in shrewd common sense, and even in the ability to make an effective epigram, they have much in common.

"We should all be concerned about the future," says Kettering. "We will have to spend the rest of our lives there." Or "The man who has the greatest foresight is the man who is out of step at the present time." The 20th century world is Kettering's oyster, just as the eighteenth was Franklin's.

Everything is grist for Kettering's mill. Doctors told Kettering cancer is incurable. "A sickness is incurable because doctors don't know how to cure it," says Kettering.

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Not a doctor, but regarding himself as a doctor's helper, Kettering set up and financed a cancer research program at the Barnard Free Skin & Cancer Hospital at St. Louis. Kettering's researchers induce tumors in rats by injecting them with irritants. Only ten per cent of the injected rats get cancer. Some apparently are not susceptible. Do they have special chemical defenses which the diseased rats lack? Kettering believes his researchers are on the road toward finding the causes of cancer.

Because of his own curiosity, Kettering assumed the doctors of his home community, Dayton, would like to get together regularly to exchange information. He hired a doctor to keep abreast of all scientific developments touching on medicine and lay these developments before other Dayton doctors. The meetings, and free-for-all discussions that followed, led Kettering to develop the Hypertherm, a fever-inducing machine, which has helped doctors speed the effectiveness of remedies for venereal diseases.

Lack of oxygen is often fatal to patients under anesthetics in the operating room. A doctor friend told Kettering that lack of oxygen makes the blood cloudy, so Kettering developed an anoxia (lack of oxygen) meter. He worked on a simple principle. He attached an electric light on one side of the ear lobe, and a photoelectric cell (electric eye) on the other. As long as there is ample oxygen in the blood, the light passes through the ear lobe to the electric eye, which is hooked to a writing device that inscribes a straight line on a roll of paper. Clouded, the blood obstructs the light and causes the line to waver, warning the anesthetist to turn on more oxygen.

After two years on the radio with the General Motors Symphony Hour, Kettering has become well known to the public. But he is better known and more highly prized by scientists and industrialists. As vice president in charge of General Motors Research Laboratories, he sparks research projects by teams of chemists, physicists, metallurgists and engineers and is regarded as a valuable piece of property. General Motors pays him 353 thousand dollars a year to run its research, to lend his Midwestern horse sense to policy making for the company, and to serve as its good will emissary to the public. He is also the largest individual owner of General Motors stock.

With unlimited money to spend, Kettering is free to indulge his appetite for answers. He has six research programs under way, on which he spends 250 thousand dollars of his own money yearly. This is over and above the 1,500 thousand dollars which General Motors spends yearly to support Kettering's 500-man research team.

Kettering's Detroit office, a thirty x thirty square, is what you would expect it to be. Two walls, facing on the street corner ten stories below, are of glass blocks, an experiment in light and insulation. The windows are an experiment too. Hung from center screws instead of casement or sashwise, they can be opened with the flip of a wrist. The window glass is a double pane with a layer of air in between. This

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double paned, insulated window is the window of the future, says Kettering, and will prevent heat leakage. The fluorescent lighting fixtures in the office were the first in America. Heating is provided by electric pads in the ceiling. There is a thermostat at the left leg of Kettering's cherry-wood desk. He doesn't like cold feet. To the right of the desk is a work bench, equipped with vise, calipers, pliers.

Kettering, who has been called a monkey-wrench scientist, will excuse himself from a conference to attack a problem directly with his hands. An easel with a pad of paper two feet square is in a corner. Kettering likes to sprawl his long legs on his desk and balance his six feet three inches on the end of his spine. He will untangle himself at some heated point in a discussion with his boys, go to the pad and make his point clear with a series of doodles. He delights in explaining to a listener untrained in mathematics how it might be correct to say that Columbus is discovering America at this minute "provided you could get away from the earth fast enough and far enough and with vision strong enough to see the happening."

Or he'll flourish a pencil on the easel "if you do this, you'll get the result you want with one cricket-power, or at most, one mouse-power of electrical energy." Over the door to his office hangs the motto: "No one would have crossed the ocean if he could have gotten off the ship in the storm."

Instead of taking vacations, Kettering exchanges laboratories, one in Florida for the one in Detroit. He can't keep his hands off machinery, inside or out of his laboratories. Invited to dinner, he noted the grandfather clock was out of order. Dinner was delayed, but when Kettering picked himself off the floor and put the last cog in, the clock ran on time again.

Long years of laboratory work have left Kettering with an impatience for inexact thinking, fuzzy expression. He insists on clarity in laboratory reports. He likes to circle words with ambiguous or obscure meanings. Once his researchers, faced with the problem of mentioning decibels in a laboratory report and unable to find a more expressive word, created a little noise box containing ten keys to go with each report. When seven decibels were mentioned, Kettering could punch the key marked "seven" to hear exactly what seven decibels of noise were.

"Boss Ket"

Charles Kettering was born on a farm in the rugged hills near Loudonville, Ohio, 69 years ago, and before long made all of its forty acres his laboratory. To young Charles, potato digging wasn't a chore, it was an experiment. He hauled the farm's portable tools to the potato patch one by one to discover which dug potatoes better—a fork, a shovel or a spade.

The trailing arbutus blooming under the snow fascinated him. He noticed the leaves were red underneath and deduced the plant absorbed more radiant energy from the sun that way. Tucked away in his mind, this fact was hauled out thirty years later to help in the discovery of Ethyl no-knock gasoline.

By the time Charles was in his

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early teens, nothing was safe from his prying fingers. While other boys played ball or splashed in the swimming hole, Charles was taking apart his mother's sewing machine to find out how the gadget on the hand wheel changes the up and down motion of the treadle to the circular motion of the wheel. Next he was tinkering with a brand new telephone he had just received from a mail order house.

Kettering studied Greek and the classics at Wooster College to prepare for a university education. He crammed so hard that he suffered splitting headaches and his eyes began to fail. He was nearly blinded and America came narrowly near losing one of the greatest inventive talents she has ever had.

Recovered, he tried teaching again, this time in nearby Mifflin, spending most of his evenings at John Robinson's drugstore. Robinson was a taxidermist, a dissector and, in 1895, a rabid photographer. Together they studied the effect of light on photographic plates. They bought an induction coil, and dry batteries to experiment with electric current. Kettering built a two-way telephone line between the drugstore and his house.

At Ohio State University Kettering worked with such frenzy at his engineering courses that his eyes gave way again, and he took a dollar-a-day laborer's job on a telephone line gang, became foreman, then a lineman. Word of Kettering's versatility with his hands got around to the front office, and he was asked if he could put in an exchange.

"Of course," said Kettering. He hadn't the slightest idea how it was to be done. He wired New York for a copy of Kempster B. Miller's *American Telephone Practice*, a book illustrated by simple diagrams and containing no mathematics beyond algebra. Kettering threaded the maze of batteries, wires, coil and cog wheels, and with no help except the words of Kempster B. Miller, built one of the first central battery telephone exchange systems in Ohio.

Back at Ohio State to finish his engineering course, young Kettering's reputation as a fixer spread. When a factory near Columbus had a hard time getting up steam in its boilers, Kettering was called. The lean young man with the horsy face and the peering eyes asked to be left alone with the boiler for a while. When the engine room gang returned, steam was rising like mad. Kettering had simply opened the door and raised the windows to provide more air for the draft.

While in college, Kettering was fired with the dream of speaking longer distances over telephone wires. If he could talk from Columbus to Ashland, why not from Columbus to New York?

The textbooks said it couldn't be done and why. "The amount of energy received by the electromagnet of the relay is so exceedingly small that it cannot be made to produce the desired mechanical effect."

Kettering turned for help to Steinmetz's mathematical formulas on alternating currents, and with great labor translated them into a few simple algebraic formulas. But the formulas didn't help either. The trouble was that the soft iron in the transformer core lost current

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Research and You

"Research is a frame of mind. It is a way of improving things you are not satisfied with. Research can be applied to your own life.

"What kind of life do you want to lead? What are some of the things you would like to have? Why can't you have them? What kind of a job do you want? Where do you want to live?

"Write down ten things that you don't like about your business, about yourself, or about the way you are doing things—and if you can't think of ten, there's something wrong with your wishing machinery.

"Next, try solving some of these things. If one is difficult, go to the others. Solving one will make the others easier. Allow for bad luck, troubles, setbacks. If you do this, you are a research worker, the subject being yourself, and research work in a laboratory works on the same principle."

C. F. Kettering

when one wanted to step up the electric power. The core Kettering puttered with had only small amounts of iron in it in line with the theory and practice of the day.

Why bother with theory, thought Kettering, and did the opposite. He used a large amount of iron.

It wasn't that day's version of science, but it worked. The feeble telephone currents were reproduced without distortion. He could even reproduce such a swiftly changing thing as an ignition coil's spark. Kettering wasn't the first to discover this, but it laid the ground for his later invention of the self starter.

It also taught Kettering a lesson. In research, try anything, even the unorthodox and the bizarre.

Today Kettering is caustic about experts and textbooks.

"Experts are men who know all the reasons why a thing can't be done." As for textbooks, "no matter what we are doing, if it is new, we can always find a book that will tell us it can't be done. To protect ourselves we have a simple rule at the laboratories. When we start a new problem, we stay away from the library because it may handicap our thinking."

FIRST THING Kettering did when he got his college diploma from Ohio State at 28 was chuck it in a wastebasket. He had already learned that "an inventor is a fellow who doesn't take his education too seriously."

Hired at fifty dollars a week by the National Cash Register Co. of Dayton, Kettering's first assignment was to make cash registers run by electricity. The ponderous cash registers of the time had to be cranked by handles, and an over-vigorous yank would derange the insides.

Electrical engineers knew it couldn't be done, because the electrical motor required would have to be bigger than the cash register itself. "That was my good luck,"

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says Kettering. "It isn't the things you don't know that hurt you. It's the things you think you know for sure that ain't so." He figured all that was required was a little motor that could give one quick spurt of energy and would cool off in the few seconds between operations.

The new cash register outmoded all the hand cranked machines of the time and created a new market in 1907, a depression year. Kettering had "created dissatisfactions" among cash register users. "A satisfied customer may be the best advertisement," says Kettering, "but he's the poorest purchaser. The biggest peacetime job of my laboratories is to create dissatisfactions."

Inventor Kettering was making 75 dollars a week when his electric motor revolutionized cash registers. Shortly afterward, he resigned to go out on his own.

Kettering was now 34, married and the father of a baby son. He took his 1,500 dollars of savings, bought a lathe, set up a laboratory in a friend's barn, and went into business as a researcher. He called it the Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co., later shortened to Delco, and became its general manager, salesman, advertising writer, inventor and machinist.

Kettering gathered about himself some of the bright young men of the cash register company. They worked nights for Kettering without pay. The lanky eccentric became "Boss Ket," and the sweating gang around him, "his boys."

Neighbors who saw lights blazing from the barn laboratory at all hours of the night called him and his boys "those crazy fools in the barn on Dayton View." The first fruit of this barnyard tinkering was a new ignition system which increased the driving range of the automobile from three hundred miles to more than two thousand miles on a single set of dry cells. The Cadillac Motor Co. installed the new system as standard equipment on its cars in 1910, and "Boss Ket" and Delco were on their way.

No sooner was the system installed than there came complaints that it caused engines to knock. This was the knock heard round the world, for it led to Ethyl gasoline. Kettering decided that the knock was caused by the violent pressure on the gasoline fuel after it had been ignited by the spark plug. If something could be put into the gasoline to fortify it against the high pressure, the knock would disappear.

With a co-worker, he started to look for that something. Kettering remembered the trailing arbutus of his boyhood days. If the fuel were colored red like the leaves of the plant, it might absorb more radiant heat and evaporate faster.

They tried elemental iodine. It suppressed the knock, but it turned the automobile engine into a chemical factory which produced unwelcome wastes. Then they went straight through every known chemical substance in the world in search of the right ingredient.

This took five years. On the way some of Kettering's researchers came to him in a delegation and said, "Boss, we are still young, and would like to do something in the world, and we don't want to be kept on this problem forever. We don't see any hope of working it out."

The Boss asked his boys for a

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few days' time to see what he could think up. On the train from Detroit to Dayton the next day he spotted on the seat beside him a newspaper headline stating, "University Professor Discovers Universal Solvent." The solvent was selenium oxychloride.

"Here's one we'd better try before we quit," he told his researchers when he got back to the laboratory. Theoretically, it should have induced knock, but it turned out to be a powerful knock suppressor, and it led to Ethyl gasoline.

From fuels Kettering turned to Diesel engines. General Motors executives were dubious. They weren't interested in the Diesel business. It was a cumbersome thing, requiring two hundred pounds of metal to produce one horsepower of energy.

Kettering bought a sea-going yacht at his own expense. It was a 600-ton craft, 125 feet long, requiring a crew of 25 men. It was equipped with Diesels and became a floating workshop probing the secrets of the Diesel power.

Outfitted by Kettering it was something out of the future. A dialing system permitted guests to call their friends' rooms or tune in phonograph music. It had radio direction finders years before other vessels did. It had a Fathometer to determine depth and a gyroscope to keep the boat stable in rough weather. It was equipped with a thousand-book library, soft and salt water showers.

Kettering went on cruises, turned over the staterooms to friends and took a small cubbyhole for himself above the engines. Here he could get the feel of his two synchronized Diesel engines or hop from bed to tinker with them while others slept.

Kettering's labors on the Diesels of his yacht, coupled with work at the General Motors Laboratories, resulted in a revolutionary Diesel, compact, light (only seventeen pounds of metal per horsepower as against the former two hundred), and so unorthodox in its design that engineer-stockholders who came to inspect it were suspicious. "This is no way to build a Diesel," they said.

But it was, and before the war, General Motors, an automobile maker, was producing ninety per cent of all locomotive power.

Someone asked Kettering how it happened that GM was making most of the Diesel locomotives in the country. "You must have awfully good patent protection," the questioner said.

"You see," answered Kettering, "a great many people think we're crazy. That is much better protection than a patent."

World Unfinished

Kettering's laboratories can produce anything the researcher needs for his experiment, from a fine watch to an obscure chemical compound. But he insists that even the finest equipment doesn't help the researcher much, for "problems aren't solved in laboratories. They are solved in men's minds." The laboratory apparatus simply helps the researcher to get an understanding of the problem he's working on.

With the exception of medicine, war research has brought relatively few inventions or discoveries, Kettering says.

Plastics, radar, synthetic rubber,

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new light metals, helicopters? All were invented and started before the war. The improvements have been in processes and production methods but not in fundamentals. Basic discovery may have even been hindered by the war.

The immediate post-war world, therefore, will not sprout radically new versions of things you have been used to—egg shaped automobiles of transparent plastics, for example.

"I would say," says the automobile industry's No. 1 mechanic, "the post-war car will look much more like an automobile than an egg." But great things are on the way. Man can have anything he wishes and wants to work hard enough to get, thinks Kettering, and America is going to be rebuilt, but probably not with prefabricated houses.

"You buy a car to travel in, and you don't care if it looks like the cars of a dozen of your neighbors. But your house—where you live—you want that to be entirely your own. You want it just so, to express your own individuality."

Kettering believes, however, the essential services of a house can be standardized, so that the entire system of heat, light, power, drainage, ventilation and cooling can be mass produced. The system could be bought from the factory, and the house built around it to suit the buyer's individual taste.

The great advances after the war will come in medicine and in organic chemistry. Thousands of new compounds, chemicals to kill cancer, new insulation materials, textiles are on the way. But these will take time. It took about 25 years to develop the automobile, almost as long to develop the electric light.

There is the factor of "psychological increment" to consider. That is a Kettering phrase to describe man's extreme reluctance to accept change. Because of psychological resistance, changes will come slowly.

For the young people who worry about their place in a world in which most of the frontiers have already been explored and most of the inventions made, Kettering says: "The world isn't finished. For the young man with imagination there are far more opportunities for achievement than I had when I was a kid."

"The thing we have to fear after the war is not technological unemployment," says Kettering, "but unemployment of technology."

"Here Comes the Bride"

THE BRIDE WAS barely able to totter down the aisle. Gray hair straggled down wrinkled cheeks, but you could hear her cackle with happiness. The groom needed help. He arrived alongside her in a wheel chair, too weak to walk. As he mumbled to himself, his store teeth chattered in happy cadence. His bald spot was damp with nervous perspiration.

And then they said their vows—these two who had waited until they could afford to get married. —GLENN R. HAUGH

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An American soldier fled from justice into the jungle and escaped—for a while

Gallows for a Jungle King

by Roger Treat

The boys who come back from Burma will tell some wonderful tales about the war, but none will be stranger or more terrible than the saga of Herman Perry, the big colored boy from Washington, D.C. Perry's story is one that breaks all the rules, busts way out of bounds, knocks the imagination out for the count. Already big Herman is the stuff of legends.

This is as much of the truth as we know about him:

Herman was an American soldier working on the Ledo-Burma road. One night he sneaked off into a native village and got high on marijuana and opium. When four men came looking for him on an AWOL charge, the dope-drugged Perry picked up a gun and killed one of them. Then he ran for it.

For days he roamed through the jungle. He had his gun and an extraordinary constitution. After a few days of roughing it alone, he ran into a British patrol. They believed him when he told them that he had become separated from his outfit. They gave him food and atabrine tablets, and Perry took off into the jungle again aimlessly. He found his way to a native village called Jum Kha.

The people of Jum Kha were headhunters, practitioners of black magic. At first they looked upon the big black in the soldier's uniform with suspicion, but Perry had a way with him. He gave atabrine to the malaria-stricken natives of Jum Kha. Soon, when the little yellow tablets began to work their magic, Perry was accepted into the tribe. He was in.

He began to keep a sort of diary.

"Very much liked now," he wrote. "Pretty girl giving me the glad eye. I'm afraid to talk to her because she's the headman's daughter."

A little while later he was able to write, "Girl and I getting chummy. Family likes it and building hut for us."

And then this entry: "We are married. Women work, men hunt. Not a bad life."

Later on Perry confessed that he was prepared to spend the rest of his life in that jungle village with the headman's daughter. He had his M-1 rifle with him. He hunted tigers and monkeys. In his garden he raised, according to his diary, rice, opium, and ganja. Ganja is the native marijuana. At night the boy from Washington, D. C., smoked himself to sleep with such fruits from his own vines. His woman did all the work. It was, as Perry said, not a bad life. But the jungle never did satisfy him entirely. He began to have civilized longings. He began to hunger for American cigarettes. That was the

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beginning of Herman Perry's end.

He started sending native runners down into Ledo to pick up the cigarettes for him. The authorities heard about the mysterious runners and the stuff they were taking back. One night a group of M.P.s followed one of Herman's runners into the bush.

They came upon Perry in his village. It was five months since he had committed the murder. Perry saw the M.P.s coming and he tried to make another run for it. But the M.P.s shot and wounded him and took him back to Ledo. He spent two months in a hospital recovering, so that he could keep his appointment with a general court martial.

Perry was tried and sentenced to the gallows. They locked him up, pending his day of atonement, but they reckoned without the resourcefulness of a man who had taken everything the jungle could throw at him. One night he cut his way through the barbed wire stockade, and once again the Houdini-like Herman Perry was free.

It took them five more months to catch up with him, and they had to alert the entire Burma-Assam area to do it. They had K-9 dogs after him, and the British brought in Indian bloodhounds. Planes flew over the remotest villages and dropped leaflets carrying his picture and offering a reward for his capture. Perry picked up some of the leaflets himself. Still he eluded them. By that time he was as jungle-wise as a tiger.

But again he made a mistake. One night with his M-1 he held up a bunch of American colored troops and took about thirty dollars away from them. It's never been explained just why he did it, for he must have known he was giving his position away. Perhaps he wanted the money for another try at getting some American cigarettes. Or maybe by that time, deep down inside of him, he wanted to give himself up. Twenty-four hours after the robbery they came upon him. They wounded him in the shoulder. Again he staggered into the bush and got away. But his luck was running out.

A few weeks later they found him in an Indian hut on the Disang River. He was sick, delirious, and he gave up without a fight. Six days later they hanged him, the first American soldier to be hanged in the India-Burma theatre.

And so would seem to end the wondrous tale of Herman Perry, the tale the boys in Burma are embroidering now with active imaginations. They say his wife gave him away. They say it was because he found another girl. They say . . . but all that is embroidery and legend, and the only thing we are sure of is this outline of the facts right up to his death. But even the execution wasn't quite the end of the story of Herman Perry.

Just before they put the noose around his neck he wrote a letter to his brother in America. His brother is Aaron Perry, the well-known Negro boxer. The letter was apparently written a few minutes before his death.

This is the letter:

"Dear Brother

"Heres a letter that may knock your hat to one side this a.m. I walk the last mile with the same smile I had when I saw you fight I don't

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want you to take it so hard Mother told me you were quite worried about me Well don't be I am safe from all harm or at least I will be in a few minutes.

"I don't know what I can say to cheer you up your being in the Army won't help, stick it out kid make the best of it the army will give you a break if you do right so there.

"I did wrong myself please dont make the same mistake its very easy to get in trouble but hell to get out of take it from me I know Almost three years in the army and I wind up like this. You will take my advice wont you You must spare mother any more pain while I die once she will die a thousand times see if you can get a pass go to her spend every second with her you can she needs it

"There must be someone with her at all times for a while if you can make it to her please go right away guess Ill have to close here."

And that is the end of Herman Perry's letter to his brother Aaron. The end, that is, except for two last pencil-written words that dangle in a last line all by themselves. The words are:

"Dont answer."

Nuggets in Jest and Earnest

Quoteworthy: When I appoint a man, I watch to see whether he swells or grows.—WOODROW WILSON . . . To frustrated smokers, these encouraging words: "To cease smoking is the easiest thing I ever did. I ought to know because I've done it a thousand times."—MARK TWAIN . . . Comment of a German prisoner: "Germany is the only nation which has learned nothing from German history."

Short Takes: On a loan application received by a California bank, an Army private listed the name of his "superior" as Uncle Sam.—*The Bankamerican* . . . "This exam will be conducted on the honor system," announced the professor. "Please take places three seats apart and in alternate rows."—SUZI GLASS . . . An advertising man's proposal of marriage: "Remember, this is the last day for this astounding offer."—*Flight Time* . . . Watching a boy eat a watermelon, Enrico Caruso, the great tenor, once commented: "It is a good fruit. You eat, you drink and you wash your face."—DOROTHY CARUSO in *Enrico Caruso* (Simon and Schuster) . . . Chickens caught trespassing on the premises of a Springfield, Illinois, victory gardener are tagged with this message and shooed home: "I have been a bad bird. Please keep me home before I get killed."—*Quote* . . . Shortly before V-E Day Radio Luxembourg went commercial as announcers told the enemy: "When surrendering, please mention this program."—*Punch Press* . . . Love story: "Wilt thou?" And she wilted.—*Rapid City AAB Thunderbird* . . . "I can't give you a furlough, Kraus," said the German oberleutnant during the last days of the Reich, "but maybe we can retreat through your home town."—*Yank*

Observations: A modest girl never pursues a man—but then, did you ever hear of a mousetrap pursuing mice?—*The Tower* . . . When a woman looks into anything thoroughly, it's a mirror or a scandal.—*The Bug* . . . The road to success is full of women pushing their husbands along.—*Plane Patter* . . . A woman's intuition is about two-thirds suspicion.—*Camp Howze Howitzer* . . . History records only one indispensable man: Adam.—*Golden Gate Guardian*

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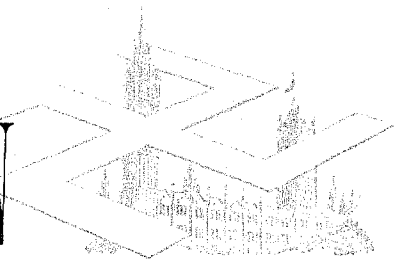
One of Churchill's toughest decisions was to leave London to the total destruction that seemed bound to come



How LONDON Was Doomed

by JACK S. MCDOWELL

Here, for the first time, is the exciting story of the biggest decision Prime Minister Churchill and his war cabinet had to make: whether to give London over to complete obliteration by a Nazi secret weapon or to jeopardize the outcome of the war by launching a premature invasion. A secret known only to a handful of key men in Britain, it was revealed to the author by Francis Williams, Controller of News and Censorship, His Majesty's Government. —THE EDITORS

SOME NINE months before the first flying bomb landed in England, military intelligence officers learned Germany was preparing some new weapons.

A few puzzling words came from one agent. From another came a fragment of information. They began to arrive more frequently, smuggled from Hitler's Fortress Europe and rushed to the cypher rooms.

Gradually, like a complicated jigsaw puzzle, the scraps of information were pieced together to make a picture—a horrifying portrait of the future which sent intelligence chiefs scurrying to No. 10 Downing Street on the double. Mr. Churchill and his colleagues listened, studied the reports, and ordered a secret committee formed immediately.

While Londoners went about their daily tasks on the streets below, unmindful of the terror that had been brewed for them, a handpicked group of British leaders began to file into a room on the top floor of a government building.

They came into the meeting curious, puzzled and silent. Not one of them knew why he had been summoned.

There were an air marshal and an air commodore, a couple of key generals, admirals, men in charge of the home security forces, radar experts, Great Britain's most eminent scientists and Williams.

As they took their seats, tall and lean Duncan Sandys, Member of Parliament, rose as chairman. His face frozen in seriousness, he gave it to them straight and fast: Hitler was about to begin total rocket warfare, and this time he wasn't bluffing.

Agents on the continent had risked their lives to flash via their secret communications lines ad-

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vance word of der Fuehrer's latest terror—the gigantic super-rockets loaded with a new and frightening explosive. Some Allied spies had actually watched test firing into the Baltic Sea.

England's hopes, Chairman Sandys told them, rested in this committee.

"You RAF people," he said in effect, "must study these intelligence reports and let us know what you can do to stop the rockets. Can they be shot down? What can we expect you to do about smashing them at their source with your bombers?

"You, Mr. Radar Expert: Will you be able to detect their approach in time to flash adequate warning?

"You scientists: You must tell us what to anticipate from these rockets. What is the least we can expect in damage and casualties; what is the worst?

"And you home security people: From what you learn from the other committeemen, you must remobilize your civilian defense groups, bring in ambulances and medical staffs from the country, get ready for the casualties.

"The target, we already know, is London!"

More and more intelligence reports came from the continent and each new piece of information was rushed to the committeemen by special courier. The heavy envelopes were secured with sealing wax. Within each envelope was another —also protected by a seal. Each packet contained a numbered receipt slip which had to be signed by the committeeman in the presence of the courier.

The confidential reports returned by the experts were more shocking than reassuring. At the expected rate of speed of the rockets, Allied interceptor planes would be useless. Hitler's new weapon was so good it couldn't be shot down!

The scientists warned that damage and casualties would be staggering. The radar people said they would not be able to give more than sixty seconds' warning of a rocket's approach.

WILLIAMS' colleagues of the secret committee, now, were ready to report to Mr. Churchill and the war cabinet. Here is what they told them:

Great Britain would be unable to cope with the mass disaster after the first week of "city-busters"; they now knew Germany was equipped to send at least one exploding monster crashing into London every thirty minutes, 24 hours a day, seven days a week; loss of life would be so great the city would have to be evacuated; London would be devastated.

There are no known defensive measures, they added sadly. To prevent the disaster-to-come, the cabinet would have to divert Allied air strength from pre-invasion military targets to the Nazi rocket installations, and soon send land armies storming across the Channel to invade the French coastal areas from which the huge rockets were to be fired.

Britain's military leaders then sent these questions to Mr. Churchill:

"Should the invasion of Europe be advanced to capture the rocket-firing emplacements before the attack begins? Should air power be

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concentrated on the rocket sites instead of the continental defenses, factories and communications?"

Back came the answer: "There shall be no alteration of the war plans. The war cabinet is unanimous in this decision."

If London must die, it must. A premature invasion without sufficient advance aerial support could cost the Allies the war.

WHILE THE rocket committee made plans to scatter London's millions about the British Isles and to operate a few essential offices from caverns beneath the surface of the earth during the time their city was being blown into oblivion above, Allied agents on the continent kept a steady file of information pouring across the Channel.

Finally, from the code rooms of the intelligence offices, came word that Germany's most able scientists—the brains which were putting the finishing touches on these great monsters of destruction—were gathered in a combination research laboratory, factory and proving ground near Peenemünde, close to the Baltic coast on the top side of Europe.

An aerial attack was ordered. Every hill, dale, building and house of the Peenemünde area was fitted into a replica for a hand-picked team of RAF pilots to study. They zoomed their hands across the model this way and that; they studied the hazards of approach and argued about speed and altitude. Day after day they "raided" that table model with their hands, pencils and paper—until they were as familiar with Peenemünde as they were with the instrument panels of their own planes.

Not even the airmen, however, were permitted to share in the secret of the deadly "city-busters." They knew only that their target was the hatching nest of a new and important Nazi weapon.

When zero hour for the attack arrived, five hundred heavy bombers took to the air and droned off into the Northeast with the prayers of Britain's leaders in their bomb bays. There could be no slip-ups, no surprise ambushes in Europe's skies, so a thousand fighter planes buzzed along in a powerful protective cordon.

The planes came in on the target with their open bellies all but scraping the tree-tops. Every pilot and bombardier knew exactly where and when his bombs should land. Seventeen hundred tons of high explosives showered the area and each ton had a specific job to do.

Within minutes, nearly all the principal scientists assigned to the super-rocket project were dead; their laboratories and factories were smashed and broken.

The raid caused a God-given delay in the production of the "city busters" at a time when the firing platforms on the French coast—a scant forty miles from London—were ready to begin their deadly work of obliterating the British capital.

But the Nazis didn't give up. Hitler had promised Germany (and probably himself, too) that he would achieve victory through his new secret weapon. His men worked feverishly to overcome the loss of Peenemünde.

It wasn't until some days after Allied troops invaded Normandy,

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however, that he was able to send the first German rockets exploding into London. They were mean, nasty killers—but they were not the great "city-busters"; the bombing of Peenemünde had forced Hitler to begin his attack with the smaller rockets.

These weighed twelve to thirteen tons at the firing point, were 46 feet long, and had one full ton of a powerful new explosive in their warheads when they plopped down into London from some seventy miles up in the stratosphere. A single rocket of this type practically demolished two large blocks of ten-story apartments. There was no defense or warning possible. The first knowledge people in a target area had of a nearby rocket came when their ceilings suddenly began falling on them.

And the heavier rockets—carrying many times as much high explosives in their warheads—were still to come!

Even as our troops pushed the Germans back from the firing platforms they had constructed in France for the Flash Gordon-like monsters, Hitler's experts burned the midnight oil in an attempt to rush the "city-busters" to completion to begin the systematic destruction of London.

When the last rocket was fired into the British capital from a battery some 150 miles away in Holland—no more than forty days before the surrender—the Germans still were working at fever pitch to pull an eleventh hour victory out of their laboratories.

But it was another case of too little and too late!

How To Hunt a Crocodile

A SOLDIER ON FURLOUGH from an Army camp in Florida was giving some advice on crocodile hunting to an interested northern friend. "All you need," he said, "is a telescope, a match-box, a pair of tweezers, some dull reading matter, and a pair of trunks."

Puzzled, the friend asked how you used such strange equipment.

"First you go down to a shack near one of the crocodile streams," the soldier explained. "Then you put on your trunks and walk out into the stream until you see a crocodile. The minute you see it, dash back into the shack, close the door, pull out your dull literature and start reading. The stuff's so dull you soon fall asleep.

"By that time the crocodile's nostrils are full of human flesh. He'll make his way to the shack and break through one of the windows and find you asleep over the book. Now a crocodile's very inquisitive. He'll see the reading matter and begin to read, and he, too, will fall asleep. Because you went to sleep earlier, the chances are that you'll get up before the crocodile.

"The minute you wake up, take your telescope and look at the crocodile through the wrong end. When you get him small enough, reach out for the tweezers, pick him up and put him in the matchbox.

"And that's how you hunt crocodiles!" —SAM JAFFE

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Veterans are bringing home a bumper crop of moustaches in assorted sizes and shapes

There's Something About a Moustache!

by KEITH AYLING

MAKE WAY FOR the moustache! As the Johnnies come marching home, they are hauling with them substantial tonnage in surplus hair adorning the upper lip. The advance specimens are casting lengthy, drooping shadows of more hair to come. In Washington, New York and Hollywood, barbers are dusting off the curling irons, and in Boston and Crown Point you can already hear the ghostly clatter of moustache cups.

Unless the American woman says no in a big way and turns her lips away from face fungi, the hair is here to stay. They have been sprouting on all fronts—glamorous Ronald Colmans, bushies, French tweaks, and all varieties of boxes and triangles. The champ so far is a ten and one-half inch handlebar, raised in the Burma jungles and brought intact to Dracut, Mass., by a captain of the Army Air Forces.

But the hundreds of thousands of other servicemen indulging in hirsute horticulture are not envious. They know that a moustache is a gloriously personal thing in which originality of design counts as much as bulk. True, there are five broad and general classifications—bushy, French horn, Anglo-Saxon triangle, Balkan droop, and military box brush—but there is plenty of room within each category for individuality of expression.

Hitler's infamous box was an original. It resembled a pair of bumble bees perched under his nose. Stalin favors the walrus or droop with a Slavonic motif that inclines to shagginess. His is definitely a pipe smoker's moustache. General De Gaulle wears an aggressive French military bushy that he strokes with his right forefinger when agitated. Suave Anthony Eden carries the well-groomed triangle so beloved by the British aristocracy. Governor Dewey's bristling porcupine, indicative of a go-getter at peak power, is strictly his own.

The cavalry moustache which is today finding great popularity among members of the RAF and

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the gayer blades of the American forces got started in Hungary in the nineteenth century when every trooper was obliged to wear a moustache long enough to chew. As corporal punishment was common, the cavalrymen didn't cry—they chewed on their moustaches.

So impressive was the picture of the Hungarians that other countries attempted to imitate them. Denmark, despairing of getting genuine Hungarians, imported a troop of Bosnians, Oriental horsemen with ferocious, upturned moustaches. The Bosnians deserted shortly before an important review for the King's birthday, so the Danes met the crisis by dressing their own men in turbans and flowing pants and marking their faces with formidable charcoal moustaches. Nature was unkind to the desperate Danes—it rained. After that the wig makers were kept busy fashioning Bosnian moustaches from tails of black horses.

In the last war, Kaiser Wilhelm's super upsweep was regarded as a symbol of his strength and power. He spent hours perfecting its curl and stimulating its bristle. By day it was cared for by a special attendant. Each night it was locked in an iron frame which held it securely in position and forced the Kaiser to sleep on his back.

It is hard to predict just how the return of the moustache will be welcomed in America, but it is almost certain to be viewed more broad-mindedly than it was in Victorian England. A moustache was understood to be the privilege of the upper classes only, and when tradespeople and workmen began to grow them, Britain felt her national institutions were at stake.

The dignified Bank of England passed a regulation that "clerks must not wear moustaches in business hours." The more daring clerks retorted by snipping off their weeds, and having them made up by unscrupulous wig makers. After hours they stuck the creations on their lips to enjoy the guilty pleasure of aping their superiors. The big stores followed suit in an attempt to keep working people in their place. A famous drapery establishment on Regent Street announced its refusal to employ clerks who wore moustaches or parted their hair in the middle.

But America is sure to hear from the cleanliness clan which will cite the proven fact that moustaches are germ carriers. In 1875 a famous Paris doctor enlisted the services of two young men, one clean-shaven and the other moustached. After a stroll up and down the boulevards and lunch at the Café de la Paix, the pair returned to the doctor's office where a beauteous young woman waited with sterilized lips. The young men kissed her in turn, while the doctor took slides of her lips. Paris waited breathlessly for the results. The clean-lipped kiss revealed small colonies of harmless bacteria. But the slide taken after the oscular assault of the moustache was literally swarming with microbes, pieces of food and dirt, some of them harmful.

But the Frenchmen scoffed and

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continued to wear their tweaks and brushes. And their women seemed to like them just as well.

Most American soldiers have discovered that it takes anywhere from two weeks to two months to grow a moustache. And they have found that to keep it crisp and zippy, it must not be neglected for a single day. But however hard it is to raise and maintain, no misery can compare with having to cut it off.

Famous moustaches almost always go with their owners to the grave. General Gaishi Nagaoka of Japan was the proud possessor of a twenty-inch job that, when he died, was clipped off and interred in a special separate tomb.

Fritz Kleber, a native of East Prussia, sported a sixty-inch growth that was donated to a Berlin museum upon his death. Kleber, incidentally, used to cheat slightly. When wax failed to give the necessary support to his silken outrigger, he inserted light strips of bamboo to keep it rampant.

What makes a man want to wear a moustache these days? The answer is vanity, the hope that it will lift him above the average of his fellows. The heavily-lipsticked woman is bound to object if her shedding swains leave her lips looking like a red mackinaw. But a lot of other women will love them. And that's another good reason for the impending triumph of the moustache.

Where There's a Will . . .

E. J. HALLEY, of Memphis, Tennessee, left five thousand dollars each "to the nurse who removed a pink monkey from the foot of my bed, and to the cook at the hospital who removed snakes from my broth."

A CRAFTY MERCHANT left the following directions upon his death: "Draw my will so that my overdraft at the bank goes to my wife—she can explain it. Give my equity in my car to my son—he will have to go to work to keep up the payments. Give my good will to the supply house—they took some awful chances with me and are entitled to something. I want six of my creditors for pall-bearers—they have carried me so long, they might as well finish the job."

ONE OLD BACHELOR left all his property to three ladies to whom he had proposed marriage and who had refused him. "By their refusal," he stated, "to them I owe all my earthly happiness." —LOUIS B. BERK

AN ENGLISH ECCENTRIC known as Honest Jack Fuller stipulated in his will that he be interred in a mausoleum. The reason was that he wanted to prevent his relatives from eating him. "The worms would eat me," he explained, "the ducks would eat the worms and my relations would eat the ducks." —HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

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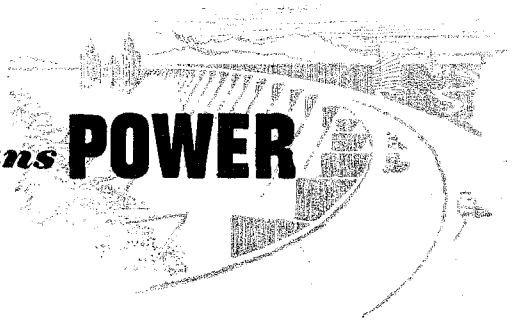
A little-known American holds the blueprint of happiness for China's starving millions

Savage Means POWER



by ANN FIELDS

IF YOU WERE to ask any ten thousand people in the city of Denver, Colorado, who John Savage is they would probably look at you blankly and say: "I don't know." Likewise, his name would probably draw a blank from most Americans from coast to coast. And yet his name will be found by future archeologists written in legends of stone. It will stand as a monument to the vision and indefatigable industry of a shy, quiet, gentle man who dreamed in stone—and executed those dreams to turn arid, sun-scorched wildernesses into valleys of flowers and water.

The name of John Savage will be chiselled on the stone base of Boulder Dam, Shasta, Norris, Wheeler and the man-made wonder, Grand Coulee. If present plans of the world's greatest designer of dams works out, his name will be on still another dam—the greatest of them all.

For John Savage, engineer with the Department of Interior's Bureau of Reclamation, has laid plans to master the greatest untrapped force on earth—the mighty Yangtze River. For two thousand years experts have said the Yangtze could never be conquered. For as many years thousands of acres and millions of people have been condemned to a narrow world of impoverished land and backwoods isolation. All the while, the torrential Yangtze, greatest potential source of power on earth, roared unharnessed past their door.

Now, a modest American engineer has offered those millions of Chinese coolies escape from a drearily unpromising environment. In addition he has startled engineers the world over. The proposed Ichang Dam on the Yangtze is not only "big" in the sense of the millions directly affected; the project is so mighty in scope that it will affect history. It is so immense that it prompted one State Department official to say: "Let us not forget that this single enterprise will industrialize China, make her dominant in the Far East, and change her from a backward civilization to one of the greatest world powers."

Lonely, childless, widower John

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Lucian Savage is the first to know that, and will be the last to forget it. His whole lifetime has been spent in thinking in terms of millions of happy people, millions of productive acres, and the billions of dollars to make them possible. He has been called "America's first billion dollar engineer."

In his time he has devised and done a hundred things that other engineers said couldn't be done. Savage techniques are the mother of present day dam construction methods.

Today the world is bidding for his services. He has proved himself the top "trouble man" of his profession. Already the name John Savage is better known in China, Mexico, Australia, India, and Great Britain than in his own country.

It was while he was abroad that the English Government prevailed on him to go to India and map out as many strategic dam sites as time would permit. Savage did 32. Mexico wanted him. The Palestine Government wanted him. He went to map out the River Jordan. The Panama Canal needed his services.

Then it was that some Chinese officials hesitantly and doubtfully wrote him asking if maybe he would have a look at the hopeless Yangtze. The Chinese Government promptly forgot it, thinking the "fabulous American engineer would not so waste his time."

John Savage headed for China. He holed himself in high on a cliff in a little Chinese house at Ichang, east of Chungking. Here he surrounded himself with thirty Chinese children and almost as many people to take care of them. Spending hours in the solitude of the hilltops, writing, marking, compiling, he became almost a medicine man to the village of Ichang. Here, with hell popping all around him and the Japanese often only a few miles away, bombing and destroying, was a man making gigantic plans for the future peace and prosperity as calmly as if there were no war anywhere.

As the imperturbable Savage wandered about hilltops, shinneyed across gorges, seeking and searching for his dam outlets, the natives trooped behind at a respectful distance, watching with awe the activities of the American engineer. They understood little of what was going on, but the general belief was that great events were just around the corner. Bombs and destruction were momentarily forgotten, and a great hope grew.

THEY WERE not disappointed. Six months later John Savage said quietly to a group of Chinese engineers: "I can build the dam." The impact of the words were electrifying. Pop-eyed with astonishment, the young engineers spread the word around. It reached Chiang Kai-shek at battle headquarters. The Generalissimo promptly sent an invitation for Savage to come to tea. Donald Nelson, then in China, came to talk to Savage.

He had seen the hard-pressed coolies cracking rocks with almost bare knuckles. He had seen the long lines of hard-pressed laborers carrying precious water over miles of earth strung on bamboo poles. The words of the engineer were that day the greatest single hope that had shone out of many dreary years of

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hopelessness. Now, if the magic words could become a reality, China could pass through new doors into a world of sun and light.

"It can be done," said Savage, "and I'm sure it will be." His authoritative words were all that China needed.

The Ichang Dam, as now projected by Savage, would be the most tremendous man-made mass of concrete on earth. Savage points out: "With the possible exception of some tributary of the Amazon, this is, beyond all question in my personal experience, the greatest single potential source of hydro power in the world today."

In order to make it possible Savage will also be doing one of the most amazing feats of engineering the world has ever beheld. This fourth largest river in the world must be diverted, rerouted, and handled in such a way that it can become a plaything in the engineer's hands. At Boulder Dam only four huge fifty-foot-diameter tunnels were necessary. Here there must be twenty.

The Savage plan for the job reads more like a Superman radio script than a real life drama.

He wants to have a single lock which could hoist a vessel 500 feet. But to have such a water lift would necessitate gates so big they could not be managed. To solve this, Savage is calmly planning to force a shaft down through the mountains, reroute the river to the base, then somehow construct machinery to take care of the intake and outlet of water from the shaft.

The result of the 750 foot high structure will be, to say the least, breath-taking. There will be a 250-mile-long reservoir having a capacity of fifty million acre-feet, or twice that of our own Boulder Dam: the Yangtze will be open to ships of ten thousand tons, and ten million acres of land will be made irrigable. The dam would moderate if not eliminate China's devastating floods and would provide water and double crop production in food-deficient China. It would cost roughly a billion dollars.

"It's a classic," says Savage, with a gleam in his eyes.

Neither the State Department, the Bureau of Reclamation nor the Chinese Ambassador will make a definite statement about the dam to date. It is, however, an active project file. It would have to be financed with American capital and built by America. No other country in the world today could supply the money and machinery for the job. It would supply jobs for thousands, open up factories and sell large quantities of American materials. It would stake down American interests in China and would eventually pay for itself. While China waits with bated breath for any decision on the project, John Savage goes calmly along, dreaming and working as if it were a reality. To him a dam is a sure thing. If you can build it—you do. The money end of the business never bothers him. He's always preferred dams to money.

SAVAGE's first job for the Bureau of Reclamation was the Minidoka Dam project in Idaho. He arrived in an unseasonable snow storm to find headquarters was a tent, atop which was a flag signifying that within was yellow smallpox. But

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John Savage weathered that and everything else from then on. He knew his groove and nothing could shake him from it. He wanted to build the biggest dams on earth and only the United States Treasury could match his vision with dollars. From the first he has been unchangeably and incorruptibly a government man, giving unqualified allegiance to his country at all times. He says of Boulder Dam: "I would not have left that project for ten million in cash." He says it and means it. If he had gone into business for himself he would today be a millionaire.

In the strictly material sense of wealth, John Savage is poor. In intelligence, culture, humility and position, he has no peer. Today he lives in a modest unpretentious frame house at 1651 Dahlia Street in Denver. His widowed sister, Mrs. Mary S. Winston, keeps house for him. The house, in need of paint, is made lovely by flowers and wide well-kept lawns. Its master has a study on the second floor overlooking the lawn. It's as neat a workshop as its occupant. Here, when not on field trips, Savage hunches over a drawing board, planning and dreaming new and better devices for building bigger dams.

On the street Savage would never be noticed. There is nothing to mark him as outstanding — his height is average, his gray hair neatly, conventionally combed, his business suit subdued, his manner self-effacing. That's the way he likes it. Only on the subject of dams does Savage glow with uncontrollable excitement and his eyes burn with feverish ambition.

The most suitable tribute ever paid Savage came from a citation given him when he received the John Fritz Medal, highest honor that can come in his field. It said: "From time to time there appears on the engineering stage a personality that commands attention as outstanding in his field. His qualities of heart and mind are unusual. His deeds speak louder than his words, and he is likely to be inordinately modest. The accomplishments of such a man mark him great not only in the sum total of his efforts but also in the quality of fiber of its components. Such a man is John Lucian Savage."

Service Record

DINING ABOARD a Navy ship, the Army officer was delighted with the delicious rolls served for dinner. One of the Navy officers explained. "It's because of our system," he pointed out. "You see, our breadmaker was a baker in civilian life, so we made him a baker in the Navy."

The Army man asked to meet the baker, and upon being introduced asked him where he had baked before he entered the service. "I never saw an oven before I put on uniform," answered the baker. "I recorded myself as a 'banker' on my enlistment papers, but somewhere along the line they must have dropped the 'n'!"

—*Seahorse*

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The odds are big on this country lawyer's winning his case in the world court

International Lawyer

by MICHAEL EVANS

WHEN Supreme Court Justice Robert Houghwout Jackson practiced law in Jamestown, New York, he made more money than any other lawyer in town. The banks, the power companies, the street railway companies all depended on him for counsel. He made about thirty thousand dollars a year and he liked to call himself "just a country lawyer."

But there was another Jackson—the Jackson who went into court, for nothing, to defend a Communist's right to sell his paper on the streets, the Jackson who won 25 thousand dollars for a young stenographer who, in an operation, lost the sight of her eye.

If you went through America from Boston to Boise or from Muncie to Monterey you could find many Robert Jacksons. Possibly their names would not be so familiar as Justice Jackson's, and certainly the details of their careers would differ, but looking from one Jackson to the other, here is a typical American. Here is a symbol of what America is, a symbol of what America produces, of what America promises.

Robert Jackson became important as a symbol of America in 1945, when President Truman appointed him the American prosecutor of Axis war criminals.

Jackson looked at international law—a stuffy compendium, filled with precedents about international fisheries and extradition for embezzlement. Actually, there did not exist in the world an effective body of international law. Such international tribunals as had led a precarious existence before 1939 had endured only through abnegation of any real powers.

Jackson studied past history, present practice and future possibilities. And he emerged with a doctrine which fitted the situation as a glove fits your hand.

He stated that we had, by treaty (Kellogg-Briand pact), agreed that aggressive war was a crime. Therefore, he who waged aggressive war was a criminal. That was simple, logical, and legal. Accept that thesis and your only problem is to decide which Nazis shall be exempted from punishment. As for the rest, you bring them to court, present your case and allow justice to take its course.

Jackson was the New Deal prosecutor at the zenith of New Deal reform. He lost only six of the 44 cases he prosecuted. It is doubtful that Jackson will fall below this record in the international court.

He has stated his belief that "aggressive war is a crime." Any person in Jamestown, New York, will wager you two dollars—or even ten—that Bob proves his case.

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Robert Houghwout Jackson

Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court

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Foreword: Belle J. Benchley, director of the Balboa Park Zoo in San Diego, is the only woman zoo keeper in the world. In this condensation from her latest book, she writes of her zoo's most irresistible subjects, baby animals. Mrs. Benchley has an all-embracing affection for her young charges. She tells us how they are born, cared for, and trained by their parents. She writes of nursing time, of the jealousy of older babies, of the problems of adolescence and the care of orphans. Among her babies are the Little Cock Horse, a zebra colt which won the heart of a blue grass horse breeder; Lotus, the young hippo; Taku, the polar-bear cub, and scores of others.

Here you get a brief and heart-warming picture of motherhood and of the lives of some of the bird and animal babies scampering about Mrs. Benchley's "man-made jungle:"

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WHEN I came to the San Diego Zoo nineteen years ago, I took it for granted, as most people do, that little animal children just grew and developed normally under the law of nature. I could not believe they needed the discipline human children require, and felt perfectly sure that animal mothers were all unvaryingly good mothers.

But before long I realized that animal babies differ in their needs and characters from birth, through adolescence, to parenthood, as human beings do.

Two animals as "human" as any I've known were the raccoon, Goggles, and the peccary, Coche.

A local family of short-story writers were doing a series about bottle-fed babies and were raising a baby coon, skunk, and several baby birds, when we had a litter of two little peccaries born in the zoo. We sold one to them to be raised with the other bottle babies as a contribution to child stories. This little peccary was named Coche and became the darling of the family.

The coon, Goggles, was devoted to little Coche. But he could not resist the inherited instinct of his family to roam around at night. He was very clever at escaping from all sorts of cages and pens and always made straight for the alleys, where he enjoyed himself by exploring and upsetting garbage cans, sticking his nose into every inviting mysterious smell and caring not what havoc he made in beautiful yards and clean porches. For a time he came to the call of his name but soon he refused to return when they called and whistled.

Goggles was always greatly perturbed when Coche squealed. At the first cry of the little pig, he came rushing to his aid, apparently realizing his own better equipment for defense. One night Goggles was missing and his mistress, fearing he was away on mischief bent, thought of a good plan. She gathered Coche into her arms and carried him to the back door. Coche was getting to be a good-sized pig by now. He liked petting, but he did not like to be held away from your body, apparently fearing he would fall. If you did that he would squeal as though he were about to be slaughtered. This evening when she held Coche out away from her, he started to squeal at the top of his lungs. Down the alley and over the back fence, straight to Coche's rescue came Goggles, who was soon safely shut up for the night. This ruse could be repeated indefinitely if Goggles were in hearing distance, but he apparently decided at last that if Coche was going to be such a cry baby he would have to take him along. So from time to time the coon, accompanied by the little pig, would sneak out into the streets to see the sights at night.

One evening a friend called up to ask if anything had escaped from the zoo. I told her that I knew of nothing that could be out.

"Well," she said, "a few minutes ago I heard a distinct knocking at my front door and when I opened it there walked right into my living room the strangest pair of creatures I ever saw outside the zoo. One looks like a pig, only he doesn't, and the other surely is a raccoon, but exceedingly tame and friendly." I knew then that Coche and Goggles, who lived about half a mile

Condensed from the book *My Animal Babies*, published at $3.00 by Little, Brown and Company, Boston; copyright 1945, by Belle J. Benchley

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away, were out making evening calls and so I told her where they belonged. Coche had a very cute little habit of knocking on the floor with his foot when he wanted in or out. Finding my friend's house a homey, inviting place, he had apparently decided to call upon her.

IT WAS not because he was any more appealing than any of our other young bears, nor even any better loved, for he was not; nevertheless there is no doubt that our small polar bear named Taku attracted more attention and photographers than all our other small bears.

Taku was born on the morning of December 6, 1941, and orders went out from the main office that nobody was to see the baby except the head keeper and the veterinarian, and of course the man in charge of that series of grottoes. Not until the fifteenth of March, did mother bear venture out into the grotto with a rolling white bundle of fur close behind. She looked longingly at the clear water of her deep pool and led the cub right up to the edge of the shallow end, but that looked uninviting to him. He refused to accompany her in spite of her pulling and pushing, and tried with his baby strength to hold her out of harm's way. But finally she slipped in, leaving him on the edge.

After bathing she came out and took hold of the hide just back of his ear, and pulling not too gently she dragged her son halfway across the floor to the pool. Whether or not she weakened her hold or he suddenly found a little reserve strength, the next second he was loose. She started after him but, changing her mind, plunged over the side into deep water. Plainly worried, the cub rushed out to the rescue, whining and coaxing, and when she came to the side of the pool where he was, he took hold of her great white ruff and struggled to drag her out of the water. Motherlike, she succumbed to his baby pleading and came out.

On the morning of the third day I saw him dragged into the pool most unwillingly. He struggled and fought, but relentlessly the superior strength of the mother won over dragging feet and struggling baby flesh. She took him in from the front where the floor of the pool sloped gradually away from the floor of the grotto, and when she had him out where the water was about twelve inches deep she pushed him under and then, taking her great scrubbing brush of a paw, she scoured him vigorously from head to tail. I had always thought that the coarse pads of hair on a polar's feet were intended to keep the bare soles off the ice and to keep them from slipping when it was wet and melting, but the mother bear, knowing more bear lore than I shall ever know, was perfectly sure they were primarily intended for a scrubbing brush.

Day after day the mother forced him farther into the pool until at last he became almost too daring, plunging off the highest edge, striking her body as she floated past. And then one day, the father was turned out with his family. When the big bear approached the baby, the frightened Taku dodged to the

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other side of the mother. The mother stood watching carefully and as the father reached her she sniffed significantly a time or two and the big bear decided he needed a bath. So he plunged into the pool. Then indeed was Taku indignant, for he knew that pool belonged to him and his mother. He looked to her for sympathy, but she slipped from his side and entered the pool. Around and around they swam, each in turn smoothly slipping over or under the leader, with Taku patting around the edge, entirely unable to keep up with them, snatching at the big head of his mother as she passed him at intervals. Perhaps the father thought again of the interesting woolly cub, for he started to leave the pool. His mate, as though mother instinct had suddenly asserted itself, once more threatened him with a low growl and climbed past him, edging herself between him and the cub.

Such tactics applied to daily living finally convinced the father that the cub was something he should not interfere with. It was a great day when I first saw all three polar bears enjoying the pool or sleeping closely cuddled in the corner.

It was during a noon hour, rather warm for November, and all of the creatures were enjoying the belated summer weather, stretched out asleep in pen after pen, some spread in the sun, others lying in the broken shade of the towering eucalyptus trees. But in one of the last few pens there was a large russet-colored wallaroo (a medium-sized kangaroo) doing something that looked quite mysterious to me. She had tucked both of her short forelegs into an opening in the abdominal cavity, was stretching it out and peering down at her vital organs, or so it seemed, through a small neat opening situated just about where the navel is in most mammals. She was very busy and as I watched she extended the mouth of the cavity as wide as possible. Then she turned the entire body of the pouch almost inside out while she seemed to be cleaning the walls. The inside was a light color and looked wrinkled, like the stomach lining in other animals. I could not see any hair. Industriously she scraped and smoothed this lining with her hands, from time to time stooping her head down as though to remove something with her teeth.

I found Joe Mutters, the caretaker, and asked him what she was doing. "Well, now, I never saw them do that," he said, "but she might be cleaning out the crib for the new baby."

"Well," said I, "I don't believe that is it, because she didn't have a baby in it or around any place to put in it."

"How do you know if she did have one?" he replied. "It wouldn't even show for a month or two yet."

According to scientists, the tiny kangaroo at birth is not more than a couple of inches long at most, is certainly undeveloped, with a huge insectivorous-looking head, over-developed front legs and feet but no back legs at all. The shapeless body looks like a red worm. It is born while the mother rests in a sitting position and immediate-

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ly, as though moved by powers beyond its control, the blind, helpless creature crawls upward along a deep central line to the mother's pouch until it finds the opening. Into this again it instinctively crawls and fastens its mouth to feed. The only mammary glands are in this pouch and when the baby leaves it permanently it is weaned.

Some very interesting facts have been brought to light about the progress of this little kangaroo to the pouch. Its over-developed forearms seem to be furnished with a claw and they move with a sort of overhead stroke, one after the other. It takes about thirty minutes for the embryonic creature to make the trip. When it finally enters the pouch, it must be exhausted. In none of the cases observed does the reporter claim that the mother assists the creature in its climb.

But once the baby kangaroo is in the pouch, the tiny body makes no impression on the exterior for weeks. The opening is as tightly closed as usual, but after a few weeks the lower part of the pouch begins to round out as the young kicks about and wiggles. Larger and larger stretch the elastic walls, and heavier and heavier becomes the mother's burden. And then perhaps after two months, if you approach the pen quietly you may see a bright little triangular face, looking exactly like the mother's, protruding from the pouch. If the mother feels that you are dangerous, she touches the little head or signals by some other silent, unseen way, and in it pops, completely out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. When the baby begins to feel more crowded, for by this time it is around four months old, it slips clear out and it is lots of fun to see the little fellow scurry back if you startle him. He dives head first into the pouch, struggles to pull in the big back legs and long tail, and mother hops off, carrying him out of danger with perhaps two black feet and five or six inches of tail protruding like a grotesque tassel from the upper part of her abdomen.

RECENTLY, after nearly twenty years in the zoo, I witnessed two signs of mother love and playfulness. A large wallaroo had carried her young daughter nearly a year, permitting her to return to the pouch when she could not possibly find room for her head and feet and tail at the same time. For several weeks now, we had known that there was a tiny new embryonic child occupying that pouch. I was showing a group of visitors about the zoo and we stopped the car to have a good look. Suddenly something that one of us did startled the older baby. She looked about wildly for a second and, seeing no cover, remembered the safety of the dark pouch from which she was now excluded. She rushed to the mother and, placing her small front feet on either side of the orifice, pulled it, none too gently, apart and pushed her head in just as far as she could, pulling the sides closely around her head. The mother endured the child's ostrich-like hiding until the little daughter pulled out her head once more. Then the mother put her nose down

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to the nose of her half-grown child; gently they rubbed noses in what appeared to be complete understanding.

I can readily understand the amazement of the lucky ones who have visited seal rookeries during the three months the seals inhabit the land that each mother seal is able to recognize the voice of her pup in the pandemonium of barking, crying and roaring seals upon the rocky shores of the island. When she returns from a swim or fishing trip to sea, straight as a die she makes for her own pup, climbing over the bodies of her kind, pushing aside any interference, and slashing at any strange infant which tries to claim her as its mother. To her it makes no difference if the child has moved, for she seeks it out; and later when the pups are learning to swim and rolling and playing in the surf, she selects her own as promptly and unerringly as when on land it lies among thousands which to our eyes are exact duplicates.

I had long ago given up trying to identify the two seal pups in the zoo, but one day as I stood by the fence looking down at the group I heard one of the pups cry out with its quavering baby bark. The seals had all been fed a few minutes before and the mothers were enjoying a swim with the herd.

I wondered if the mother would heed, if indeed she even heard, the voice of her baby above the noise of the splashing water and the happy barking of the big seals. But suddenly mother seal shot up the sloping runway of the pool and the baby voice was suddenly still, either because it just wanted mother or because it had wanted its dinner. The second mother had paid not the least attention to the baby.

A YOUNG leopard or harbor seal, as it is sometimes called, was born on the side of our pool one bright morning in April. There he lay on the near bank, like a shining silver balloon tightly blown up, beside his mother, who turned her round, always surprised-looking eyes toward the crowd of people gathered there. As the number of visitors increased, she became more and more concerned, and finally with a little grunting sound and a touch of her nose against his little head she rolled off into the water. I had heard and believed that baby seals could not swim when they were born, but the baby had not heard about his inability to swim and so, obeying that touch of his mother, he rolled over sideways into the water with as much confidence as his mother had shown. He struck bravely out toward his mother, paddling and swinging his back flippers in a not too orthodox fashion, but still making progress.

When he reached his mother, he slipped closely against her side. She closed her eyes and nostrils to sink below the surface, and again he followed. The water where they disappeared was about six feet deep and I waited their reappearance anxiously. Suddenly the water broke much nearer the dam, where the depth was greater. To my great relief, just behind the mother's head, flat against her round neck, I saw the small round head of her

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newborn infant. She had apparently dived quietly under him and brought him up on her back, knowing much better than I could guess how long he could safely remain immersed.

He soon became quite adept at swimming beside her, but he had trouble in keeping himself up without paddling, and in learning the swift graceful movement of his tail flippers by which his family propel themselves so rapidly through the sea. He would swim and dive by the hour until he became tired or perhaps a little panic-stricken; then just as he would be going under the water in spite of his efforts to remain on the surface, the plaintive "Maaa" would call for help. Even when he was several months old, the mother was always ready to drop deep under the tired little body and bring it up riding high on her shoulders.

ONE DAY a report came in to the general office that the newborn camel was weak and would die unless artificial food was supplied. The mother had not abandoned him; she was simply unable to nurse him.

When Harry Edwards tried to feed the small dromedary it refused to suck the milk from the bottle or drink it any other way. A large bottle with a goat's nipple about the size of a large finger was used, and should have been admirable. Our doctor suggested that we add sugar and evaporated milk to the whole milk we were then using. It still plainly was not palatable to the small camel. We had been reading what our meager library provided about camels and one thing we learned was that camel milk is rich, very rich and sweet, and so we added Karo syrup and some malted milk. The dromedary sucked greedily on the small bottle of this mixture until it was empty.

I hate to think of the cases and cases of malted milk it took to raise that baby camel. By the time he was six months old he must have been at least almost worth his weight in gold, for he ate often and much and always the greater part of the meal was malted milk and dextrose mixed with whole cow's milk. He grew tall, straight-legged, round-humped and beautiful.

This camel, which we named Sheik, although an expensive orphan to feed, proved to be an excellent investment, for just when he was approaching two years old, gentle, strong and handsome, one of the studios began the first filming of the famous play *Beau Geste* and many camels were needed for the desert scenes which were made in an extensive stretch of sand dunes near the town of Yuma. Our camels all were rented. The rental price of animals is now much less than it used to be, but at that time we were paid one hundred dollars a day for each camel from the time it left the zoo until it was returned. Young Sheik, bringing the same price as his parents, was found after the "shooting started" to be the best, gentlest and most intelligent of all the camels. He had no bad habits and did not bite. Consequently he was ridden by the star and used in every scene. Many of the camels were returned to their owners long before the

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picture was finished but ours were retained. Sheik had to be there for all the retakes and added scenes, and so even though he had been an expensive baby to raise he paid for his keep in that and other pictures many times over.

JUST AS IT happens in human families, the passage of time brings many complications into the lives of the little folk who occupy the cradles of our jungleland. First comes, with something of a surprise, the mother's acceptance of the early efforts of her child to assert itself and free its little body somewhat from her control. Instead of warning her baby fearfully and gently away from pools and fences or nosing him quietly out of the feed trough where the adult animals are eating, or taking bits of strange food from his mouth, she moves away from the seeking lips and the pushing nose and grasping hands. She knows that in the not too distant future this fine young fellow will have to seek his own food, snuggle among his fellows for the warmth and comfort and protection which until now he has found with her alone.

We who watch from outside the cages know when weaning time comes and that the next few weeks are going to be just a bit difficult for the baby. Instead of enjoying the freedom he sought, he feels bewildered and uncomfortable. And usually we know what the growing infant cannot know, that before too long a new little sister or brother will be filling the place he has lost.

Sometimes to us onlookers at the zoo the mother appears willing to sacrifice the new baby to the demands of the older child. We have had mother sheep and deer so indulgent that they would nurse their older child until the new infant was nearly starved to death, and such behavior is not confined to one species of animal. The only cure is to move the old baby into a different enclosure until the new baby can arouse his mother's maternal desire to protect and care for him.

Katie, our chimpanzee mother, never did really wean her first child. By the time Georgie was nearly three years old it would appear that she had little if any milk left, and yet, when in danger of being summarily corrected by his none too affectionate father, Tim, Georgie always flew screaming to the sanctuary of his mother's arms. In order to see that each of the apes got the amount of milk formula we wished them to have, we had formed the habit of feeding them in midafternoon from bottles. Georgie wanted his share of this interesting ceremony and would drink nearly a quart of the warm milk plus vitamin tablets, calcium and other substances. Eventually, his craving satisfied, Georgie found little further need for his mother's milk.

Mothers differ greatly in their treatment of the weaning episode. Some are ruthlessly glad to be relieved of the burden. They bite, slap and show their heels until, at last convinced, the baby steals away, often to be met with abuse, teasing, and ill treatment by others a little older than himself. But again in some families, especially among

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the primates, the older children in the family constitute themselves nurse and mentor, just as did Big Sis, our famous oldest daughter of the giddy Guinea baboon mother. She could scarcely wait until the babies were big enough for her to care for, and when she was little more than a baby herself, her hair was ragged and thin from the clutching fingers of the big family of younger sisters and brothers.

There are many ways in which these small animals comfort themselves when first deprived of their mother's milk and soft side to lie against. Little bears lie out flat on their little stomachs, turn their two front paws up and, burying their noses in the soft flesh, hum until they fall asleep. Some babies suck parts of each other's coat until they produce bare patches of skin. Baby seals will suck their own flippers until they are sore, and small cats sometimes in their loneliness suck their own tails.

Recently in the zoo we had an example of mother love and discipline of an older child which even after nineteen years in zoo work, I found astonishing. It happened in a family of one of our rarest monkeys, the golden Assam.

When the first baby was seventeen months old, the mother gave birth to her second child. It is usually perfectly safe to leave these monkey families together, and this first baby had long been weaned and was playing all over the cage. Then Arnold, the keeper, noticed that the older child kept pushing the little one away from the breast and at times tried to remove it entirely from its mother's arms. He was especially worried because the mother made no effort to protect the newborn child but seemed perfectly willing that her older son should usurp its place.

We watched carefully, and the new baby seemed to be growing weaker and less able to cling for itself. When we entered the cage, the older fellow, whom we continued to call Goldie long after his rich golden baby coat had faded, came to us, holding out his hands, scolding and crying at us as he does when he begs from his friends or zoo visitors. We lifted him up easily and carried him out, and, putting him in a small holding cage, petted and played with him, brought him choice morsels of food, and then left him to his own devices. When he realized that he was isolated, he began to scream. If we played with Goldie he was all right, but as soon as we left he began screaming and trying to find a way to escape.

The next day he continued his actions, becoming even more violent and hysterical as the day wore on. That night we put him in a warm snug box inside the sleeping compartment in his little cage, but when morning came the first thing the keeper heard as he opened the gate was the wail of Goldie. When he was released he threw himself off the shelf upon the cement floor below, cutting his lip and bruising his face. When we picked him up he tried to escape, fighting and beating himself against the wall and floor.

Goldie let me pet and comfort him, he was weak and stiff from his bruises, but the minute I released him from my hands he recom-

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menced his wailing and attempts to injure himself. I feared that in his hysteria he would really go into convulsions or make himself incurably ill. His lips were bleeding and he looked with real misery into my eyes. I laughed and said, "He wins, boys; let's put him back on the shelf with them." And that's what we did.

He hopped over the head of his tall father and landed in his chosen spot on the shelf between them, whimpering loudly, his high voice cracking and hoarse from all the crying. The parents, in their Oriental stoicism, seemed to pay little attention, but he snuggled down against his mother's side, comforted. And then suddenly he felt the clinging and grasping hands of his little sister, and his joy at returning to the bosom of his family turned to bitter hatred. Showing all his pointed baby teeth, he tried to tear the newcomer from his mother's breast. But by now the new baby had become sufficiently important to its mother to have aroused maternal love for its tiny self. Twice she pushed Goldie away, but Goldie was not thus to be brushed from the bosom of his family. One of his favorite perches is atop his father's stooping shoulders. So up Goldie hopped. His battered face turned towards us, and seeing me at the front of the cage with Moore and Arnold, his two friends, there as of old, he screeched and chattered, holding out his gray and white arms. Again he leaped with his old happy carelessness to the wire, snatched the gift, and hurried back between the two unmoved parents, to all appearances completely resigned to the presence of the usurper and content with his lot as big brother.

Within a few days of its birth, the education of the wild baby begins. First of its lessons is the lesson of fear.

We are sure that this is something the babies learn from their mother's anxiety on their behalf, her quiet admonitions at the approach of any stranger, and her nervousness. One of the most convincing proofs we have of this particular lesson is the rearing of young cockatoos by hand.

At the age of a month, we removed two fat lumps of baby fledglings from the nest and found, to our amazement, that they fought and shrunk away from us, shrieking so that our difficulties in feeding them were great. Never did they become really tame.

The next year we took them out at two weeks old. The keeper patiently lifted the heavy heads and coaxed the soft beaks open to insert a small portion of the carefully measured and prepared gruel. Within a few days they knew when the top of the brooder was opened that their foster parent was coming and were lying there with open mouths to receive their share. Within a few weeks they were struggling with each other for the first bite. They had not been taught the caution necessary to keep them safe and quiet in their dark hole of a nest.

This lack of fear seems a universal character of the newborn, but in the case of the baby hippo, Lotus, it was only for one day that the unafraid, wondering eyes looked

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back at us. By the afternoon of the second day, when Lotus caught a glimpse of a face peering through the square opening, she ducked under water so quickly and smoothly that scarcely a ripple was left to indicate where the broad little snout had sunk. The nervousness of the mother on her first trip out onto the floor of the grotto was communicated to the child by her nervous snorting and by the quick motion of the broad chin which thrust the baby back where it would be almost entirely concealed by the bulk of the mother's body.

ANIMAL BABIES must not only learn to run swiftly, climb rapidly, sleep with one eye open and freeze into immobile piles of dust and dry grass; they must learn that members of their own kind, their own family even, may be dangerous, and to guard against the approach of danger in a familiar guise. Unfortunately it is the small males which must be taught this lesson, rather than the female members of the family. As a rule, mothers feel no rivalry from their daughters, but even when very young, the father does, even upon the instant of birth, detect that a future rival has been born, and in zoo enclosures that is a moment of danger.

Among the fathers which have been quickest to destroy their male offspring is the black buck or sasin antelope. One of our first specimens, in fact the only forest-bred one we have ever owned, would kill a male fawn at birth if no one was there to intervene. After they were a few days old the fawns appeared able to shift for themselves and avoid the male parent until they began to have small horns, or perhaps until they were weaned. Then they had to be removed, for the father's pursuit of them was relentless until sooner or later he would exhaust the youngster or catch him off guard just for a second.

Not all of even the early lessons of life are learned from parents. These young creatures do learn from each other much about using their natural weapons of defense to their individual advantage. To return to the young antelope—two of approximately the same size will apparently carry on a jousting tournament that lasts for hours or even days. This jousting starts almost as soon as the small bucks realize what dangerous weapons their horns are.

Here at the zoo I have seen many of these lessons in self-defense. One day as I passed the giraffe pen my attention was attracted to the queer position in which our eighteen-month-old giraffe colt, Raffy, and his father, the sixteen-foot Lofty, were standing. Their heads were pointing in the same direction, their bodies parallel. The father had his neck bowed in front of the little fellow's neck and his head down in such a manner that he caught the colt's front leg between his strong short horns. The little fellow did not seem afraid and was trying to hook his own horns about the father in the same way. Time after time he tried to get an effectual hold on the big heavy leg. Suddenly the father gave a quick jerk and the small front leg kicked out and up, at an angle that convinced me that if he so desired, the father

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might easily cripple the younger fellow for life. Then he withdrew his head, drawing the horns out carefully without any injury.

There is one lesson that all babes of the zoo must learn which is unknown to the wild children of the jungle—the lesson of human friendship and their utter dependence upon us.

Our three little elephants were accustomed to the care which our Hindu attendants had given them before leaving Calcutta and during the long 77 days of their trying voyage to their new home.

But the first time I ventured near the three of them, the one called Maya frankly took to her heels. Often I walked in among them talking to them, and made friends with the Hindu boys. I was edging closer to them on each visit. Then one day I held out a piece of carrot, which they were beginning to accept, and Hari touched my hand lightly with his trunk. I made no move to touch him and that seemed to give him the needed sense of security, for the next time I walked close to him he reached out and explored my ankle, leaving a smeared and dirty stocking on my left leg but a warm feeling around my heart. Hari has now become one of the friendliest and smartest small elephants I have ever known. It was his misfortune to injure a cartilage in his left front foot; we applied hot compresses and then tried soaking it in warm Epsom salts. His training came in handy, for he would rear up on his back feet, lower his sore front leg gently into the pail of hot water and stand patiently until it was time to increase the heat. He also stood patiently while it was examined through a portable fluoroscope. During this time he has learned more firmly than ever that the human being is his friend.

IT WOULD BE impossible to watch these jungle children through their babyhood without recognizing the importance of their play and playmates. Through play the young animal develops all those skills on which in the jungle his very life depends.

I have parked my car many evenings and watched the mother and father sheep, deer, antelopes, and camels chasing their families about, teaching them speed and timing, dodging, and developing their wind.

Tiny lambs running with the big ones are pushed aside until the older ones, which have started up an intriguing runway to the top of their artificial mountain, gain the summit. Then the babies try to take their turn, only to be met, before they are more than a few feet off the level, by an avalanche of older lambs on their way down. Then they must jump or turn and run down, happy, excited, kicking their heels. Are they not playing with the big children and learning too, by the way, to jump, climb and dodge?

Children who are alone learn to play with their parents or with the public, and with things. When Goola, our small female orang-utan, came to us she was not more than two years old and possibly younger. At first she wanted to be held and treated like a baby, but we found that a brush or washcloth would

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entertain her for a long time by herself. She would comb the hair on her arms, legs, stomach, and try to comb or brush the hair on her head, sometimes entangling the brush in the long coarse hair. She would wash her face and legs and the floor of her cage by the hour and I truly believe would have grown up to be an excellent scrubwoman.

When Timmie, the chimpanzee, was young he always played with a young gorilla, Mbongo. It started the day Timmie ran the length of the cage, twenty feet, and back to the corner where he and Mbongo had been sitting staring at each other. He repeated this and finally when he started down the side of the cage paralleling the gorilla cage for a third time, Mbongo was ready and he trotted along happily. The agile, fast chimp gained the corner much ahead of the lumbering fat gorilla child, and rushed back to the corner where he waited for Mbongo, grinning gleefully, every tooth in his head showing. As soon as Mbongo reached the corner, Tim repeated the performance and it was actually several days before it dawned upon Mbongo that it was important he win the race. But by the time these races had been going on for a week the little gorilla had attained speed, was able to make a quick get-away turn and come back with much more speed than I would ever have believed possible. Finally Mbongo won a race, and repeated his victory. And then Tim cheated. Instead of going clear to the corner he would cut off three or four feet, turn and be back at the corner waiting for Mbongo. At first Mbongo took the matter good-naturedly; perhaps for some time he didn't know Tim was cheating. It took quite some coaxing to get him to race again. That time Mbongo was ready; he knew the race had been shortened and so he slowed down a little and as Timmie passed him he turned and was back at the post waiting for his rival when Tim arrived. Tim flew into a rage; he shrieked and called names, he filled his mouth with water and spat upon his rival, while the gorilla just sat there, with his lips drawn down and a grave expression until the fury in the cage next door spent itself. After that there were no more races. Tim refused every challenge.

In the animal world babyhood is followed almost too quickly by adolescence.

I remember the day I poked my finger cautiously through the wire of Georgie, the little chimp's, cage. Georgie held still until he thought he had allayed my suspicion. Then, hoping that I had relaxed my guard, he suddenly shifted his position. He almost caught me; indeed he did press the tip of my finger against a sharp edge of galvanized wire, hard enough to break the skin. Seeing the drop of blood, Moore asked, "Did he get you?"

Laughing, I showed him the tiny puncture and concluded, "That brat is growing up."

Yes, Georgie is an adolescent, and with animals as well as humans, that period called adolescence is a most important time for young and old. It is the time of growing up, a period essential to the child and

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his future and the future of the race. It is a time to be approached with caution and resignation.

Each time I visit Georgie, Tim, his father, driven by jealousy, becomes very angry and, in spite of the walls of wire and the narrow space between the cages, challenges his son's impudent behavior. The muscles of his shoulders and upper arms flex angrily and every hair on his heavy body stands on end. His lips protrude and, with his most impressive racketeer swagger, he screams at his son, pushing against the wire of his own cage. As short a while as six months ago, George shrank from this ferocious display of authority, but on this day the situation was quite different.

Hearing his father's challenge, George swung himself at the wire on his side of the alley, screaming defiance. Leaping into the air, he permitted his body to drop suddenly to the level of his father's back in a way that would have been difficult for the older chimp to meet if there had been no intervening barrier. His long thick hair stood on end, his stout young muscles flexed, and his shoulders swaggered in perfect imitation of the older chimp's. His lips protruded, his heavy brows pulled down. I was heartily glad of the barriers that protected him.

I recalled that Moore had said to me not long before, "Tim would kill George if he could get at him, and believe me George would fight to the last ditch." Seeing this show I knew that Georgie, also, was aware that he was no longer a child.

The changes that occur in young females during this period of progressive growth are not as marked or outwardly evident as those in the male. They, too, go through a time when they are neither child nor adult, when the bigger sisters are extremely bossy and important, when they ape their mothers by carrying the younger children. They become "little mothers" to the whole family, relieving the mother of her burden for many hours at a time. They learn to use the feminine wiles of the adult females to excite the attention, or allay the anger, of mature males. They skylark and annoy their elders much as do the males, but they are much better than their brothers at escaping the consequences.

This period when all young creatures are emotionally and physically upset must be recognized for what it is. I have grieved over severe injuries, even violent death suffered at this time. Strangely enough, it is always the most aggravating, the most aggressive, the naughtiest and the greatest problem child who comes through and makes the finest adult, the finest parent and the longest-lived, most desirable specimen for our or some other zoo.

And now we are back to the parent, that most important contributing factor to all these tales.

Nature provides extravagantly when it is necessary to insure that parenthood shall be certain and offspring shall be abundant lest she lose a species for lack of foresight. One of her plans for insuring offspring is to increase the attractiveness of the creatures of opposite sex for each other, thus stimulating the urge toward reproduction. In order

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to make sure that the strong and healthy shall be the ones to bring forth young, she creates a rivalry among males. She provides safeguards by compelling the young to be born during the most favorable season. And since sudden catastrophes destroy many of her children, and as many must always fall prey to the needs of others, she produces lavishly to procure sufficient numbers to carry on the race.

Perhaps the most fiercely protective and faithful among parent pairs are to be found among the waterfowl. Just as these birds share the nesting, so do they feed and guard the young. We are raising a brood of mute swans this summer, our first in many years. It would have taken a much braver person than I am to enter that pen unarmed where, just beside the outside gate, the pair of mute swans had gathered together a pile of bamboo leaves and lined it deeply with the down from their own bodies.

Our man who took care of the waterfowl during the incubation was not very experienced, and birds seemed totally harmless creatures to him. So, in spite of warnings, he walked about cleaning the pen just as usual. In doing this he approached the nest, rake in hand, and then with a suddenness that stunned him, the male bird struck with his great wings. The blow hit the man on the knee. He said he feared his leg was broken, but found after a minute that he could walk. The actual damage was a bad bruise and a noticeable limp for a week or more. After that he and the other new caretakers showed proper respect.

But all the safeguards that Nature has built around her creatures to insure healthy offspring, properly cared for, seem to fail at times. These failures may be due to several causes, one of them in zoos being frequently some inadequacy of the mother. One such case which has always filled me with deep regret has been the motherhood of our gazelle, Isabella.

This was our smallest and daintiest antelope and we were more than delighted when the first tiny fawn was born. But on the morning of the second day we found it dead. Examination showed it had been trampled and its tender intestines had been severely cut by the sharp-pointed hoofs of one of the parents. We decided from the evidence that the baby had either been run over accidentally or trampled during a sudden stampede, or that the father had intentionally killed it. Next time we were expecting a baby in that pen we removed the father a week or so ahead of the expected birth. To our amazement, we found the baby dead early the second morning, and again it had apparently been cut to pieces. This time we decided that since the mother was the killer, she was nervous and unhappy because she had no natural place to conceal her child.

The next time a baby was due in that pen, we built a shelter of branches of acacia and other trees, in the central part of the corral. For the first few days the baby hid itself in the brush and the mother guarded the pile as though deeply devoted. But after the third day we found the baby so weak that arti-

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ficial feeding was of no use. This baby starved to death. The autopsy showed that it had not nursed.

Since our veterinarian was convinced that there was a lack of milk at the bottom of all the tragedies, Dr. Schroeder arranged to take the next fawn as soon as it was born to a goat dairy near town where it would be fed by a newly fresh nanny. This proved highly successful, except that the owner of the dairy, though greatly attached to the tiny fawn, called us when it was about a month old and said that she could not keep it in any of the goat pens as it went right over their three-foot fences. She had been keeping it in the house most of the time since its birth, but it was so tame and active that it jumped on tables and chairs. So we brought it and the nanny to the zoo. In this way we supplied the deficiency of the mother and raised two fawns.

One of our tigers, after raising three broods of fine healthy children, developed either a nervousness or a partiality for one cub which prompted her to carry that one by the side of its neck everywhere she went. From time to time we saw the baby struggling to be put down, always without success. At last he became so large and heavy that she could not carry him and then we knew that it had been only one of the three babies that she carried, because while two were beautifully straight and sturdy, the third held his little head bent at about the angle formed between his head and body while suspended in the mother's mouth. We hoped that this crook in his neck would straighten as he grew and exercised, but when he was about six or seven months old examination showed that the injury was permanent. A large abscess had formed inside the base of the skull and the bones of the neck were solidified in the curved position. The reason for this suddenly acquired bad habit in a mother with such a perfect record was never explained. Our only conclusion was that with the mother's advanced age had come excessive nervousness.

After years of living in the zoo and watching, with what intelligence and understanding I possess, this parade of mothers, fathers and children, studying as they let me the private lives of these creatures of the wild, I am convinced that we have not even begun to understand the problems or solve the mysteries of parenthood. It has at last become, in my mind, a great partnership entered into by the individuals who become parents, on the one hand, and Nature herself on the other. Partnerships may fail through the fault of either or several of the members, but this is one that cannot, must not fail if the cradles of the jungle are to be repeatedly filled with happy, healthy, growing babies.

CREDITS

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Between these Covers

In Memoriam: Photographer ***John Kabel*** did not live to see the reproduction of his magnificent kodachrome which appears on this month's back cover. He died on March 22 at the age of 65. But this photograph, and the thousands of others to which he devoted his life, traveling the world around to find his subjects, is a truly fitting memorial.

Contributors' Corner: Adolescent would-be mustachio owners take heart from ***Keith Ayling,*** who first cultivated his lip adornment at the tender age of fourteen years—and has sported it, with but one break, ever since. Time was when his wax-tipped number measured a majestic six inches from tip to tip . . . A kitchen with a wall-panel which slides up and permits a fully set table and meal to be rolled into the dining room is the pride of ***J. D. Ratcliff's*** home, for J. D. not only designed but built it . . . We stood in a hotel lobby talking with ***Channing Pollock*** the other day. In fifteen minutes as many people had approached to shake his hand. None had ever met, but all recognized, the versatile writer. We said versatile, and we mean it. Did you know that Mr. Pollock penned the lyrics for Fannie Brice's famous song, *My Man,* also authored two Ziegfeld Follies?

California blood banks are grateful to newspaperman ***Jack McDowell,*** who won a Pulitzer Prize for his campaign to encourage blood donations. Practicing what he preaches, McDowell has donated more than a few pints himself. In fact, he was the first person to fly overseas in a plane carrying his own blood and then watch it given in a transfusion to a wounded soldier . . . ***Lester Velie,*** who did the profile on Charles Kettering, believes, as do many other biographers, that the subject of the article should be approached last of all for information: this technique helps keep data more on the objective and impartial level.

Behind the Pictures: Although a ranking Conover Cover Girl, the winsome miss on our front cover, ***Madelon Masson*** by name, is making her debut on Coronet. Reserved Boston went overboard for this one-time fashion model by naming her its "most photogenic model" . . . To select the 34 photographs for the Island picture story (page 95) we went through more than two thousand black and whites. We've been a little picture happy ever since . . . ***Peter Helck*** gives out with everything but sound in his paintings of stainless steel in the making. And it's little wonder, considering the days and weeks he spent at the Rustless Mills absorbing color, action and atmosphere —to say nothing of heat . . . An enthusiastic response greeted our *Doughboy* picture story in July Coronet. For more of the same we recommend *The Best from Yank,* published by E. P. Dutton, from which many of the pictures were taken.

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

In a Boise, Idaho, courtroom around 1900, a man was on trial for his life. Despite overwhelming evidence, defendant Paul Corcoran stuck to his story of innocence. He couldn't have committed the murder in Boise because at the time he was in Burke, a town several miles away. The prosecutor was unconvinced.

On the witness stand the defense attorney questioned the conductor of the one train which ran between Boise and Burke. "If that man was on my train, I'da known it. I've never seen him before," the conductor concluded.

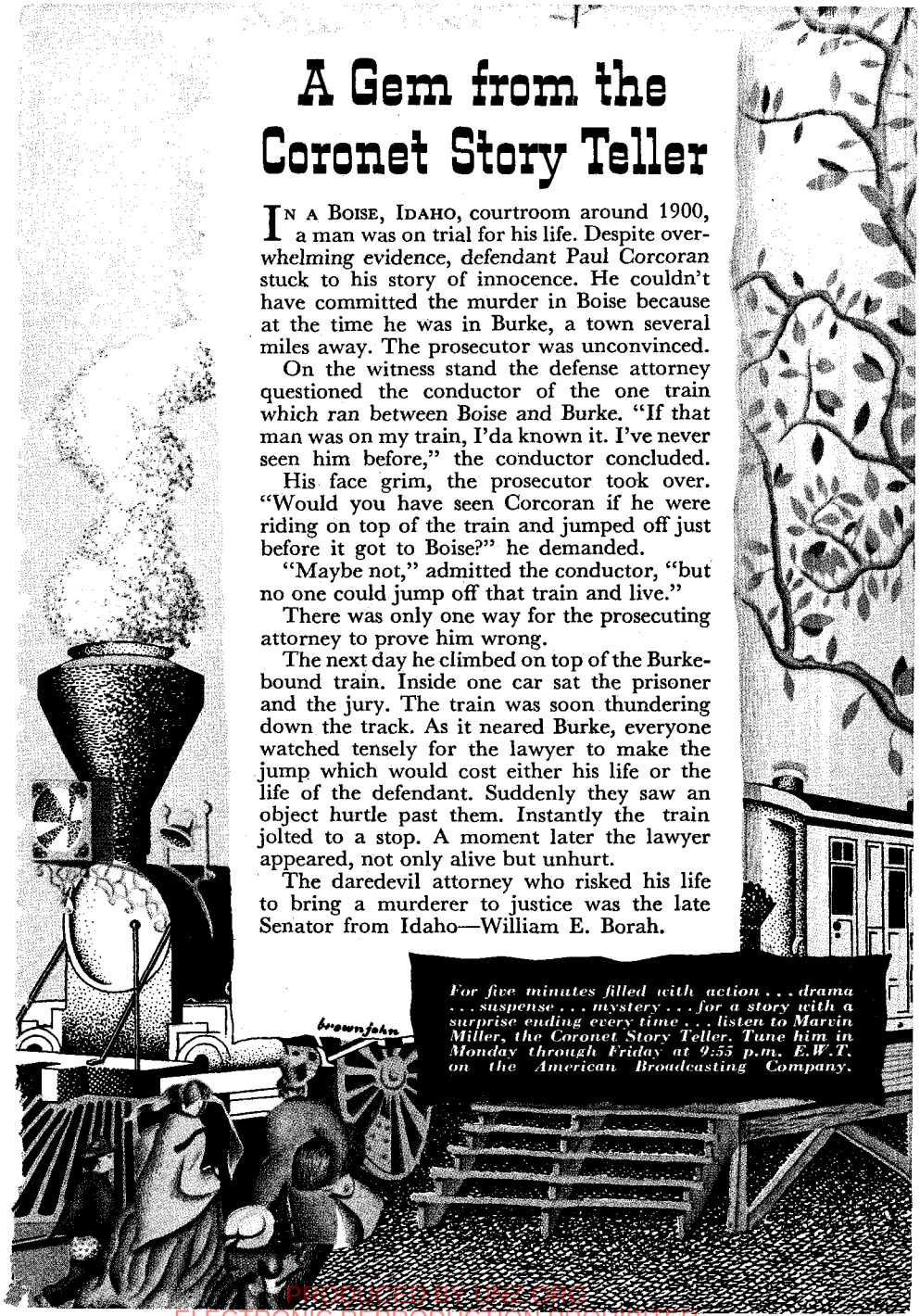
His face grim, the prosecutor took over. "Would you have seen Corcoran if he were riding on top of the train and jumped off just before it got to Boise?" he demanded.

"Maybe not," admitted the conductor, "but no one could jump off that train and live."

There was only one way for the prosecuting attorney to prove him wrong.

The next day he climbed on top of the Burke-bound train. Inside one car sat the prisoner and the jury. The train was soon thundering down the track. As it neared Burke, everyone watched tensely for the lawyer to make the jump which would cost either his life or the life of the defendant. Suddenly they saw an object hurtle past them. Instantly the train jolted to a stop. A moment later the lawyer appeared, not only alive but unhurt.

The daredevil attorney who risked his life to bring a murderer to justice was the late Senator from Idaho—William E. Borah.



For five minutes filled with action . . . drama . . . suspense . . . mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . listen to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller. Tune him in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E.W.T. on the American Broadcasting Company.

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